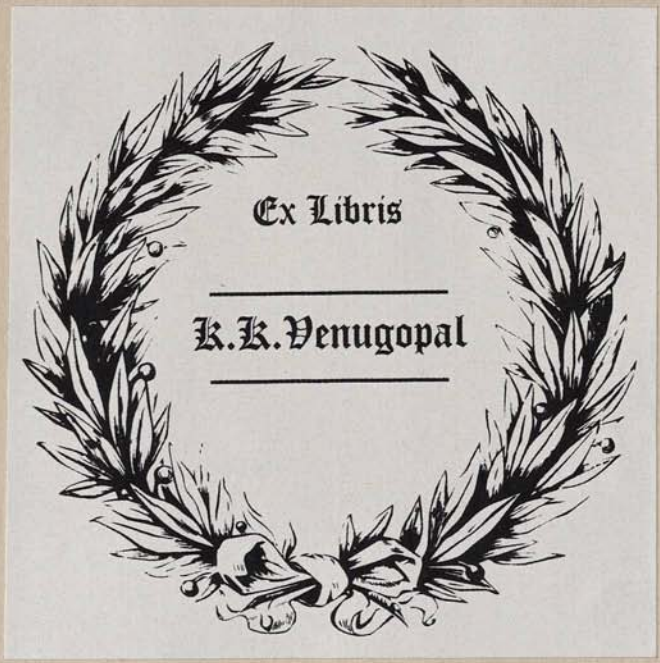
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K.K.Venugopal

POETICA EROTICA

A COLLECTION OF RARE AND CURIOUS AMATORY VERSE

EDITED BY

T. R. SMITH

CROWN PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

DEDICATED TO

HENRY L. MENCKEN

AND

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

AND

CARL VAN VECHTEN

IN FRIENDSHIP

PREFACE

This work in its present edition completes the plan that I set for myself, to issue a rather selective, yet, a fairly comprehensive and representative collection of amatory verse in English, different in character from the usual love poetry that is printed in Anthologies. My purpose was to select only such verse from the long line of English literature, original and in translation, that had already established itself in print, and only such poetry which possessed charm, passion and humor, avoiding the merely vulgar and obscene. It would have been easy enough to fill a score of volumes with coarse poems, for English literature is as plentiful in pornographic specimens as any other. The text of all the verse in these volumes is taken from standard editions, most of which have been carefully edited, but there has been no expurgation. That fine scholar, Dr. J. Woodfall Ebsworth, who so very competently edited the Roxburghe and Bagford Ballads and The Drollery Books, said in one of his prefaces:

"He (the editor) holds to his confirmed opinion that in reprints of scarce and valuable historical memorials no tampering with the original is permissible. He leaves others to produce expurgated editions, suitable for unlearned triflers. No editor has any business to multilate printed copy."

In order to anticipate criticism because of the possible omission of one's favorite poem, I shall state here that this collection of amatory verse should be considered as an anthology, and being this it must be judged by the virtues or defects of any large or small collection of verse selected by one person. On this point it is solely a matter of taste regarding what is interesting or what might be uninteresting and its value will have to stand by the editor's selections.

In 1897 John S. Farmer published his excellent collection of "The National Songs and Ballads of England and Scotland before 1800," in five volumes. This work was addressed purposely to scholars and issued in a small edition. As a result it soon became quite rare and sets are now difficult to procure. Mr. Farmer, a fine scholar, gathered together a large collection of examples of curious amatory, satirical and canting songs and poems from the 15th to the 18th centuries. Comprehensive as his work is, it has proved to be far from complete, even though his plan permitted him to include much that was coarse and obscene.

In these present volumes Eros rules and Aphrodite guides the passionate motives. Herein you will find both charm and interest, and,

occasionally good-natured cynicism, but never, deliberately, a vulgar tone. The work is issued in a limited subscription edition so that it may possibly not reach the over-fastidious or the coarse-minded ones who secretly admire what they pretend to dislike; people quite incapable of appreciating literature for its better qualities. And should anyone cry "immoral!" at the book I shall quote from Lord Macaulay's fine essay on the Restoration Dramatists: "The whole liberal education of our countrymen is conducted on the principle, that no book which is valuable, either by the excellence of its style, or by reason of the light which it throws on the history, polity and manner of nations, should be withheld from the student on account of its impurity.... We find it difficult to believe that in a world so full of temptation as this any gentleman (or lady), whose life would have been virtuous if he had not read Aristophanes and Juvenal, will be made vicious by reading them...."

The poems contained in these volumes range from the earliest time to the present and the names of the most distinguished poets of the past and present will be found in the contents. It is interesting to note the difference in the expression of the poetry of recent years from that of the Elizabethan and Restoration periods in England as well as that of the ancient literatures. We have changed from the obvious frankness of other ages to a refined subtlety of thought and phrase peculiar to our own. The intelligent reader will find our contemporary poetry as suggestive and erotic, but not so daring as that of the earlier writers.

The best available English translations of Greek, Latin and other foreign poetry have been utilized and wherever a prose translation was found to be better and more accurate than a verse translation, it has been printed in preference. Some of the sources from which these selections have been taken are: "National Songs and Ballads of England and Scotland before 1800 (1890)." "Merry, Facetious and Witty Songs and Ballads prior to 1800 (1895)," both edited by John S. Farmer. "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (editions of 1707 and 1719), "The Musical Miscellany" (1729), "The Cupid" (1736), "Songs Comic and Satirical" by George A. Stevens (1782), "The Festival of Love" (1789), "The Muse in Good Humor" (1789), "The Merry Nurses of Caledonia" (1800), "The Point of View" (1905). And The Drollery Books of the 17th century, so intelligently edited by J. Woodfall Ebsworth, M.A. In addition to these sources I have also used many Chap-books, privately printed and rare books in the possession of fortunate collectors. Every real lover of literature will remember with grateful emotion the work of that fine scholar, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who died recently. No finer or more painstaking student of the Poetry and Drama of the Elizabethan and Restoration periods has ever lived. His work was so finished and complete that there is little left for the student of that literature to discover.

The editor acknowledges with gratitude the kindness of many contemporary poets and their publishers in permitting him to use selections from their printed books and unpublished manuscripts.

T. R. S.

November, 1927.

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Poetica Erotica

The Time of the Roses

SONG OF SOLOMON: II. ARRANGED BY J. G. FRAZER, 1895

I AM the rose of Sharon,
And the lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples:
For I am sick of love.
His left hand is under my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.
I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love,
Till he please.
The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh forth at the windows,
Showing himself through the lattice.
My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell,
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret
places of the stairs,
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.
Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines:
For our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his:
He feedeth among the lilies.
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart
Upon the mountains of Bether.

Love's Garden

SONG OF SOLOMON: IV

BEHOLD, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair;
Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks:
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That appear from mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn,
Which came up from the washing;
Whereof every one beareth twins,
And none is barren among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And thy speech is comely:
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate
Within thy locks.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory,
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
All shields of mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins,
Which feed among the lilies.
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hill of frankincense.
Thou art all fair, my love;
There is no spot in thee.
Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
With me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of Amana,
From the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;
Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all spices!
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.
A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant
fruits:

Camphire, with spikenard,
Spikenard and saffron;
Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense;
Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:
A fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
And streams from Lebanon.
Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south:
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his pleasant fruits.

A Lover's Quest

SONG OF SOLOMON: V.

I AM come into my garden, my sister, my spouse;
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk:
Eat, O friends;
Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.
I sleep, but my heart waketh:
It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying,
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled:
For my head is filled with dew,
And my locks with the drops of the night.
I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?
My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door
And my bowels were moved for him.
I rose up to open to my beloved;
And my hands dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh,
Upon the handles of the lock.
I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone:
My soul failed when he spake:
I sought him but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.
The watchmen that went about the city found me,
They smote me, they wounded me;
The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved,
That ye tell him, that I am sick of love.
What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women?
What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
That thou dost so charge us?
My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand.

His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are bushy, and black as a raven.
His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters,
Washed with milk, and fitly set.
His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers:
His lips like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.
His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl:
His belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.
His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold:
His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.

The Fairest Love

SONG OF SOLOMON: VI. 1-7, 9-13

WHITHER is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women?
Whither is thy beloved turned aside?
That we may seek him with thee.
My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices,
To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine:
He feedeth among the lilies.
Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn away thine eyes from me,
For they have overcome me;
Thy hair is as a flock of goats
That appear from Gilead.
Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep
Which go up from the washing,
Whereof every one beareth twins,
And there is not one barren among them.
As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples
Within thy locks.
My love, my undefiled is but one;
She is the only one of her mother,
She is the choice one of her that bare her.
The daughters saw her, and blessed her;
Yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.
Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
And terrible as an army with banners?
I went down into the garden of nuts,
To see the fruits of the valley,

And to see whether the vine flouished,
And the pomegranates budded.
Or ever I was aware, my soul made me
Like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.
Return, return, O Shulamite;
Return, return, that we may look upon thee.
What will ye see in the Shulamite?
As it were the company of two armies.

His True Love's Praise

SONG OF SOLOMON: VII

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,
O prince's daughter!
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,
The work of the hands of a cunning workman.
Thy navel is like a round goblet,
Which wanteth not liquor:
Thy belly is like an heap of wheat
Set about with lilies.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes
That are twins.
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory;
Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of
Bathrabbim:
Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon
Which looketh toward Damascus.
Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
And the hair of thine head like purple;
The king is held in the galleries.
How fair and how pleasant art thou,
O love, for delights!
This thy stature is like to a palm tree,
And thy breasts to clusters of grapes.
I said, I will go up to the palm tree,
I will take hold of the boughs thereof:
Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,
And the smell of thy nose like apples;
And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved,
That goeth down sweetly,
Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.
I am my beloved's,
And his desire is toward me.
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;
Let us lodge in the villages.
Let us get up early to the vineyards;
Let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth:
There will I give thee my loves.

The mandrakes give a smell,
And at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old,
Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

From the Odes of Anacreon[1]

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS STANLEY, 1651

THE PICTURE

PAINTER, by unmatch'd desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her: make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colours so much right
Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew;
Underneath this shade, must then
Draw her alabaster brow;
Her dark eyebrows so dispose
That they neither part nor close
But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoined, may cheat the sight:
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet:
Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek;
In her lip such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast;
But so ordered that the eye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden may be guess'd.
So, to life th' hast come so near,
All of her, but voice, is here.

THE ACCOMPT

If thou dost the number know
Of the leaves on every bough,
If thou can'st the reckoning keep
Of the sands within the deep;

1 Died about 478 B. C.

Thee of all men will I take,
And my Love's accomptant make.
Of Athenians first a score
Set me down; then fifteen more;
Add a regiment to these
Of Corinthian mistresses,
For the most renown'd for fair
In Achaea sojourn there;
Next our Lesbian Beauties tell;
Those that in Ionia dwell;
Those of Rhodes and Caria count;
To two thousand they amount.
Wonder'st thou I love so many?
'Las of Syria we not any,
Egypt yet, nor Crete have told,
Where his orgies Love doth hold.
What to those then wilt thou say
Which in eastern Bactria,
Or the western Gades remain?
But give o'er, thou toil'st in vain;
For the sum which thou dost seek
Puzzles all arithmetic.

THE VINTAGE

Men and maids at time of year
The ripe clusters jointly bear
To the press, but in when thrown,
They by men are trod alone,
Who in Bacchus' praises join,
Squeeze the grape, let out the wine:
Oh with what delight they spy
The new must when tunned work high!
Which if old men freely take,
Their grey heads and heels they shake;
And a young man, if he find
Some fair maid to sleep resigned
In the shade, he straight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woo her;
Whilst Love slyly stealing in
Tempts her to the pleasing sin:
Yet she long resists his offers,
Nor will hear whate'er he proffers,
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardless air,
Her, who seemingly refrains,
He by pleasing force constrains;
Wine doth boldness thus dispense,
Teaching young men insolence.

Selections from the Greek Anthology

TRANSLATED BY MAJOR ROBERT G. MACGREGOR, 1864

LATE to Ionis Callignotus swore,
Ne'er than herself to love man woman more;
And he swore sooth, but lovers' oaths, they say,
Ne'er, e'en if heard, in ears Immortal stay.
Now is he fir'd with love of other fair,
Nor has of said Ionis count or care.

O holy night! fond lamp! We, lovers both,
Chose none but you to register our oath;
She swore to love me still, and I to leave
Her never. Ye our joint pledge did receive.
Now, while in others' lap thou seest her sit,
False lamp! she says such oaths in air are writ.

Soon Charito will close her sixtieth year,
But, dark, her tresses in full flow appear;
Still, from the band releas'd which circled there,
Her bosom comes, as marble firm and fair;
Still drops ambrosia from her softest skin,
Persuasion still and myriad graces win;
Lovers! from full desire who flee not yet,
Come hither, and her tens of years forget.

Melissa! name and nature both of flow'r-fond bee is thine;
Well have I known it and long kept stampt on this heart of mine;
And from those lips, when meeting mine, drop kisses honey-sweet;
But, when thou askest money—Ah! its central sting we meet.
Ye Gods! I knew not that the form was Cytherea's there
Bathing, whose hands adown her neck had loos'd the lovely hair;
Forgive my fault, if such it were, nor, Mistress! with mine eyes
Be angry, that a godlike form by chance I did surprise;
—I know it now; not Cypris' 't was, but Rodocleia mine;
Whence was the beauty then? Hast thou stript even the Divine?

I pelt thee with an apple, Fair! if true love stir in thee,
Receive it willingly, and yield thy maiden charms to me;
If pond'ring still to give or keep, this thought at last persuade,
Tho' youth and beauty now are thine, how quickly both must fade!

O fairy foot! O shapely leg! O tempting taper thigh!
O comely back! O clipsome waist! with ivory which vie;
O shoulders soft! O budding breasts! O neck of swan-like fall!
O lovely hands! O lustrous eyes! for which I madden all,
O gestures of transcendent grace! O kisses! sweeter far
Than nectar, and, O voice! to which my senses victims are—
Tho' ignorant and rustic she, nor such as Sappho sung,
For dusky Andromede of Ind fierce love Perseus stung.

Fly, Gnat! swift messenger, and touch—O bliss!
Zenophila's soft ear, and whisper this:
"Sleepless he waits: thou, sleeping, dost deny
His love." Fly quick, O fond of music! fly.
—Yet soft, lest rous'd her bedfellow should be
To the worst pains of jealousy by me;
Gnat! bring but her, and I'll a lion's hide
Give thee, and club to carry by thy side.

O Night! O sleepless fond regret for Heliodora's sake!
O segments sweet of treach'rous morns! yet smiles and tears now wake;
Lives any remnant of our loves, or is the embrace of erst,
Whose mem'ry should be warm, alone in some cold copy nurst?
Weeps she who partner'd then my couch? my presence does she miss,
And to her loving bosom in soul-cheating visions kiss?
But plaything new of a new love, if now she lie, O Link!
Look not on her, nor guard her bed, who could so vilely sink.
Foe to my love, why, Morn! so slowly rise,
Now in a rival's arms when Demo lies?
But when I cherish'd the slim girl in mine,
Thy early light rejoic'd on me to shine.

Love's nectar will ye drink, O Eyes! how long
Of undiluted beauty tipplers strong?
Flee far, while yet ye may! In calmer hour
We'll milk-libations to mild Venus pour;
But if, e'en there, this madd'ning sting adheres,
O then at least be moisten'd with cold tears.
Just are your suff'rings ever, since, alas!
From you to these devouring flames I pass.

Kissing Hippomene my fancy clung
To Xanthe: while on Xanthe's lips I hung,
Leandra's image to my breast I bore,
And while Leandra pressing to my core,
Back to Hippomene my soul return'd.

Cold to each fair for whom so late I burn'd,
All whom I have I hate: with constant change
My inconstant arms from one to other range,
Till fixt by some rich love: if any chide
Let her, in want, remain of one the bride.

A soft kiss Demo gives, but Doris bites,
Daphne's is loud and long. Which most excites?
Ears judge not kisses; but, all three mouths tried
And tasted round, the pebble shall decide.
My heart of Demo the soft kisses sips,
And the sweet honey of her dewy lips,
Wander no further, Fool! Abide by these,
She wins the garland fairly, and with ease;
And if another some one else prefer,
Let him—my love from Demo shall not stir.

Titter and hem a conquest both foreshow;
A gentle nod—in vain you tempt me so:
With mild eyes on the girl who love could scorn,
Never to look again I thrice have sworn.
Play by yourself at kisses: vainly smack
Yourself with naked lips, since lovers lack.
I elsewhere go: For me there others are
As Venus-votaries superior far.
Soft is the kiss of Sappho, soft and slim
Her snowy form's contour, soft ev'ry limb,
But hard as stone her soul; love only creeps
Far as her lips; all else the virgin keeps.
The man who will, or can, endure this worst
Would bear with ease of Tantalus the thirst.

With two fair girls—dark night above—was I,
Caressing one, carest the other by:
While, greedily, Rose drew me to her kiss,
More rare with Susan was my stolen bliss;
Careful to cheat—lest lips too loud betray'd—
The jealous anger of each neighbour maid.
Inly I groan'd: To love, and lov'd to be,
Alas! alike is punishment to me.

Mine arms around thee, and my lips to thine,
Love-maid, I revel on thy neck divine;
But still I toil—not yet all mine the prize—
Waiting a damsel who at last denies:
Half of herself has vow'd to Venus been,
Half to Athene—both I waste between.

Divine Rodanthe, when my mouth in doubt
To kiss, her slim waist's virgin zone held out,
And kiss'd: then I, as one who from its source
Leads water, led love's stream a second course,
Her kiss imbibing, and, with loving smack,
On the girl's belt, from far, her kiss gave back:
So was our strait reliev'd: 'tween lips of both
That sweet belt serv'd to signal love and troth.

Wait for me, Sweet-heart! what's thy pretty name?
Not see me, why? I'll give whate'er thy claim.
Still silent! where dost live? I'll some one send
To mark thy home. Is any man thy friend?
Farewell, thou haughty one! who dost not deign
Farewell to me. Again and yet again
I'll come to thee. I Woman know to quell
Colder than even thou—Woman! farewell.

The bold and high, who look'd from lordly eyes,
The plaything of a feeble virgin lies:
Who, with his maid, though erst by pride to cope,
Himself subdued, departs without a hope:
Falling, his piteous pray'rs but show him weak,
While flashing eyes her manly spirit speak.
Lion-soul'd Virgin! tho' just anger try,
Lay down this manhood, Nemesis is nigh!

So soon, Ye twitt'ring Swallows! why?
Ye Nightingales! bough-perch'd on high,
Waken her not. Upon my breast
A fair cheek nestles in warm rest;
Soft arms are round me twining. Since
Ever the female sex evince
A chatt'ring turn, grant this my prayer,
Leave her in quiet slumber there.

If, Stranger, thou hast anywhere
A maiden met of beauty rare,
The lovely and surpassing she,
But sure! was Apollodoté.
And, Stranger! if, that marvel seen,
Thou hast not conquer'd, captiv'd, been,
Nor felt thy bosom, as with fire
Burning of passionate desire,
Then either art thou God, or stone,
So cold and hard thy nature shown.

From the Idylls of Theocritus

TRANSLATED BY JAMES HENRY HALLARD, 1901

I. THE INCANTATION

* * * * * * *

I saw, I maddened, I loved, deep-smitten unto the core,
And naught I recked of the pageant, my beauty waned
away;
And how to my home I won I know not, but fever sore
Shattered me on my couch for many a night and day.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And oft would my flesh grow pale as saffron, and all my hair
Fell from my head; naught other than skin and bones was I.
To what old witch's abode did I not often repair,
But get me no healing thence?—and the time went ever by.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Then to my slave at the last I uttered a word of sooth:
"Thestylis, find me a cure for love and its grievous blight;
The Myndian hath me in thrall; go thou and watch for the
youth
By the wrestling school, for there to seat him is his delight.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And when thou see'st him alone, nod gently and say in his ear:
Simaetha bids thee to her, then lead him hither, I said.
Swiftly she hied her and brought me the smooth-limbed
Delphis here;
And when I beheld him lightly over my threshold tread,—
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Colder than snow I grew, and the sweat in a dewy stream
Brake from my brow, and not so much could I say to him
As a murmuring child may say to its mother beheld in a
dream;
But like to a waxen image I stiffened in every limb.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And the cruel one looked upon me, then cast his eyes on the
floor,
And sat him down on my bed; and sitting he thus began:
"Simaetha, thy summons outstripped my coming here to thy
door
As little as I the handsome Philinus once outran.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Yea, by sweet Love, I had come unbidden at fall of night
With boon-fellows two or three, and the dearest I could find—
In my bosom the wine-god's fruit, on my head the poplar white,
Heracles' sacred burgeon with fillets of purple twined.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And well for you both had it been had ye opened, for all
youths say
That comely and fleet am I; and sleep my soul had assuaged
After but one sweet kiss; but had barred doors kept us away,
Then surely had torch and axe their warfare against you waged.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

The Cyprian chiefly, I ween, my thanks for this boon hath
earned,
And next, O my lady, thou that hast reft me from the fire,
Bidding me hither to come that am nigh to ashes burned;
For fiercer than Lipara's flame is the flame of love's desire.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Oft hath it scared from her bower the maiden with passion
mad,
And the bride from her lord's warm couch."
He spake; I heard and was glad,
And took him, alas! by the hand and softly drew him alow
On the soft bed by my side, and our limbs began to glow,
And hotter became our cheeks and so sweetly whispered
we . . .
Love's rites were accomplished, and we both tasted of Love's
delight;
And ever till yesterday I found favour and grace in his sight,
As he did in mine; but today, at what hour the early Dawn
Up from the sea to the sky by her fleet-foot steeds was drawn,
The mother of Samian Philista the flute-girl hither came,
And told me of many things, but chiefly of Delphis' flame;
But whether to girl or boy my love now his homage pays,
She knew not surely, she said,—this only: in some love's praise
He aye bade pour of the unmixed wine, and fled in the end,
Vowing to deck with flowers the house of his "darling friend."
These were her words, and true are they, for aforetime he
Came oft and would leave his Dorian oil-bottle here with me.
But, alas! twelve days have gone, yet I have beheld him not,
Sure he hath some new love and me hath he quite forgot.
But now shall a love-charm bind him; or, if he wrong me
more,
And knock not at *mine,* by the Fates, he shall knock at Hades'
door;
For in my coffer, O Queen, drugs baneful and deadly lie
Which an Assyrian stranger gave me in days gone by.

II. THE YOKEL AND THE LIGHT-O'-LOVE

When I would kiss Eunice, loud laughed she,
And taunting cried: "Thou boor, begone from me!
Would'st kiss me, wretch?—I cannot kiss a clown—
No lips press I but such as hail from town.

To touch my dainty mouth thou shalt not dare,
Not even in thy dreams.—How thou dost stare!
How gross thy speech, how coarse thy playfulness!—
What winning words, what delicate address,
Thy beard how soft, thy hair how fine!—Alack,—
Thy lips are sickly—wan, thy hands are black,
And evil is thy smell. Away with thee!
And do not sully me."
So saying she
Thrice in her bosom spat, with look askance
Eyeing me head to foot with steady glance,
And shooting out her lips she laughed at me
With haughty sneer and insolent coquetry.
My blood boiled straightway and I crimson grew
Under the smart, as doth a rose with dew.
Away she fled. With rage my soul is torn
That such a wanton should my beauty scorn.
Shepherds, am I not fair? Speak sooth to me.

Hath some god made me other, suddenly?
A charm once blossomed round me, beautiful
As ivy round a stem; my beard was full;
Like parsley on my temples curled my hair,
And o'er swart eyebrows gleamed my forehead fair;
My eyes were brighter than Athen's eyne,
Softer than curded milk this mouth of mine,
My speech more honied than the honey-flow.
Sweetly to sing and sweetly play I know
Pipe, oboe, reed or fife, whiche'er I will.
That I am fair all women on the hill
Confess, and kiss me. But that city she,
She kissed me not, but ran away from me.

Hath she not heard how Bacchus drives along
His heifers through the dells, nor learned in song
How once in days gone by the Cyprian Queen
On Phrygian hills as shepherdess was seen;
And how she maddened for a herdsman's sake,
And kissed and wailed Adonis in the brake?

What was Endymion, too, Selene's flame?
What but a hind? And yet from heaven she came
To Latimus' vale to share a herd-boy's bed.
A swain thou weepest, Rhea; and 'tis said
That for a pretty lad that drove a herd
The son of Cronos roamed a wanton bird.
Alone of all, Eunice will not kiss
A neatherd, she who thinks herself, I wis,
Finer than Rhea, Cypris and the Moon!
O Cypris, may'st thou never, late or soon,
Thine Ares kiss in town or on hill-side,
But sleeping lone the live-long night abide!

THE GIRL

. . . Ay, and a neatherd ravished the wise Helen.

DAPHNIS

Nay, Helen won him with a willing kiss.

THE GIRL

Boast not, young satyr, for—"a kiss is naught."

DAPHNIS

Yet empty kisses have a sweet delight.

THE GIRL

I rub my mouth and blow thy kiss away.

DAPHNIS

Dost rub thy lips? Give them again to kiss!

THE GIRL

Heifers should'st *thou* kiss, not an unwed maid.

DAPHNIS

Boast not, for Youth drifts by thee like a dream.

THE GIRL

But raisins come from grapes, the dried rose lives.

DAPHNIS

I, too, age; let me drink that milk and honey!

THE GIRL

Hands off—Would'st dare?—I'll scratch thy lips again!

DAPHNIS

Come 'neath yon olives! I would tell a tale.

THE GIRL

Nay, with a sweet tale thou beguil'dst me once.

DAPHNIS

Come 'neath yon elms, and listen to my pipe!

THE GIRL

Pleasure thyself! No silly song love I.

DAPHNIS

Ah, maiden, maiden, dread the Paphian's wrath!

THE GIRL

Good-bye to her, if Artemis be kind!

DAPHNIS

Hush, lest she fling thee in her scapeless toils!

THE GIRL

Nay, let her fling me! Artemis will save.

DAPHNIS

Thou can'st not flee from Love; no maiden can.

THE GIRL

By Pan, I do! But thou aye bear'st his yoke.

DAPHNIS

I fear he give thee to a meaner man.

THE GIRL

Many my wooers, but none hath my heart.

DAPHNIS

A wooer, too, 'mongst many here I come.

THE GIRL

What shall I do, friend? Full of woe is wedlock.

DAPHNIS

Nor woe nor pain hath marriage, but a dance.

THE GIRL

Ay, but they say that women dread their lords.

DAPHNIS

Nay, rule them rather. What do women fear?

THE GIRL

Travail I dread. Keen pangs hath childbearing.

DAPHNIS

Thy lady Artemis will ease the pain.

THE GIRL

But I fear childbirth for my beauty's sake.

DAPHNIS

A mother, thou shalt glory in thy sons.

THE GIRL

What wedding-gift dost bring, if I say "yes"?

DAPHNIS

My herd, my woodland, and my pasturage.

THE GIRL

Swear not to leave me after to my woe!

DAPHNIS

Never, by Pan, e'en did'st thou drive me forth!

THE GIRL

Wilt build a chambered house and yard-walls for me?

DAPHNIS

I'll build a chambered house, and tend thy flocks.

THE GIRL

But oh! what shall I tell my aged sire?

DAPHNIS

He'll praise thy wedlock, when he learns my name.

THE GIRL

Tell me thy name. A name oft gives delight.

DAPHNIS

Daphnis—Momaea's child and Lycidas'.

THE GIRL

Well-born indeed! But no less well am I.

DAPHNIS

Of honoured birth, I know. Thy sire's Menalcas.

THE GIRL

Show me thy grove where stands thy cattle-stall.

DAPHNIS

Hither, and see how soft my cypress blooms!

THE GIRL

Browse, goats; I go to view the herdsman's place.

DAPHNIS

Feed, bulls; I'll show my grove unto the maid.

THE GIRL

What dost thou, satyr? Why dost touch my breasts?

DAPHNIS

To know if these young apples there are ripening.

THE GIRL

By Pan, I faint; Take back that hand of thine!

DAPHNIS

Courage, dear girl! Why shak'st thou so for fear?

THE GIRL

Would'st thrust me in the ditch and wet my gown?

DAPHNIS

See, I will throw this fleece beneath thy robe.

THE GIRL

My girdle is torn off! Why did'st thou loose it?

DAPHNIS

I vow this firstling to the Paphian one.

THE GIRL

Oh wait! . . . If some one came! . . . I hear a noise!

DAPHNIS

The cypresses are murmuring of our love.

THE GIRL

My kirtle is in rags, and I am naked.

DAPHNIS

An ampler kirtle will I give to thee . . .

THE GIRL

All things today; perhaps no salt tomorrow!

DAPHNIS

. . . And oh to give my life along with it!

THE GIRL

Forgive me, Artemis; I break thy vow!

DAPHNIS

I'll slay a calf to Love, the cow to Cypris.

THE GIRL

A maid I hither came, a woman go.

DAPHNIS

Yea, but a mother and a nurse of children.

So these twain, joying in their youthful limbs,
Babbled together, and Love's stolen sweet
Tasted. Then up she rose, and silently
Moved off to tend her flock, her eyes downcast
But gladness in her heart. He towards his herd
Of Bulls departed full of Love's delight.

From the Carmina of Catullus
87-54 B. C.

TRANSLATED BY SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, 1894

TO FLAVIUS: MIS-SPEAKING HIS MISTRESS

THY Charmer (Flavius!) to Catullus' ear
Were she not manner'd mean and worst in wit
Perforce thou had'st praised nor could'st silence keep.
But some enfevered jade, I wot-not-what,
Some piece thou lovest, blushing this to own.
For, nowise 'customed widower nights to lie
Thou'rt ever summoned by no silent bed
With flow'r-wreaths fragrant and with Syrian oil,
By mattress, bolsters, here, there, everywhere
Deep-dinted, and by quaking, shaking couch
All crepitation and mobility.
Explain! none whoredoms (no!) shall close my lips.
Why? such outfuttered flank thou ne'er would'st show
Had not some fulsome work by thee been wrought.
Then what thou holdest, boon or bane be pleased
Disclose! For thee and thy beloved fain would I
Upraise to Heaven with my liveliest lay.

TO THE FREQUENTERS OF A LOW TAVERN

Salacious Tavern and ye taverner-host,
From Pileate Brothers the ninth pile-post,
D'ye claim, you only of the mentule boast,

D'ye claim alone what damsels be the best
To swive: as he-goats holding all the rest?
Is't when like boobies sit ye incontinent here,
One or two hundred, deem ye that I fear
Two hundred . . . at one brunt?
Ay, think so, natheless all your tavern-front
With many a scorpion I will over-write.
For what my damsel, fro' my breast took flight,
By me so loved, as shall loved be non,
Wherefor so mighty wars were waged and won,
Does sit in public here. Ye fain, rich wights,
All woo her: thither too (the chief of slights!)
All pitiful knaves and by-street wenches fare,
And thou (than any worse), with hanging hair,
In coney-breeding Celtiberia bred,
Egnatius! bonnified by beard full-fed,
And teeth with Spanish urine polished.

DIALOGUE CONCERNING CATULLUS AT A HARLOT'S DOOR

QUINTUS

O to the gentle spouse right dear, right dear to his parent,
  Hail, and with increase fair Jupiter lend thee his aid,
Door, 'tis said wast fain kind service render to Balbus
  Erst while, long as the house by her old owner was held;
Yet wast rumoured again to serve a purpose malignant,
  After the elder was stretched, thou being oped for a bride.
Come, then, tell us the why in thee such change be reported
  That to thy lord hast abjured faithfulness owed of old?

DOOR

Never (so chance I to please Caelius owning me now-a-days!)
  Is it my own default, how so they say it be mine;
Nor can any declare aught sin by me was committed.
  Yet it is so declared (Quintus!) by fable of folk;
Who, whenever they find things done no better than should be,
  Come to me outcrying all: "Door, the default is thine own!"

QUINTUS

This be never enough for thee one-worded to utter,
  But in such way to deal, each and all sense it and see.

DOOR

What shall I do? None asks, while nobody troubles to know.

QUINTUS

Willing are we? unto us stay not thy saying to say.

DOOR

First let me note that the maid to us committed (assert they)
Was but a fraud: her mate never a touch of her had,

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

But that a father durst dishonour the bed of his first-born,
Folk all swear, and the house hapless with incest bewray;
Or that his impious mind was blunt with fiery passion
Or that his impotent son sprang from incapable seed.
And to be sought was one with more nervous endowed,
Who could better avail zone of the virgin to loose.

QUINTUS

'Sooth, of egregious sire for piety wondrous, thou tellest,
Who in the heart of his son lief was . . . !
Yet professed herself not only this to be knowing,
Brixia-town that lies under the Cycnean cliff,
Traversed by Mella-stream's soft-flowing yellow-hued current,
Brixia, Verona's mother, I love for my home.

DOOR

Eke of Posthumius' loves and Cornelius too there be tattle,
With whom dared the dame evil advowtry commit.

QUINTUS

Here might somebody ask: "How, Door, hast mastered such matter?
Thou that canst never avail threshold of owner to quit,
Neither canst listen to folk since here fast fixt to the side-posts
Only one office thou hast, shutting or opening the house."

DOOR

Oft have I heard our dame in furtive murmurs o'er telling,
When with her handmaids alone, these her flagitious deeds,
Citing fore-cited names for that she never could fancy
Ever a door was endow'd either with earlet or tongue.
Further she noted a wight whose name in public to mention
Nill I, lest he upraise eyebrows of carrotty hue;
Long is the loon and large the law-suit brought they against him
Touching a child-bed, false, claim of a belly that lied.

To Lesbia

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LAMB, 1821

Love, my Lesbia, while we live;
Value all the cross advice
That the surly greybeards give
At a single farthing's price.

Suns that set again may rise;
  We, when once our fleeting light,
Once our day in darkness dies,
  Sleep in one eternal night.

Give me kisses thousand-fold,
  Add to them a hundred more;
Other thousands still be told
  Other hundreds o'er and o'er.

But, with thousands when we burn,
  Mix, confuse the sums at last,
That we may not blushing learn
  All that have between us past.

None shall know to what amount
  Envy's due for so much bliss;
None—for none shall ever count
  All the kisses we will kiss.

To Lesbia

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LAMB, 1821

THY kisses dost thou bid me count,
And tell thee, Lesbia, what amount
My rage for love and thee could tire,
And satisfy and cloy desire?

Many as grains of Libyan sand
Upon Cyrene's spicy land
From prescient Ammon's sultry dome
To sacred Battus' ancient tomb:
Many as stars that silent ken
At night the stolen loves of men.
Yes, when the kisses thou shalt kiss
Have reach'd a number vast as this,
Then may desire at length be stay'd,
And e'en my madness be allay'd:
Then when infinity defies
The calculations of the wise;
Nor evil voice's deadly charm
Can work the unknown number harm.

The Interview with Varus and His Mistress

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LAMB, 1821

As I was idling time away
Just by the Forum t'other day,
  My Varus took me thence
To see the wanton, hid delight;
And, faith! she struck me at first sight
  To want nor charms nor sense.

We then fell into conversation
About Bithynia's situation,
  The value of the land,
And what my profit there had been:
I mention'd truly all I'd seen,
  And how things really stand.

"That not the Pretor nor his train
Could there afford from any gain
  More sumptuous dress or fare;
And sure not we, that Pretor's slaves,
The worst of profligates and knaves,
  Who prized us not a hair."

"Of course," she said, "as they relate
'Tis usual, you some slaves for state
  To bear your litter bought."
I felt a little pride arise;
And was not willing in her eyes
  To be a pauper thought.

So cried, "Oh, yes. Though luck was bad,
It was not on the whole so sad,
  That I eight slaves should lack."
In truth, I never here nor there
Possess'd a single slave to bear
  My litter on his back.

Said she, a harlot thorough-bred!
"Catullus, lend me, pray, that bed,
  I wish but to be taken
To where Serapis holds his fame"—
"Stay! stay!" said I, "let's think again—
  I've none—I was mistaken.

" 'Tis Cinna's bed, scarce his alone,
I use it just as 'twere my own:
  Who's owner nought care I.
Thou'rt an uncivil, troublous jade,
Whose artful, mercenary trade
  Won't let one tell a lie."

To Mamurra's Mistress

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LAMB, 1821

THOUGH splaw thy feet, and snub thy nose,
Thy fingers short, and unlike sloes
  Thine eyes in hue may be;
Thy lip with driv'lling moisture dew'd,
Thy language vulgar, manners rude,
  Yet wanton, hail to thee!

And does the province praise thy grace;
And e'en presume thy form and face
  With Lesbia to compare?

Then why should I thy charms dispraise?
'Mid vulgar fools, in tasteless days,
'Tis useless to be fair.

Acme and Septimus

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY SIR CHARLES ELTON, 1814

In Septimus' lap entwining,
While his Acme sank reclining;
"If I love thee not," he cried,
"Oh my Acme! oh my bride!
Even to perdition love thee,
And shall feel thy beauties move me,
As the rapid years roll by,
Like men who love distractedly,
Then, where Afric's sands are spread,
Or India's sun flames overhead,
May a lion cross me there
With his green-eyed, angry glare."
Love stood listening in delight,
And sneezed his auspice on the right.

Acme, as her lover said,
Lightly bending back her head,
And with lips of ruby skimming
His tipsy eyes, in pleasure swimming;
"Septimillus! darling mine!
So may we thus ever twine,
Victims vow'd at Cupid's shrine,
As with still more keen requitals
Thou art felt within my vitals!"
Love stood listening in delight,
And sneezed his auspice on the right.

In the heavenly omen blest
Thy love, caressing and carest;
The poor youth would lightlier prize
Syria's groves than Acme's eyes;
Acme centres in the boy
All her longings, all her joy.
Who more bless'd has mortals seen?
When has a kinder passion been?

Sappho's Ode

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY AMBROSE PHILLIPS

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

With dewy damp my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

On a Wanton's Door[1]

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY JOHN NOTT, 1775

PASSENGER

HAIL, door, to husband and to father dear!
And may Jove make thee his peculiar care!
Thou who, when Balbus lived, if fame say true,
Wast wont a thousand sorry things to do;
And, when they carried forth the good old man,
For the new bride who didst them o'er again;
Say, how have people this strange notion got,
As if thy former faith thou hadst forgot?

DOOR

So may Caecilius help me, whom I now
Must own my master, as I truly vow—
Be the offences talk'd of great or small;
Still I am free, and ignorant of all:
I boldly dare the worst that can be said;
And yet, what charges to my fault are laid!
No deed so infamous, but straight they cry,
"Fie, wicked door! this is your doing, fie!"

PASSENGER

This downright, bold assertion ne'er will do;
You must speak plainer, and convince us too.

DOOR

I would;—but how, when no one wants to know?

PASSENGER

I want;—collect your facts, and tell them now.

[1] See Burton's translation in this volume: p. 22.

DOOR

First, then, I will deny, for so 'tis thought
That a young virgin to my charge was brought:
Not that her husband, with ungovern'd flame,
Had stolen, in hasty joy, that sacred name;
So vile his manhood, and so cold his blood,
Poor, languid tool! he could not, if he would:
But his own father, 'tis expressly said,
Had stain'd the honours of his nuptial bed;
Whether because, to virtue's image blind,
Thick clouds of lust had darken'd all his mind;
Or, conscious of his son's unfruitful seed,
He thought some abler man should do the deed.

PASSENGER

A pious deed, in truth; and nobly done—
A father makes a cuckold of his son!

DOOR

Nor was this all that conscious Brixia knew;
Sweet mother of the country where I grew
In earliest youth! who, from Chinaea's height,
Sees boundless landscapes burst upon the sight;
Brixia! whose sides the yellow Mela laves
With the calm current of its gentle waves:
She also knows what bliss Posthumius proved;
And how, in triumph, gay Cornelius loved;
With both of whom, so wanton was the fair,
She did not blush her choicest gifts to share.
"But how," you'll ask, "could you, a senseless door,
These secrets, and these mysteries explore;
Who never from your master's threshold stirr'd,
Nor what the people talk'd of ever heard;
Content upon your hinges to remain,
To ope, and shut, and then to ope again."—
Learn, that full oft I've heard the whispering fair,
Who ne'er suspected I had tongue or ear,
To her own slaves her shameful actions tell,
And speak the very names I now reveal.
One more she mention'd, whom I will not speak,
Lest warm displeasure flush his angry cheek:
Thus far I'll tell thee; he's an awkward brute,
Whose spurious birth once caused no small dispute.

To Lesbia. On Her Falsehood

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LAMB

To me alone, thou said'st, thy love was true,
And true, should be, though Jove himself might woo.
I loved thee, Lesbia, not as rakes may prize
The favourite wanton who has pleased their eyes;

Mine was a tender glow, a purer zeal;
'Twas all the parent for the child can feel.

Thy common falsehood now, thyself I know;
And though my frame with fiercer heat may glow,
Yet Lesbia's vile and worthless in my sight,
Compared with Lesbia once my heart's delight;
Nor wonder passion's unrestrained excess
Makes me desire thee more, but love thee less.

To Aufilena

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LAMB

I LIKE girls, Aufilena, of consciences nice,
  For the favours they grant who are honestly paid;
But you, who have cheated, and taken the price
  Of the love you withhold, are an infamous jade.

'Tis an honest girl's part, what she's promised, to do;
  'T were a modest one's not to have promised the deed:
But she who can jilt, while she pockets like you
  The money for favours she will not concede,
Commits a base fraud, which would shame and disgrace
    The lowest and worst of the prostitute race.

The Rendezvous

FROM CATULLUS. TRANSLATOR UNKNOWN

MY Hypsithilla, charming fair,
My life, my soul, ah; hear my prayer:
Thy grateful summons quickly send,
And bless at noon, with joy, thy friend.
And if my fair one will comply,
And not her sighing swain deny,
Take care the door be then unbarr'd,
And let no spy be on the guard.
And thou, the aim of my desire,
Attend at home my amorous fire.
Prepare thy bosom to receive
All that so much love can give:
Prepare to meet repeated joy
Continued bliss without alloy;
Dissolving still in thy dear arms,
Still raised by thy reviving charms
To onsets fresh of sprightly pleasure,
Tumultuous joy beyond all measure.
But dally not with my desire,
Nor quash with thy delays my fire.
Bursting with love upon my couch I lie,
Forestalling with desire the distant joy.

To Lydia

ATTRIBUTED TO CORNELIUS GALLUS, A CONTEMPORARY OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY SIR CHARLES ELTON

LYDIA! girl of prettiest mien,
And fairest skin, that e'er were seen:
Lilies, cream, thy cheeks disclose;
The ruddy and the milky rose;
Smooth thy limbs as ivory shine,
Burnish'd from the India mine.
Oh, sweet girl! those ringlets spread,
Long and loose, from all thy head:
Glistening like gold in yellow light
O'er thy falling shoulders white.
Show, sweet girl! thy starry eyes,
And black-bent brows that arching rise:
Show, sweet girl! thy rose-bloom cheeks,
Which Tyre's vermilion scarlet streaks:
Drop those pouting lips to mine,
Those ripe, those coral lips of thine.
Give me, soft, a velvet kiss,
Dove-like glued in searching bliss:
You suck my breath! O heaven! remove
Your lips—I faint—my sweetest love!
Your kisses—hold! they pierce my heart:
I feel thee in each vital part:
Hold!—thou wicked creature! why
Suck my life's blood thus cruelly?
Hide those breasts, that rise and fall,
Those twinn'd apples, round and small;
Full with balmy juices flowing,
Now just budding, heaving, growing;
Breathing from their broaden'd zone
Opening sweets of cinnamon.
Delicacies round thee rise:
Hide those globes—they wound mine eyes
With their white and dazzling glow,
With their luxury of snow!
Cruel! see you not I languish,
Thrilling with ecstatic anguish?
Do you leave me; leave me lying,
Almost fainting, almost dying?

From the Odes of Horace (65-8 B. C.)

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1881

ODE V, BOOK I. TO PYRRHA

PYRRHA, what slender boy, in perfume steeped,
Doth in the shade of some delightful grot
Caress thee now on couch with roses heaped?
For whom dost thou thine amber tresses knot

With all thy seeming-artless grace? Ah me,
  How oft will he thy perfidy bewail,
And joys all flown, and shudder at the sea
  Rough with the chafing of the blust'rous gale,

Who now, fond dreamer, revels in thy charms;
  Who all unweeting how the breezes veer,
Hopes still to find a welcome in thine arms
  As warm as now, and thee as loving-dear!

Ah, woe for those, on whom thy spell is flung
  My votive tablet, in the temple set,
Proclaims that I to ocean's god have hung
  The vestments in my shipwreck smirched and wet.

ODE XIII. BOOK I. TO LYDIA.

Lydia, when so oft the charms
  Of Telephus you bid me note,
Taunt me with his snowy arms,
  Rosy cheek, and shapely throat,
Within my breast I feel the fires
Of wild and desperate desires.

Then reels my brain, then on my cheek
  The shifting colour comes and goes,
And tears, that flow unbidden, speak
  The torture of my inward throes,
The fierce unrest, the deathless flame,
That slowly macerates my frame.

Oh agony! to trace where he
  Has smutched thy shoulders ivory-white
Amid his tipsy revelry;
  Or where, in trance of fierce delight,
Upon thy lips the frenzied boy
Has left the records of his joy.

Hope not such love can last for aye
  (But thou art deaf to words of mine!)
Such selfish love, as ruthlessly
  Could wound those kisses all divine,
Which Venus steeps in sweets intense
Of her own nectar's quintessence.

Oh, trebly blest, and blest for ever,
  Are they whom true affection binds;
No cold distrusts nor janglings sever,
  The union of their constant minds,
But life in blending current flows,
Serene and sunny to the close!

HORACE

WHILST I was dear and thou wert kind,
  And I, and I alone might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
  Not Persia's king so blest as I.

LYDIA

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
  Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,
Renowned in ode or madrigal,
  Nor Roman Ilia famed as I.

HORACE

I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
  With hand and voice that charms the air,
For whom even death itself I'd brave,
  So fate the darling girl would spare!

LYDIA

I dote on Calaïs—and I
  Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death, I'd die,
  So fate the darling boy would spare!

HORACE

What, if our ancient love return,
  And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
  And as of old for Lydia sigh?

LYDIA

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
  Thou fickle as an April sky,
More churlish, too, than Adria's sea,
  With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die!

From the Poems of Tibullus (54-38 B. C.)

TRANSLATED BY J. P. POSTGATE, 1912

I. TO DELIA

LOVE, thou dost always meet me with smiling visage to draw me on; but after that, poor wretch, I find thee frowning and angry. What has thou to do with me, cruel boy? Is there great glory to a god in laying snares for a man?

For the net is spread to take me; now cunning Delia clasps a gallant covertly in the hush of night. She denies it, indeed, and on oath;

but 'tis hard to believe her. Thus touching me, too, she denies every hour to her husband. Poor wretch, it was I who taught her the ways of tricking her watchers, and now alas! by my own craft am I sore bestead. Then learned she how to frame excuses for lying alone, and then how to turn the door without a sound from the hinges. Then did I give her juices and herbs to erase the dark signs which the teeth in love's rapture imprint on the flesh.

And thou, the unwary mate of a faithless wife, watch me with the rest that she may never sin; and take care that she talk not much or oft with young men, nor use nods to deceive thee, or recline with loose robe and bosom bare; and see she take not wine on her fingers and trace signs on the table's round. Have thy fears when she goes out often, or if she say that she would witness the rites of the Good Goddess which no male must go nigh.

*

II. TO PHOLOE ON MARATHUS

No one can hide from me the meaning of a lover's nod, nor the message of gentle tones and whispered words. Yet no lots help me, no liver with heaven's will acquainted, nor do birds' notes tell me of the things to come. 'Twas Venus' self tied my arms with magic knots and taught me all with many stripes.

Have done with concealments. The god has fiercer fires for those that he sees have fallen to him against their will.

What advantage hast thou now in dressing the soft hair or shifting continually the arrangement of the tresses, what in beautifying cheeks with lustrous pigment, in having the nails pared by an artist's cunning hand? In vain thy gowns, thy shawls are changed, and the tight loop squeezes the feet together. 'Tis the other charms, though she come with face untended and has spent no lingering skill on dressing her sheeny hair.

Has some hag bewitched thee with her spells, or with blanching herbs, in the silent night hours? Incantation draws the crops from the neighbour's field; incantation checks the course of the angry snake; incantation seeks to draw the moon down from her car, and would do it but for the blows in the echoing bronze.

Why do I complain, alas; that spells or herbs have worked me woe? Beauty needs no aid from sorcery. 'Tis touching the body does the harm, giving the long kiss, resting thigh by thigh. Yet do thou for thy part see thou art not uncompliant to the lad; Venus visits harsh deeds with punishment.

As for no presents: these should a hoary lover give, that soft arms may warm his chilly limbs. Gold is less precious than a lad whose face is bright and smooth, with no rough beard to rasp caresses. Under his shoulder place thy radiant arms, and thus look down on all the treasures of a king, Venus will find a way for stealthy commerce with the lad while he quivers, and would draw your tender bosoms ever closer, for giving wet kisses with quickened breath and struggling tongue and printing the teeth's marks on the neck. No stone

or pearls will give her joy who sleeps alone and chill, and to no man is desirable.

Ah, too late we call back love and youth when hoary eld has bleached the aged head. Then looks are studied. The hair is stained to disguise our years with dye from the nut's green husk. Then we task ourselves to pluck up the white hairs by the root and to carry home a face transformed, with the old skin gone. But do thou while thy life is still in its flowering springtide see that thou use it. Not slow are its feet as it glides away.

Nor torture Marathus. What glory is there in discomfiting a boy? Be hard, my lass, to the effete old. Spare the tender shoot, I pray. Naught ails him gravely; 'tis from excess of passion comes the yellow stain upon his skin. See again, poor wretch, how often he heaps his piteous reproaches on the absent and all around is flooded with his tears.

"Why dost thou slight me?" he complains. "The watch might have been baffled. Heaven itself gives the lovesick skill to cozen. I know the secret ways of love, how the breath may be taken gently, and how kisses may be snatched and make no sound. I can steal up e'en in the dead of night, and unseen unbar the door without a sound. But what do arts avail if the girl spurn the hapless swain and, cruel, fly from the very couch of love? Then again when she promises and suddenly plays false, I must wake through a night of many woes. While I fondly think that she will come to me, in every stir I hear her footfall sounding."

Shed tears no more, lad. Her heart is stone, and thy eyes are already worn and swelled with weeping. The gods, I warn thee, Pholoe, abhor disdain. 'Twill be vain to offer incense to their holy fires. This is the Marathus that once made mock of wretched lovers, unwitting that behind him stood the god of vengeance. Often, too, we have heard, he laughed at the tears of anguish and kept a lover waiting with pretences for delay. Now he abhors all coyness; now he hates every door that is bolted fast against him. But for thee, girl, unless thou cease to be proud, there is punishment in store. Then how wilt thou long that prayers might bring thee back to-day!

An Elegy

BY TIBULLUS. TRANSLATED BY MR. GRANGER

WHY did you swear by all the powers above,
Yet never meant to crown my longing love?
Wretch, though at first the perjured deed you hide,
Wrath comes with certain, though with tardy stride;
Yet, yet, offended gods, my charmer spare!
Yet pardon the first fault of one so fair!

For gold the careful farmer ploughs the plain,
And joins his oxen to the cumbrous wain;
For gold, through seas that stormy winds obey,
By stars, the sailor steers his watery way.

Yet, gracious gods, this gold from man remove,
That wicked metal bribed the fair I love.

Soon shall you suffer greatly for your crime,
A weary wanderer in a foreign clime;
Your hair shall change, and boasted bloom decay,
By wintry tempests and the solar ray.

"Beware of gold," how oft did I advise!
"From tempting gold what mighty mischiefs rise!
Love's generous power," I said, "with ten-fold pain,
The wretch will rack, who sells her charms for gain.
Let torture all her cruelties exert.
Torture is pastime to a venal heart.

"Nor idly dream your gallantries to hide,
The gods are ever on the sufferer's side.
With sleep or wine o'ercome, so fate ordains,
You'll blab the secret of your impious gains."

Thus oft I warn'd you; this augments my shame;
My sighs, tears, homage, henceforth I disclaim.

"No wealth shall bribe my constancy," you swore;
"Be mine the bard," you sigh'd, "I crave no more:
Not all Campania shall my heart entice,
For thee Campania's autumns I despise.
Let Bacchus in Falernian vineyards stray,
Not Bacchus' vineyards shall my faith betray."

Such strong professions, in so soft a strain,
Might well deceive a captivated swain;
Such strong professions might aversion charm,
Slow doubt determine, and indifference warm,
Nay more, you wept, unpractised to betray,
I kiss'd your cheeks, and wiped the tears away.

But if I tempting gold unjustly blame,
And you have left me for another flame,
May he, like you, seem kind; like you, deceive,
And oh may you, like cheated me, believe.

Oft I by night the torch myself would bear,
That none our tender converse might o'erhear;
When least expected, oft some youth I led,
A youth all beauty, to the genial bed,
And tutor'd him your conquest to complete,
By soft enticements, and a fond deceit.

By these I foolish hoped to gain your love!
Who than Tibullus could more cautious prove?

Fired with uncommon powers, I swept the lyre,
And sent you melting strains of soft desire.
The thought o'erspreads my face with conscious shame,
Doom, doom them victims to the seas or flame.
No verse be theirs, who Love's soft fires profane,
And sell inestimable joys for gain.

But you who first the lovely maid decoy'd,
By each adulterer be your wife enjoy'd.
And when each youth has rifled all her charms,
May bed-gowns guard her from your loathed arms!
May she, oh may she like your sister prove,
As famed for drinking, far more famed for love!
'Tis true, the bottle is her chief delight,
She knows no better way to pass the night;
Your wife more knowing can the night improve,
To joys of Bacchus joins the joys of love.

Think'st thou for thee the toilette is her care?
For thee, that fillets bind her well-dress'd hair?
For thee, that Tyrian robes her charms enfold?
For thee, her arms are deck'd with burnish'd gold?
By these, some youth the wanton would entice,
For him she dresses and for him she sighs;
To him she prostitutes, unawed by shame,
Your house, your pocket, and your injured fame:
Nor blame her conduct, say, ye young, what charms
Can beauty taste in gout and age's arms?

Less nice my fair one, she for money can
Caress a gouty, impotent old man;
O thou by generous Love too justly blamed!
All, all that Love could give, my passion claim'd.
Yet since thou could'st so mercenary prove,
The more deserving shall engross my love:
Then thou wilt weep when these adored you see;
Weep on, thy tears will transport give to me.
To Venus I'll suspend a golden shield,
With this inscription graved upon the field:

"Tibullus, freed at last from amorous woes,
This offering, Queen of Bliss, on thee bestows:
And humbly begs, that henceforth thou wilt guard
From such a passion thy devoted bard."

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK IV. 43 B. C.-18 A. D.
TRANSLATED BY JOSEPH ADDISON

How Salmacis with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but the effect is known.

The Naiads nurst an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore;
From both the illustrious authors of his race
The child was named; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face;
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessened the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crossed,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A River here he viewed so lovely bright,
It showed the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand concealed from human sight.
The stream produced, nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds:
But dealt encircling moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crowned,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground
A nymph presides, nor practised in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main.
The only stranger to Diana's train;
Her sisters, often, as 'tis said, would cry,
"Fie, Salmacis, what, always idle! Fie!
Or take thy quiver or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she viewed her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now reposed her limbs,
Now gathered flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and longed for what she viewed.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refused to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserved to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
A God, and, if a God, the God of Love;
But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
But, oh! how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
Allied in bliss, if any get allied:
If so, let mine the stolen enjoyment be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and, touched with shame,
He strove, and blushed, but still the blush became;
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,

And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The Nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Oh leave me to myself alone,
You rude, uncivil nymph, or I'll begone."
"Fair stranger then," says she; "it shall be so";
And, for she feared his threats, she feigned to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips,
The coolness pleases him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were exposed to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And loves, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted and was coy,
The more she kissed and clipt the stripling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is hatched on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself and still refused her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwined,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind!
Oh, may the Gods thus keep us ever joined!
Oh, may we never, never part again!"
So prayed the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces joined,
As when the stock and grafter twig combined
Shoot up the same, and wear a common mind:
    Both bodies in a single body mix,
    A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now surveyed
The river's guilty stream, and thus he prayed.
(He prayed, but wondered at his softer tone,
Surprised to hear a voice but half his own.)
You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh, grant that—whom so'er these streams contain,
If man he entered, he may rise again
Supple, unsinewed, and but half a man!
    The heavenly parents answered, from on high
Their two-shaped son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And tinged its source to make his wishes good.

From Ovid's Elegies

TRANSLATED BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

BOOK I. ELEGIA IV.

Amicam, qua ante quibusque nutibus in caena, presente viro, uti debate, admonet.

THY husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt lying under him, his bosom clip?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
Marvel not, though the fair bride did incite
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight.
I am no half horse, nor in woods I dwell.
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well.
But how thou should'st behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings blow.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs be spread.
Upon the bed, but on my foot first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take, and return each secret amorous glance,
Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.
When our lascivious toys come to thy mind,
Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb inclined.
If aught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought.
When I, my light, do or say aught that please thee,
Turn around thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.

Strike on the board like them that pray for evil,
When thou dost wish thy husband at the devil.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink,
Ask thou the boy, what thou enough dost think.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offered goblets cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest,
Nor lean thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger,
Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this I'll see, but if thy gown aught cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.
Mingle not thighs, not to his leg join thine,
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am perplexed,
And with mistrust of the like measure vexed.
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure moved us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so; but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence,
Entreat thy husband drink, but do not kiss,
And while he drinks, to add more do not miss;
If he lies down with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homeward we rise all along
Have care to walk in middle of the throng,
There will I find thee or be found by thee,
There touch whatever thou canst touch of me.
Ah me! I warn what profits some few hours,
But we must part, when heaven with black night lours,
At night thy husband clips thee: I will weep
And to the doors sight of thyself (will) keep;
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey bliss.
Constrained against thy will give it the peasant,
Forbear sweet words, and be your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But, though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow constantly deny it.

BOOK I. ELEGIA V.

Corinnae concubitus.

In summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay;
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood,

Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun,
Or night being past, and yet not day begun;
Such light to shamefaced maidens must be shown
Where they may sport, and seem to be unknown:
Then came Corinna in her long loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down,
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
Or Lais of a thousand wooers sped.
I snatched her gown being thin, the harm was small,
Yet strived she to be covered therewithal,
And striving thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayed herself, and yielded at the last.
Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be pressed by me,
How smooth a belly under her waist saw I,
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh.
To leave the rest, all liked me passing well;
I clinged her naked body, down she fell:
Judge you the rest, being tired she bade me kiss;
Jove send me more such afternoons as this!

BOOK I. ELEGIA X.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore praemia poscat.

SUCH as the cause was of two husbands' war,
Whom Trojan ships fetched from Europa far,
Such as was Leda, whom the god deluded
In snow-white plumes of a false swan included.
Such as Anyemone through the dry fields strayed,
When on her head a water pitcher laid,
Such wert thou, and I feared the bull and eagle,
And whate'er Love made Jove, should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my mind's hot love abates:
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates,
Ask'st why I change? because thou crav'st reward;
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debarred.
While thou wert plain I loved thy mind and face:
Now inward faults thy outward form disgrace.
Love is a naked boy, his years saunce stain,
And hath no clothes, but open doth remain.
Will you for gain have Cupid sell himself?
He hath no bosom, where to hide base pelf.
Love and Love's son are with fierce arms at odds;
To serve for pay beseems not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each man's money,
And seeks vile wealth by selling of her coney.
Yet greedy bawd's command she curseth still,
And doth, constrained, what you do of good-will.

Take from irrational beasts a precedent,
'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.
The mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the mild ewe gifts from the ram doth pull.
Only a woman gets spoils for a man,
Farms out herself on nights for what she can.
And lets what doth delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,
Why should one sell it and the other buy it?
Why should I lose, and thou gain by the pleasure,
Which man and woman reap in equal measure?
Knights of the post of perjuries make sale,
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend,
Or great wealth from a judgment-seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad price,
Thanks worthily are due for things unbought,
For beds ill-hired we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth all; his rent discharged,
From further duty he rests then enlarged.
Fair dames forbear rewards for nights to crave;
Ill-gotten goods good end will never have.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly won,
That unto death did press the holy nun.
The son slew her, that forth to meet him went,
And a rich necklace caused that punishment.
Yet think no scorn to ask a wealthy churl;
He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurl.
Take clustered grapes from another-laden vine,
May bounteous love Alcinous' fruit resign.
Let poor men show their service, faith and care;
All for their mistress, what they have, prepare.
In verse to praise kind wenches 'tis my part.
And whom I like eternise by mine art.
Garments do wear, jewels and gold do waste,
The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
To give I love, but to be asked disdain;
Leave asking, and I'll give what I refrain.

BOOK II. ELEGIA III.

Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.

Ah me, an eunuch keeps my mistress chaste,
That cannot Venus' mutual pleasure taste.
Who first deprived young boys of their best part,
With self-same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
To kind requests thou would'st more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made lukewarm thy love;

Thou wert not born to ride, or arms to bear,
Thy hands agree not with the warlike spear,
Men handle those; all manly hopes resign,
Thy mistress' ensigns must be likewise thine.
Please her—her hate makes others thee abhor,
If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?
Good form there is, years apt to play together:
Unmeet is beauty without use to wither.
She may deceive thee, though thou her protect,
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

BOOK II. ELEGIA IV.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscumque formae sint.

I MEAN not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justify my vices being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour,
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I run:
Oh, how the burthen irks, that we should shun.
I cannot rule myself but where love please
And driven like a ship upon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces move,
A hundred reasons make me ever love.
If any eye me with a modest look,
I blush, and by that blushful glance am took;
And she that's coy I like, for being no clown,
Methinks she would be nimble when she's down.
Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learned, then for her skill I crave her,
If not, because she's simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one prefers me far;
Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar?
Another rails at me, and that I write.
Yet would I lie with her, if that I might:
Trips she, it likes me well; plods she, what then?
She would be nimbler lying with a man,
And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long
To quaver on her lips even in her song;
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those hands for their swift cunning?
And her I like that with a majesty,
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy.
To leave myself, that am in love with all,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the bed she lies upon:

If short, she lies the rounder, to say troth,
But short and long please me, for I love both.
I think what one undecked would be, being drest;
Is she attired? then show her graces best.
A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow;
And nut-brown girls in doing have no fellow.
If her white neck be shadowed with brown hair,
Why so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
Amber-tress'd is she? Then on the morn think I:
My love alludes to every history:
A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her womanhood:
Nay what is she, that any Roman loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

BOOK II. ELEGIA V.

Ad amicam corruptam.

No love is so dear,—quivered Cupid fly!—
That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revel;
Alas! a wench is a perpetual evil.
No intercepted lines thy deeds display,
No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.
O would my proofs as vain might be withstood!
Ah me, poor soul, why is my cause so good?
He's happy, that his love dares boldly credit;
To whom his wench can say, "I never did it."
He's cruel, and too much his grief doth favour,
That seeks the conquest by her loose behaviour.
Poor wench, I saw when thou didst think I slumbered;
Not drunk, your faults on the spilt wine I numbered
I saw your nodding eyebrows much to speak,
Even from your cheeks, part of a voice did break.
Not silent were thine eyes, the board with wine
Was scribbled, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?)
And words that seemed for certain marks to be.
Not many guests were gone, the feast being done,
The youthful sort to divers pastimes run.
I saw you then unlawful kisses join;
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloin).
None such the sister gives her brother grave,
But such kind wenches let their lovers have.
Phoebus gave not Diana such, 'tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
"What dost?" I cried; "transport'st thou my delight?
My lordly hands I'll throw upon my right.
Such bliss is only common to us two,
In this sweet good why hath a third to do?"

This, and what grief enforced me say, I said:
A scarlet blush her guilty face arrayed;
Even such as by Aurora hath the sky,
Or maids that their betrothed husbands spy;
Such as a rose mixed with a lily breeds,
Or when the moon travails with charmed steeds.
Or such as, lest long years should turn the dye,
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory.
To these, or some of these, like was her colour:
By chance her beauty never shined fuller.
She viewed the earth? the earth to view, beseemed her,
She looked sad; sad, comely I esteemed her.
Even kembéd as they were, her locks to rend,
And scratch her fair soft cheeks I did intend.
Seeing her face, mine upreared arms descended,
With her own armour was my wench defended.
I, that erewhile was fierce, now humbly sue,
Lest with worse kisses she should me endue.
She laughed, and kissed so sweetly as might make
Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.
I grieve lest others should such good perceive,
And wish hereby them all unknown to leave.
Also much better were they than I tell,
And ever seemed as some new sweet befell.
'Tis ill they pleased so much, for in my lips
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips,
This grieves me not; no joined kisses spent,
Bewail I only, though I them lament.
Nowhere can they be taught but in the bed;
I know no master of so great hire sped.

BOOK II. ELEGIA X.

Ad Graecinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

GRAECINUS (well I wot) thou told'st me once,
I could not be in love with two at once;
By thee deceived, by thee surprised am I,
For now I love two women equally:
Both are well favoured, both rich in array,
Which is the loveliest it is hard to say:
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me;
And this doth please me most, and so doth she;
Even as a boat tossed by contrary wind,
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus, why doublest thou my endless smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?
Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green woods,
And to the vast deep sea fresh water floods?
Yet this is better far than lie alone:
Let such as be mine enemies have none;

Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft love rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight.
If one can do't, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
Nor want I strength, but weight, to press her with:
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:
Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless,
He's happy whom Love's mutual skirmish slays;
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldiers chase their enemies amain,
And with their blood eternal honour gain,
Let merchants seek wealth and with perjured lips,
Being wrecked, carouse the sea tired by their ships;
But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
And in the midst thereof, set my soul going;
That at my funeral some may weeping cry,
"Even as he led his life, so did he die."

BOOK II. ELEGIA XV.

Ad annulum, quem dono amicae dedit.

Thou ring that shalt my fair girl's finger bind!
Wherein is seen the giver's loving mind:
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
And, her small joints encircling, round hoop make thee.
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me.
And of just compass for her knuckles be.
Blest ring, thou in my mistress' hand shall lie,
Myself, poor wretch, mine own gifts now envy.
O would that suddenly into my gift,
I could myself by secret magic shift!
Then would I wish thee touch my mistress' pap,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lap,
I would get off though strait, and sticking fast,
And in her bosom strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seal her privy leaves,
Lest to the wax the hold-fast dry gem cleaves,
Would first my beauteous wench's moist lips touch,
Only I'll sign naught that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit:
But in less compass her small fingers knit.
My life! that I will shame thee never fear,
Or be a load thou should'st refuse to bear.
Wear me, when warmest showers thy members wash,
And through the gem let thy lost waters pash.

But seeing thee, I think my thing will swell,
And even the ring perform a man's part well.
Vain things why wish I? go small gift from hand,
Let her my faith, with thee given, understand.

BOOK II. ELEGIA XIX.

Ad rivalem cui uxor curae non erat.

Fool, if to keep thy wife thou hast no need,
Keep her from me, my more desire to breed;
We scorn things lawful; stolen sweets we affect;
Cruel is he that loves whom none protect.
Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike,
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows by what means to win me.
Ah, often, that her hale head ached, she lying,
Willed me, whose slow feet sought delay, be flying;
Ah, oft, how much she might, she feigned offence;
And, doing wrong, made show of innocence.
So having vexed she nourished my warm fire,
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she!
'Thou also that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me, oft, being wooed, say nay;
And on thy threshold let me lie dispersed,
Suff'ring much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome, me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a glutted stomach cloys.
In brazen tower had not Danäe dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Iö keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove liked her better than he did before.
Who covets lawful things takes leaves from woods,
And drinks stolen waters in surrounding floods.
Her lover let her mock that long will reign,
Ah me, let not my warnings cause my pain.
Whatever haps, by sufferance harm is done,
What flies I follow, what follows me I shun,
But then, of thy fair damsel too secure,
Begin to shut thy house at evening sure.
Search, at the door who knocks oft in the dark,
In night's deep silence why the ban-dogs bark.
Whether the subtle maid lines brings and carries,
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.

Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward prick.
To steal sands from the shore he loves a-life,
That can affect a foolish wittol's wife.
Now I forewarn, unless to keep her stronger
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat thee
To guard her well, that well I might entreat thee.
Thou suffer'st what no husband can endure,
But of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I, poor soul, be never interdicted?
Nor never with night's sharp revenge afflicted?
In sleeping shall I fearless draw my breath?
Will nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loathe a husband grown a bawd?
By thy default thou dost our joys defraud.
Some other seek that may in patience strive with thee,
To pleasure me, forbid me to connive with thee.

BOOK III. ELEGIA IV.

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

Rude man, 'tis vain thy damsel to commend
To keeper's trust: their wits should them defend.
Who, without fear, is chaste, is chaste in sooth:
Who, because means want, doeth not, she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her mind is stained;
Nor, less she will, can any be restrained.
Nor can'st by watching keep her mind from sin,
All being shut out, the adulterer is within,
Who may offend, sins least; power to do ill
The fainting seeds of naughtiness doth kill.
Forbear to kindly vice by prohibition;
Sooner shall kindness gain thy will's fruition.
I saw a horse against the bit stiff-necked,
Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being checked:
When he perceived the reins let slack, he stayed,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laid.
How to attain what is denied we think,
Even as the sick desire forbidden drink.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit Love did them all surprise,
In stone and iron walls Danäe shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maid there put
Penelope, though no watch looked unto her,
Was not defiled by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we cover more: the care makes theft,
Few love what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husband's love:
I know not what men think should thee so move.

She is not chaste that's kept, but a dear whore;
Thy fear is than her body valued more.
Although thou chafe, stolen pleasure is sweet play,
She pleaseth best, "I fear," if any say.
A free-born wench, no right 'tis up to lock,
So use we women of strange nations' stock.
Because the keeper may come say, "I did it,"
She must be honest to thy servant's credit.
He is too clownish whom a lewd wife grieves,
And this town's well-known custom not believes;
Where Mars his sons not without fault did breed,
Remus and Romulus, Ilia's twin-born seed.
Cannot a fair one, if not chaste, please thee?
Never can these by any means agree.
Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise:
Look gently, and rough husbands' laws despise.
Honour what friends thy wife gives, she'll give many,
Least labour so shalt win great grace of any.
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
And see at home much that thou ne'er brought'st thither.

BOOK III. ELEGIA VII.

Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

EITHER she was fool, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wished to have had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I loved not,
And like a burden grieved the bed that moved not.
Though both of us performed our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
Her arms far whiter than the Scythian snow.
And eagerly she kissed me with her tongue,
And under mine her wanton thigh she flung,
Yes, and she soothed me up, and called me "Sir,"
And used all speech that might provoke and stir.
Yet like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mocked me, hung down the head and sunk.
Like a dull cipher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I, who can say?
What will my age do, age I cannot shun,
When in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove nor youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies.
Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice,
And Libas, and the white-cheeked Pitho thrice.
Corinna craved it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts we had before daylight.

What, waste my limbs through some Thessalian charms?
May spells and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast my joints?
And pierced my liver with sharp needles' points?
Charms change corn to grass and make it die:
By charms are running springs and fountains dry.
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.
Why might not then my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted?
To this, add shame: shame to perform it quailed me,
And was the second cause why vigour failed me.
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Than did the robe or garment which she wore.
Yet might her touch make youthful Pylius fire.
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain,
What might I crave more, if I ask again?
I think the great gods grieved they had bestowed,
The benefit: which lewdly I foreslowed,
I wished to be received in, in I get me:
To kiss, I kissed; to lie with her, she let me.
Why was I blest? why made king to refuse it?
Chuff-like had I not gold and could not use it.
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,
And looks upon the fruits he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and prayed.
Well I believe, she kissed not as she should,
Nor used the sleight and cunning which she could.
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have moved,
And with sweet words caused deaf rocks to have loved.
Worthy she was to move both gods and men,
But neither was I man nor lived then.
Can deaf ears take delight when Phaemius sings?
Or Thamyris in curious painted things?
What sweet thought is there but I had the same?
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drooping more than a rose pulled yesterday.
Now, when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight.
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing thou would'st deceive me as before.
Then cozenest me: by thee surprised am I,
And bide sore loss with endless infamy.
Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit
To take it in her hand, and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still drooped down, regarding not her hand,
"Why mock'st thou me," she cried, "or being ill,
Why bade thee lie down here against thy will?

Either thou art witched with blood of frogs new dead,
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed."
With that, her loose gown on, from me she cast her,
In skipping out her naked feet much graced her.
And lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it, spilt water on the place.

BOOK III. ELEGIA XI.

Ad amicam a cujus amore discedere non potest.

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults me make;
Dishonest love, my wearied breast forsake!
Now have I freed myself, and fled the chain,
And what I have borne, shame to bear again.
We vanquish, and tread tamed love under feet,
Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet,
Suffer, and harden: good grows by this grief,
Oft bitter juice brings to the sick relief.
I have sustained, so oft thrust from the door,
To lay my body on the hard moist floor,
I know not whom thou lewdly did'st embrace,
When I to watch supplied a servant's place.
I saw when forth a tired lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is less, than if he had seen me;
May that shame fall mine enemies' chance to be.
When have not I, fixed to thy side, close layed?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow played.
The people by my company she pleased;
My love was cause that more men's love she seized.
What, should I tell her vain tongue's filthy lies,
And, to my loss, god-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With privy signs, and talk dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ran,
But with my rival sick she was not then.
These hardened me, with what I keep obscure:
Some other seek, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wished haven crowned,
With joy hears Neptune's swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once powerful words, and flatteries,
I am not as I was before, unwise.
Now love and hate my light breast each way move,
But victory, I think, will hap to love.
I'll hate, if I can; if not, love 'gainst my will,
Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
I loathe her manners, love her body's feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,
And doubt to which desire the palm to give.

Or less fair, or less lewd would thou might'st be:
Beauty with lewdness doth right ill agree.
Her deeds gain hate, her face entreated love,
Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove!
Spare me, oh, by our fellow bed, by all
The gods, who by thee, to be perjured fall.
And by thy face to me a power divine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine!
Whate'er thou art, mine art thou: choose this course,
Wilt have me willing, or to love by force.
Rather I'll hoist up sail, and use the wind,
That I may love yet, though against my mind.

BOOK III. ELEGIA XIV.

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

SEEING thou art fair, I bar not thy false playing,
But let not me poor soul know of thy straying.
Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
But that thou would'st dissemble, when 'tis past.
She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it.
Such as confess have lost their good names by it.
What madness is't to tell night-pranks by day?
And hidden secrets openly to bewray?
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the room be clear, and door put-to,
Will you make shipwreck of your honest name,
And let the world be witness of the same?
Be more advised, walk as a puritan,
And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And, before folk, immodest speeches shun.
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
There use all tricks, and tread shame under feet.
When you are up and dressed, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not ashamed to strip you, being there,
And mingle thighs, yours ever mine to bear.
There in your rosy lips my tongue entomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come.
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime let the bedstead creak
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush and seem as you were full of grace.
Deceive all; let me err; and think I'm right,
And like a wittol think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft received and given?
This bed and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start up your hair tost and displaced,
And with a wanton's tooth your neck new-rased.

Grant this, that what you do I may not see;
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done.
And through every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but dead with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excused,
Say but thou wert injuriously accused.
Though while the deed be doing you be took,
And I see when you ope the two-leaved book,
Swear I was blind; deny, if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.
From him that yields, the palm is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, "I did it not,"
And being justified by two words think
The cause acquits you not, but I that wink.

Pan and His Eternities

PARAPHRASE FROM "THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY"

When Pyrrha with me in high passion's powers
  Hath intertwined, long visions come to me:
Her rose, my rod, not hers or mine, but ours—
  All men's and women's, past and still to be;
How thus Pan's bridged the vasty gulf of Time
  With thornless roses and such sceptred rods
In sighing joy and beatific rime
  Even to the first embraces of old gods;
How He's thus joined to Her, as She to Him,
  With the long coil of flesh whose hither scar
Upon the navel runneth red and dim
  To one primæval birth in æons far;
And how Pan thus ourselves by our own flesh
Doth Man with His eternities enmesh.

Epigrams on Priapus

FROM "PRIAPEIA." LONDON, 1889

SONG I. TO PRIAPUS

In play, Priapus, (thou canst testify),
Songs, fit for garden not for book-work, I
Wrote and none over-care applied thereto.
No Muses dared I (like the Verseful Crew)
Invite to visit such invirginal site.
For heart and senses did forbid me quite
To set the choir Pierian, chaste and fair,
Before Priapus' too—such deed to dare.

Then whatsoe'er I wrote when idly gay,
And on this Temple-wall for note I lay,
Take in good part: such is the prayer I pray.

II

Darkly might I to thee say: Oh give me for ever and ever
  What thou may'st constantly give while of it nothing be lost;
Give me what vainly thou'lt long to bestow in the days that
    are coming,
  When that invidious beard either soft cheeks hall invade;
What unto Jove gave he who, borne by the worshipful flyer,
  Mixes the gratefullest cups, ever his leman's delight;
What on the primal night maid gives to her love-longing
    bridegroom
  Dreading ineptly the hurt dealt to a different part.
Simpler far to declare in our Latin, Lend me thy buttocks;
  What shall I say to thee else? Dull's the Minerva of me.

III

These tablets, sacred to the Rigid God,
From Elephanti's obscene booklets drawn,
Lalage offers and she prays thee try
To ply the painted figures' every part.

IV

All the conditions (they say) Priapus made with the youngling,
  Written in verses twain mortal hereunder can read:
"Whatso my garden contains to thee shall be lawfullest plunder
If unto us thou give whatso thy garden contains."

V

Though I be wooden Priapus (as thou see'st),
With wooden sickle and a prickle of wood,
Yet will I seize thee, Girl! and hold thee seized
And This, however gross, withouten fraud
Stiffer than lyre-string or than twisted rope
I'll thrust and bury to thy seventh rib.

VII

Matrons avoid this site, for your chaste breed
'Twere vile these verses impudique to read.
They still come on and not a doit they heed!
O'ermuch these matrons know and they regard
With willing glances this my vasty yard.

IX

Why laugh such laughter, O most silly maid?
My form Praxiteles nor Scopas hewed:

To me no Phidian handwork finish gave;
But me a bailiff hacked from shapeless log,
And quoth my maker, "Thou Priapus be!"
Yet on me gazing forthright gigglest thou
And holdest funny matter to deride
The pillar perking from the groin of me.

XVIII

Will ever Telethusa, posture-mime,
Who with no tunic veiling hinder cheeks
Higher than her vitals heaves with apter geste
So thee, Priapus, not alone she'll move
Wriggle to please thee with her wavy loins?
E'en Phaedra's step-son shall her movement rouse.

XXV

Hither, Quirites! (here what limit is?)
Either my member seminal lop ye off
Which thro' the livelong nights for aye fatigue
The neighbour-women rutting endlessly,
Lewder than sparrows in the lusty spring;
Or I shall burst and ye Priapus lose.
How I be futtered-out yourselves espy
Used-up, bejaded, lean and pallid grown,
Who erstwhile ruddy, in my doughtiness wont
To kill with poking thieves however doughty.
My side has failed me and poor I with cough
The perilous spittle ever must outspew.

XLIV

What shouldest say this spear (although I'm wooden) be wishing
Whenas a maiden chance me in the middle to kiss?
Here none augur we need: believe my word she is saying:—
"Let the rude spear in me work with its natural wont!"

LXIII

'Tis not enough, my friends, I set my seat
Where earth gapes chinky under Canicule,
Ever enduring thirsty summer's drought.
'Tis not enough the showers flow down my breast
And beat the hail-storms on my naked hair,
With beard fast frozen, rigid by the rime.
'Tis not enough that days in labor spent
Sleepless I lengthen through the nights as long.
Add that a godhead terrible of staff
Hewed me the rustic's rude unartful hand
And made me vilest of all deities,
Invoked as wooden guardian of the gourds.
And more, for shameless note to me was 'signed
With lustful nerve a pyramid distent,

Whereto a damsel (whom well nigh I'd named)
Is with her fornicator wont to come
And save in every mode Philaenis tells
Futtered, in furious lust her way she wends.

LXIX

What then? Had Trojan yard Taenerian dame and her Cunnus
Never delighted, of song never a subject had he:
But for the Tantalid's tool being known to Fame and well noted
Old man Chryses had naught left him for making his moan.
This did his mate dispoil of a fond affectionate mistress
And of a prize not his plundered Aeacides,
He that aye chaunted his dirge of distress to the lyre Pelethronian
Lyre of the stiff taut string, stiffer the string of himself.
Ilias, noble poem, was gotten and born of such direful
Ire, of that Sacred Song such was original cause.
Matter of different kind was the wander of crafty Ulysses:
An thou would verity know Love too was motor of this.
Hence does he gather the root whence springs that aureate blossom
Which wheneas "Moly" hight, "Moly" but "Mentula" means.
Here too of Circe we read and Calypso, daughter of Atlas,
Bearing the mighty commands dealt by Dulichian Brave
Whom did Alcinous' maiden admire by cause of his member
For with a leafy branch hardly that yard could be clad.
Yet was he hasting his way to regain his little old woman:
Thy coynte (Penelope!) claiming his every thought;
Thou who bidest so chaste with mind ever set upon banquets
And with a futtering crew alway thy palace was filled:
Then that thou learn of these which were most potent of swiving,
Wont wast thou to bespeak, saying to suitors erect:—
"Than my Ulysses none was better at drawing the bowstring
Whether by muscles of side or by superior skill;
And, as he now is deceased, do ye all draw and inform me
Which of ye men be the best so that my man he become."
Thy heart, Penelope, right sure by such pow'r I had pleased,
But at the time not yet had I been made of mankind.

Concerning the Nature of Love

BY LUCRETIUS, 99-55 B. C. TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN

* * * * * * *

THUS, therefore, he who feels the fiery dart
Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,
Whether some beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unresisting grace,

From her each part the winged arrow fends,
From whence he first was struck he thither tends;
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly seed.
For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love assures approaching joy,
Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,
The fever of the soul shot from the fair,
And the cold ague of succeeding care.
If absent her idea still appears,
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears.
But strive, those pleasing phantoms to remove,
And shun the aerial images of love,
That feed the flame; when one molests thy mind.
Discharge thy loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way, than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves that hoard of pain.
For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,
And by delay the gathering venom grows,
When kindly applications are not used;
The scorpion, love, must on the wound be bruised:
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other way:
The squandered spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common globe of nature sow.
Nor wants he all the bliss, that lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When love its utmost vigor does employ,
Even then 'tis but a restless wandering joy:
Nor knows the lover in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he would possess:
But strains at all, and, fastening where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantic pains;
With biting kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shows his joys imperfect, insincere:

For, sting with inward rage, he flings around.
And strives to avenge the smart on that which gave the wound.
But love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his foe to seek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For love, and love alone of all our joys
By full possession does but fan the fire;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire,
Nature for meat and drink provides a space,
And, when received, they fill their certain place:

Hence thirst and hunger may be satisfied;
But this repletion is to love denied:
Form, feature, colour, whatsoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love:
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the wind.
As he, who in a dream with drought is cursed,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst;
Runs to imagined lakes his heat to steep,
So love with phantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain:
Nor when the youthful pair more closely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs they
twine,
Just in the raging foam of full desire,
When both press on, both murmur, both expire,
They grip, they squeeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each would force their way to t'other's heart:
In vain, they only cruise about the coast;
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies lost;
As sure they strive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage;
So tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man dissolves in that excess of joy.
Then, when the gathered bag has burst its way,
And ebbing tides the slackened nerves betray,
A pause ensues; and nature nods awhile,
Till with recruited rage new spirits boil;
And then the same vain violence returns;
With flames renewed the erected furnace burns.
Again they in each other would be lost,
But still by adamantine bars are crossed.
All ways they try, successful all they prove,
To cure the secret sore of ling'ring love.
Besides——
They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
And to a woman's will enslave their life;
The estate runs out, and mortgages are made;
All offices of friendship are decayed;
Their fortunes ruined, and their fame betrayed.
Assyrian ointment from their temples flows,
And diamond buckles sparkle in their shoes.
The cheerful emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign lands:
And the blue coat, that with embroidery shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o'er-laboured loins.
Their frugal father's gains they misemploy,
And turn to paint, and pearl, and every female toy.

French fashions, costly treats are their delight;
The park by day, and plays and balls by night.
In vain:——
For in the fountain where their sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First guilty conscience does the mirror bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting;
And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long, misspent, luxurious life.
Perhaps, the fickle fair one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealousy behind.
Perhaps, he watches close her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does surprise;
And thinks he sees upon her cheeks the while
The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile;
His raging pulse beats thick, and his pent spirits boil,
This is the product e'en of prosperous love:
Think then what pangs distastrous passions prove.
Innumerable ills; disdain, despair,
With all the meagre family of care.
Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the disease, and late repent:
Because to shun the allurement is not hard
To minds resolved, forewarned, and well-prepared;
But wondrous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle through the straits, and break the involving net.
Yet thus ensnared, thy freedom thou may'st gain,
If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And wilfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of body and of mind.
For thus the Beldam train of lovers use
T'embrace the value, and the faults excuse.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They doat on dowdies and deformity;
E'en what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name:
The sallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a slattern of a slut.
If cat-eyed, then a Pallas is their love;
If freckled, she's a pasty-coloured dove;
If little, then she's life and soul all o'er:
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore.
She stammers; oh what grace in lisping lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive wench, with coughs decayed,
Is called a pretty, tight, and slender maid.
The o'ergrown, goodly Ceres is exprest,
A bed-fellow for Bacchus at the least.

Flat nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips but pout for kisses.
The talk were endless all the rest to trace:
Yet grant she were a Venus for her face
And shape, yet others equal beauty share;
And time was you could live without the fair;
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier women full as well can do.
Besides she daubs; and smells so much of paint,
Her own attendants cannot bear the scent,
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;
Mean-time excluded, and exposed to cold,
The whining lover stands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flowers the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on the obdurate door:
Who, if admitted in the nick of time,
If some unfav'ry whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone;
And calls himself a doting fool to serve,
Ascribing more than woman can deserve.
Which well they understand like cunning queens;
And hide their nastiness behind the scenes,
From him they have allured, and would retain;
But to a piercing eye 'tis all in vain:
For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
And the false light discovers by the true.
Which a wise harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
Nor always do they feign the sweets of love,
When round the panting youth their pliant limbs they move,
And cling, and heave, and moisten every kiss.
They often share, and more than share the bliss:
From every part e'en to their inmost soul
They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour to the goal.
Stirred with the same impetuous desire,
Birds, beasts, and herds, and mares, their males require:
Because the throbbing nature in their veins
Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains:
The lusty leap the expecting female stands,
By mutual heat compelled to mutual bands.
Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are tied;
Nor shouting boys nor blows their union can divide:
At either end they strive the link to loose;
In vain, for stronger Venus holds the noose.
Which never would those wretched lovers do,
But that the common heats of love they know;
The pleasure therefore must be shared in common too:
And when the woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce

The mother's likeness; when the man prevails
His own resemblance in the seed he feels,
But when we see the new-begotten race
Reflect the features of each parent's face
Then of the father's and the mother's blood
The justly tempered seed is understood:
When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
From every limb the due proportion sent,
When neither party foils, when neither foiled,
This gives the splendid features of the child.
Sometimes the boy the grandsire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote progenitor he shares;
Because the genial atoms of the seed
Lie long concealed ere they exert the breed;
And, after sundry ages past, produce
The tardy likeness of the latent juice.

Nor can the vain decrees of powers above
Deny production to the act of love,
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron shame;
As many think, who stain with victim's blood
The mournful altars, and with incense load,
To bless the showery seed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-laboured wife.
In vain they weary heaven with prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or magic numbers try:
For barrenness of sexes will proceed
Either from too condensed or watery seed:
The watery juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay:
The too condensed, unfouled, unwieldly mass,
Drops short, nor carried to the destined place;
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, tho' injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the womb.
For nuptials are alike in their success:
Some men with fruitful seed some women bless;
And from some men some women fruitful are;
Just as their conditions join or jar:
And many seeming barren wives have been,
Who after matched with more prolific men,
Have filled a family with prattling boys:
And, many, not supplied at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad, to ease their smart,
And to perform the sapless husbands' part,
So much it does import, that seed with seed
Should of the kindly mixture make the breed;
And thick with thin, and thin with thick should join,
So to produce and popagate the line.
Of such concernment too is drink and food.
To incrassate, to attenuate the blood.

Of like importance is the posture too,
In which the genial feat of love we do:
For as the females of the four-foot kind
Receive the leapings of their males behind;
So the good wives, with loins up-lifted high,
And leaning on their hands, the fruitful stroke may try:
For in that posture will they best conceive:
Not when, supinely laid, they frisk and heave:
For active motions only break the blow:
And more of strumpets than of wives they show;
When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled liquors flow;
Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound
Throws off the plowshare from the furrowed ground.
But common harlots in conjunction heave
Because 'tis less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest wives but little need.
Now it is from the gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart,
But wives, well humoured, dutiful and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wand'ring husbands fast;
Such are the links of love, and such a love will last.
For what remains, long habitude, and use
Will kindness in domestic bands produce:
For custom will a strong impression leave.
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And strives with drops of rain are washed away.

Elegy to Cynthia

FROM PROPERTIUS, 51 B. C. TRANSLATED BY
SIR CHARLES ELTON

Nor such Corinthian Lais' sighting train,
Before whose gates all prostrate Greece had lain;
Not such a crowd Menander's Thais drew,
Whose charms th' Athenian people joy'd to woo;
Nor she, who could the Theban towers rebuild,
When hosts of suitors had their coffers fill'd.
Nay—by false kinsmen are thy lips carest;
By sanction'd simulated kisses prest.
The forms of youths and beauteous gods, that rise
Around thy pictured roof, offend mine eyes.
The tender lisping babe, by thee carest
Within its cradle, wounds my jealous breast.
I fear thy mother's kiss, thy sister dread;
Suspect the virgin partner of her bed:
All wakes my spleen, a very coward grown:
Forgive the fears that spring from thee alone.
Wretched in jealous terror, to my eyes
Beneath each female robe a lover lies.

Blest was Admetus' spouse, and blest the dame
Who shared Ulysses' couch in modest fame:
Oh! ever happy shall the fair-one prove,
Who by her husband's threshold bounds her love.
Ah! why should Modesty's pure fane ascend?
Why at her shrine the blushing maiden bend?
If, when she weds, her passions spurn control;
If the bold matron sates her wishful soul?
The hand, that first in naked colours traced
Groups of loose loves, on walls that once were chaste:
And full exposed, broad burning on the light,
The shapes and postures that abash the sight;
Made artless minds in crime's refinements wise,
And flash'd enlightening vice on virgin eyes.
Woe to the wretch! who thus insidious wove
Mute rapture's veil o'er wrath and tears of love!
Not thus the roofs were deck'd in olden time
Nor the stain'd walls were painted with a crime:
Then, for some cause, the desert fanes of Rome
Wave with rank grass, while spiders veil the dome.
What guards, O Cynthia! shall thy path confine?
What threshold bound that wilful foot of thine?
Weak is constraint, if women loth obey,
And she is safe, who blushing, fears to stray.

Elegy in Defence of Inconstancy

FROM PROPERTIUS. TRANSLATED BY SIR CHARLES ELTON

"Framest thou excuse, who art a tale to all?
Whose Cynthia long is read at every stall?"
These words might damp a dead man's brow, and move
A candid blush for mean and nameless love.
But did my Cynthia breathe a melting sigh,
I were not called the head of levity:
Nor broad town-scandal should traduce my fame:
Then would I speak, though branded thus by name.
Wonder not thou that meaner nymphs invite:
They less defame me: are the causes light?
She'll now a fan of peacock's plumes demand;
And now a crystal ball to cool her hand:
Tease me to death for ivory dice, and pray
For glittering baubles of the sacred way.
Ah! let me die if I regard the cost:
A jilting fair one's mockery stings me most.
Was this the favour to transport my heart?
Thou feel'st no blush, thus charming as thou art:
Scarce two short nights in tender joys are sped,
And I am called intruder on thy bed.
Yet would'st thou praise my person; read my lay:
Has this thy love then flown so swift away?

The race of genius may my rival run:
But let him learn from me to love but one.
What! he forsooth will Lerna's snake enfold;
Snatch from th' Hesperian dragon fruits of gold;
Drain poisonous juice; or shipwreck'd gulp the sea;
And from no miseries shrink for sake of thee?
Ah! would, my life! these tasks were proved in me!
Then should we find this gallant, now so proud,
Skulk his mean head among the coward crowd.
Let the vain braggart vaunt his puffed success;
One short year shall divorce your tenderness.
No Sibyl's years, Herculean toils, avail,
Nor that last gloomy day to make my fondness fail.
Yes—thou shalt cull my bones, which tears bedew:
"Propertius! these were thine ah tried and true!
Ah me! most true! though not through noble veins
Flow'd thy rich blood, nor ample thy domains."
Yes—I will all endure: all wrongs are slight:
A beauteous woman makes the burden light.
Many for thee, I will believe, have sighed;
But few of men in constancy are tried.
Brief Time for Ariadne Theseus burned:
Demophoön from his Phillis ingrate turned:
In Jason's bark the sea Medea braved,
Yet, lone abandon'd, cursed the man she saved:
Hard too the woman's heart, whose feign'd desire
For many lovers fans the ready fire.
Not to the suitors, vain of noble race,
Not to the wealthy, yield thy bribed embrace:
Of these scarce one would shed a tear for thee,
Or near thy urn be found, as I shall be,
Yet rather thou for me, grant, heaven! the prayer,
Smite on thy naked breast, and strew thy streaming hair.

An Elegy from Propertius

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADAMS. MISCELLANY POEMS, 1702

As on the beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
While the deaf winds false *Theseus* bore away;
As from the rock *Andromeda* redeemed,
More sweet, more fair in her first slumber seemed;
Or as the no less weary Bacchanal
Surprised by sleep near some smooth stream does fall;
Such seemed to me, so was my Cynthia laid,
While breathing soft repose the lovely maid
On her fair hand reclined her bending head;
When I, well drunk through the too narrow street
Dragged home at midnight my unfaithful feet;
But as she appeared so charming to my view,
Gently I pressed the bed, and near her drew,

Thinking (for so much sense I still retained)
The Fort of Love might by surprise be gained.
Yet though commanded by a double fire,
Both by the flames of wine, and hot desire;
Though my lewd hand would naughtily have strayed,
And I would fain my arms have ready made;
I durst not in the soft assault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienced rage;
But so my greedy eyes surveyed her o'er,
The waking *Argus* watched not *Io* more;
Sometimes I loosed the chaplet from my brow,
And tried how sweetly 'twould on Cynthia show.
Sometimes corrected her disordered hair,
That loosely wantoned with the sportive air.
And when she sighed, I credulously feared,
Some frightful vision to my love appeared.
Till the bright moon thro' the window shone,
(The moon that would not suddenly be gone;)
She with her subtile rays unclosed her eyes,
When thus against me did her fury rise:
"At length affronted by some tawdry jade,
Kicked out of doors, you're forced into my bed;
For where is it you spend your nights? you come,
Drawn off and impotent, at morning, home;
I wish, base man! I wish such nights you had,
As you force me! unhappy me! to lead.
Sometimes, I with my needle sleep deceive,
Then with my lute my weariness relieve,
Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
While in some other's arms you melt away;
Till sleep's soft wings my willing eyelids close.
Beguile my sorrows, and my cares compose."

Pygmalion and the Statue

BY OVID. METAMORPHOSIS: BK. X. TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN.

The Propaetides, for their impudent Behaviour, being turn'd into Stone by Venus, Pygmalion, Prince of Cyprus, detested all Women for their Sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a Statue of his own making, which is changed into a Maid, whom he marries. One of his Descendants is Ginyras, the Father of Myrrha; the Daughter incestuously loves her own Father; for which she is changed into the Tree which bears her Name.

PYGMALION loathing their lascivious Life,
Abhorred all Womankind, but most a Wife:
So single chose to live, and shunned to wed,
Well pleased to want a Consort of his Bed.
Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill,
In Sculpture exercised his happy Skill;
And carved in Ivory such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare,

Were she to work; but in her own Defence,
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleased with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the Thing adored, desires.
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had she moved, a living Maid had been:
One would have thought she could have stirred; but strove
With Modesty, and was ashamed to move.
Art hid with Art, so well performed the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit:
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fired with his Thought, at once he strained the Breast,
And on the Lips a burning Kiss impressed.
'Tis true, the hardened Breast resists the Gripe,
And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe:
But when, retiring back, he looked again,
To think it Ivory, was a thought too mean:
So would believe she kissed, and courting more,
Again embraced her naked Body o'er;
And straining hard the Statue, was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his Maid:
Explored her, Limb by Limb, and feared to find
So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind
With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to move,
And now with Gifts (the powerful Bribes of Love):
He furnishes her Closet first; and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells;
Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conches he drew,
And all the sparkling Stones of various Hue:
And Parrots, imitating Human Tongue,
And singing-birds in Silver Cages hung;
And ev'ry fragrant Flower, and odorous Green,
Were sorted well, with Lumps of Amber laid between:
Rich, fashionable Robes her person Deck:
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her neck:
Her tapered Fingers too With Rings are graced,
And an embroidered Zone surrounds her slender Waist.
Thus like a Queen arrayed, so richly dressed,
Beauteous she shewed, but naked shewed the best.
Then, from the Floor, he raised a Royal Bed,
With Cov'rings of Sydonian Purple spread:
The Solemn Rites performed, he calls her Bride,
With Blandishments invites her to his Side,
And as she were with Vital Sense possessed,
Her Head did on a plumy Pillow rest.
The Feast of Venus came, a Solemn Day,
To which the Cypriots due Devotion pay;
With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
Slaughtered before the sacred Altars, bled:

Pygmalion offering, first approached the Shrine,
And then with Pray'rs implored the Powers Divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair Statue mine, he would have said,
But changed his Words for shame; and only prayed,
Give me the likeness of my Ivory Maid.
The Golden Goddess, present at the Prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,
And gave the Sign of granting his Desire;
For thrice in cheerful Flames ascends the Fire.
The Youth, returning to his Mistress, hies,
And, impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,
And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies.
He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the Kiss:
He thought them warm before: Nor longer stays,
But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seemed, the Breast beneath his Fingers bent;
He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,
'Twas Flesh, but Flesh so firm, it rose against the Dint:
The pleasing Task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more soft at every Touch it grew;
Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands reduce
The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his Argument of Sense again,
Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping Vein.
Convinced, o'erjoyed, his studied Thanks and Praise,
To her who made the Miracle, he pays:
Then Lips to Lips he joined; now freed from Fear,
He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere:
At this the wakened image oped her Eyes,
And viewed at once the Light and Lover, with surprise.
The Goddess present at the Match she made,
So blessed the Bed, such Fruitfulness conveyed,
That e'er ten Moons had sharpened either Horn,
To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was born;
Paphos his Name, who, grown to Manhood, walled
The City Paphos, from the Founder called.

To His Mistress

FROM OVID'S AMOURS, BK. I, ELEGIA IV. TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN [1]

Your husband will be with us at the Treat;
May that be the last Supper he shall Eat.
And am poor I, a Guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair?

[1] See translation by Christopher Marlowe in this volume.

To see you Kiss and Hug your nauseous Lord,
While his lewd Hand descends below the Board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's Charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urged to Arms;
That in a rage they threw their Cups aside,
Assailed the Bridegroom, and would force the Bride.
I am not half a Horse (I would I were):
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.
Take then my Counsel; which observed, may be
Of some Importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your Man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come how e'er.
Sit next him (that belongs to Decency);
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,
And slily, with your Eyes, your Answer make.
My Lifted Eyebrow shall declare my Pain;
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the Back a Letter shall design;
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine.
When e'er you think upon our last Embrace,
With your Fore-finger gently touch your Face.
If you are pleased with what I do or say,
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play.
As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Board,
When e'er you wish the Devil may take your Lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup;
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.
The Waiter on those Services employ.
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy:
Watching the part where your sweet Mouth hath been,
And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.
If he, with Clownish Manners, thinks it fit
To taste, and offer you the nasty bit,
Reject his greasy Kindness, and restore
Th' unsavory Morsel he had chewed before.
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.
Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But above all, let him no Kiss receive;
That's an Offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'Tis mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fear
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.
These things are plain to Sight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.
Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.
Which I, myself, have practised all before!

How oft have I been forced the Robe to lift
In Company to make a homely shift
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o'er in hast,
While o'er my side the Fair her Mantle cast.
You to your Husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you should, your Mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to Tope; but Kiss him not,
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace
Then we may take Advice from Time and Place,
When all depart, when Complements are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd.
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient Joy!
For Night must part us; and when Night is come,
Tucked underneath his Arm he leads you Home.
He locks you in; I follow to the Door,
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due.
But, add not to his Joy, by your consent,
And let it not be given, but only lent.
Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant Sport.
Had I my Wish, he should no Pleasure take,
But slubber o'er your Business for my sake.
And what e'er Fortune shall this Night befall,
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

The Sixth Satire of Juvenal[1]

TO URSIDIUS POSTHUMUS. TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM GIFFORD

Yes, I believe that Chastity was known,
And prized on earth, while Saturn filled the throne;
When rocks a bleak and scanty shelter gave,
When sheep and shepherds thronged one common cave,
And when the mountain wife her couch bestrewed
With skins of beasts, joint tenants of the wood,
And reeds, and leaves plucked from the neighbouring tree:—
A woman, Cynthia, far unlike to thee,
Or thee, weak child of fondness and of fears,
Whose eyes a sparrow's death suffused with tears:
But strong, and reaching to her burly brood
Her big-swollen breasts, replete with wholesome food,
And rougher than her husband, gorged with mast,
And frequent belching from the coarse repast.
For when the world was new, the race that broke,
Unfathered, from the soil or opening oak,

[1] 59-130 A. D.

Lived most unlike the men of later times,
The puling brood of follies and of crimes.
Haply some trace of Chastity remained,
While Jove, but Jove as yet unbearded, reigned:
Before the Greek bound, by another's head,
His doubtful faith; or men, of theft in dread,
Had learned their herbs and fruitage to immure,
But all was unenclosed, and all secure!
At length Astrea, from these confines driven,
Regained by slow degrees her native heaven
With her retired her sister in disgust,
And left the world to rapine, and to lust.
'Tis not a practice, friend, of recent date,
But old, established, and inveterate,
To climb another's couch, and boldly slight
The sacred Genius of the nuptial rite:
All other crimes the Age of Iron curst;
But that of Silver saw adulterers first.

Go then, prepare to bring your mistress home,
And crown your doors with garlands, ere she come.—
But will one man suffice, methinks, you cry,
For all her wants and wishes? Will one eye!
And yet there runs, 'tis said, a wondrous tale,
Of some pure maid, who lives—in some lone vale.
There she may live; but let the phoenix, placed
At Gabii or Fidenae, prove as chaste
As at her father's farm!—Yet who will swear,
That nought is done in night and silence there?
Time was, when Jupiter and Mars, we're told,
With many a nymph in woods and caves made bold;
And still, perhaps, they may not be too old.
Survey our public places; see you there
One woman worthy of your serious care?
See you, through all the crowded benches, one,
Whom you might take securely for your own?—
Lo! while Bathyllus, with his flexile limbs,
Acts Leda, and through every posture swims,
Tuccia delights to realize the play,
And in lascivious trances melts away;
While rustic Thymele, with curious eye,
Marks the quick pant, the lingering, deep-drawn sigh,
And while her cheeks with burning blushes glow,
Learns this—learns all the city matrons know.
Hippia, who shared a rich patrician's bed,
To Egypt with a gladiator fled,
While rank Canopus eyed, with strong disgust,
This ranker specimen of Roman lust.
Without one pang, the profligate resigned
Her husband, sister, sire; gave to the wind

Her children's tears; yea, tore herself away,
(To strike you more,)—from Paris and the Play!
And though, in affluence born, her infant head
Had pressed the down of an embroidered bed,
She braved the deep, (she long had braved her fame;
But this is little—to the courtly dame,)
And, with undaunted breast, the changes bore
Of many a sea, the swelling and the roar.
Have they an honest call, such ills to bear?
Cold shiverings seize them, and they shrink with fear;
But set illicit pleasure in their eye,
Onward they rush, and every toil defy!
Summoned by duty, to attend her lord,
How, cried the lady, can I get on board?
How bear the dizzy motion? how the smell?
But—when the adulterer calls her, all is well!
She roams the deck, with pleasure ever new,
Tugs at the ropes, and messes with the crew;
But with her husband—O, how changed the case!
Sick! sick! she cries, and vomits in his face.

Start you at wrongs that touch a private name,
At Hippia's lewdness, and Veiento's shame?
Turn to the rivals of the immortal Powers,
And mark how like their fortunes are to ours!
Claudius had scarce begun his eyes to close,
Ere from his pillow Messalina rose;
(Accustomed long the bed of state to slight
For the coarse mattress, and the hood of night;)
And with one maid, and her dark hair concealed
Beneath a yellow tire, a strumpet veiled!
She slipt into the stews, unseen, unknown,
And hired a cell, yet reeking, for her own.
There, flinging off her dress, the imperial whore
Stood, with bare breasts and gilded, at the door,
And showed, Britannicus, to all who came,
The womb that bore thee, in Lycisca's name!
Allured the passers-by with many a wile,
And asked her price, and took it, with a smile.
And when the hour of business now was spent,
And all the trulls dismissed, repining went;
Yet what she could, she did; slowly she past,
And saw her man, and shut her cell, the last,
—Still raging with the fever of desire,
Her veins all turgid, and her blood all fire,
With joyless pace, the imperial couch she sought,
And to her happy spouse (yet slumbering) brought
Cheeks ran with sweat, limbs drenched with poisonous dews,
The steam of lamps, and odour of the stews!
'Twere long to tell what philtres they provide,
What drugs, to set a son-in-law aside.

Women, in judgment weak, in feeling strong,
By every gust of passion borne along,
Act, in their fits, such crimes, that, to be just,
The least pernicious of their sins is lust.

Some faults, though small, no husband yet can bear:
'Tis now the nauseous cant, that none is fair,
Unless her thoughts in Attic terms she dress;
A mere Ceropian of a Sulmoness!
All now is Greek: in Greek their souls they pour,
In Greek their fears, hopes, joys;—what would you more?
In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow
These fooleries to girls: but thou, O thou.
Who tremblest on the verge of eighty-eight,
To Greek it still!—'tis now, a day too late.
Foh! how it savours of the dregs of lust,
When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust,
Affects the infant lisp, the girlish squeak,
And mumbles out, "My life! My soul!" in Greek!
Words, which the secret sheets alone should hear,
But which she trumpets in the public ear.
And words, indeed, have power—But though she woo
In softer strains than e'er Carpophorus knew,
Her wrinkles still employ her favourite's cares;
And while she murmurs love, he counts her years!

To a fond spouse a wife no mercy shows:—
Though warmed with equal fires, she mocks his woes,
And triumphs in his spoils: her wayward will
Defeats his bliss, and turns his good to ill!
Nought must be given, if she opposes; nought,
If she opposes, must be sold or bought;
She tells him where to love, and where to hate,
(Shuts out the ancient friend, whose beard his gate
Knew, from its downy to its hoary state:)
And when pimps, parasites, of all degrees,
Have power to will their fortunes as they please,
She dictates his; and impudently dares
To name his very rivals for his heirs!
"Go, crucify that slave." For what offence?
Who the accuser? Where the evidence?
For when the life of MAN is in debate,
No time can be too long, no care too great;
Tear all, weigh all with caution, I advise—
"Thou sniveller! is a slave a MAN?" she cries.
"He's innocent! be't so:—'tis my command,
My will; let that, sir, for a reason stand."
Thus the virago triumphs, thus she reigns:
Anon she sickens of her first domains,

And seeks for new; husband on husband takes,
Till of her bridal veil one rent she makes,
Again she tires, again for change she burns.
And to the bed she lately left returns,
While the fresh garlands, and unfaded boughs,
Yet deck the portal of her wondering spouse.
Thus swells the list; EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE
YEARS:
A rare inscription for their sepulchres!

Nay more, they Fence! who has not marked their oil,
Their purple rugs, for this preposterous toil?
Room for the lady—lo! she seeks the list,
And fiercely tilts at her antagonist,
A post! which, with her buckler, she provokes,
And bores and batters with repeated strokes;
Till all the fencer's art can do she shows,
And the glad master interrupts her blows,
O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames,
Who foot it naked at the Floral games;
Unless, with nobler daring, she aspire,
And tempt the arena's bloody field—for hire!
What sense of shame is to that female known,
Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own?
Yet would she not, though proud in arms to shine,
(True woman still,) her sex for ours resign;
For there's a thing she loves beyond compare,
And we, alas! have no advantage there.—
Heavens! with what glee a husband must behold
His wife's accoutrements, in public, sold;
And auctioneers displaying to the throng
Her crest, her belt, her gauntlet, and her thong!
Or, if in wider frolics she engage,
And take her private lessons for the stage,
Then three-fold rapture must expand his breast,
To see her greaves "a-going," with the rest.
Yet these are they, the tender souls! who sweat
In muslin, and in silk expire with heat.—
Mark, with what force, as the full blow descends,
She thunders "hah!" again, how low she bends
Beneath the opposer's stroke; how firm she rests,
Poised on her hams, and every step contests:
Then laugh—to see her squat, when all is o'er!
Daughters of Lepidus, and Gurges old,
And blind Metellus, did ye e'er behold
Asylla (though a fencer's trull confest)
Tilt at a stake, thus impudently drest!
'Tis night; yet hope no slumbers with your wife;
The nuptial bed is still the scene of strife:
There lives the keen debate, the clamorous brawl,
And quiet "never comes, that comes to all."

Fierce as a tigress plundered of her young,
Rage fires her breast, and loosens all her tongue,
When, conscious of her guilt, she feigns to groan,
And chides your loose amours, to hide her own;
Storms at the scandal of your baser flames,
And weeps her injuries from imagined names,
With tears that, marshalled, at their station stand,
And flow impassioned, as she gives command
You think those showers her true affection prove,
And deem yourself—so happy in her love!
With fond caresses strive her heart to cheer,
And from her eyelids suck the starting tear:
—But could you now examine the scrutore
Of this most loving, this most jealous whore,
What amorous lays, what letters would you see,
Proofs, damning proofs, of her sincerity!

Now, all the evils of long peace are ours;
Luxury, more terrible than hostile powers,
Her baleful influence wide around has hurled,
And well avenged the subjugated world!
—Since Poverty, our better Genius, fled,
Vice, like a deluge, o'er the State has spread.
Now, shame to Rome! in every street are found
The essenced Sybarite, with roses crowned,
The gay Miletan, and the Tarentine,
Lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine!
Wealth first, the ready pander to all sin,
Brought foreign manners, foreign vices in;
Enervate wealth, and with seductive art,
Sapped every homebred virtue of the heart;
Yes, every:—for what cares the drunken dame,
(Take head or tail, to her 'tis just the same,)
Who, at deep midnight, on fat oysters sups,
And froths with unguents her Falernian cups;
Who swallows oceans, till the tables rise,
And double lustres dance before her eyes!
Thus flushed, conceive, as Tullia homeward goes,
With what contempt she tosses up her nose
At Chasity's hoar fane! what impious jeers
Collatia pours in Maura's tingling ears!
Here stop their litters, here they all alight,
And squat together in the goddess' sight:—
You pass, aroused at dawn your court to pay,
The loathsome scene of their licentious play.
Who knows not now, my friend, the secret rites
Of the Good Goddess; when the dance excites
The boiling blood; when, to distraction wound,
By wine, and music's stimulating sound,
The menads of Priapus, with wild air,
Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair!

Then, how the wine at every pore o'erflows!
How the eye sparkles! how the bosom glows!
How the cheek burns! and, as the passions rise,
How the strong feeling bursts in eager cries!—
Saufeia now springs forth, and tries a fall
With the town prostitutes, and throws them all;
But yields, herself, to Medulina, known
For parts, and powers, superior to her own.
Maids, mistresses, alike the contest share,
And 'tis not always birth that triumphs there.
Nothing is feigned in this accursed game:
'Tis genuine all; and such as would inflame
The frozen age of Priam, and inspire
The ruptured bed-rid Nestor with desire.
Stung with their mimic feats, a hollow groan
Of lust breaks forth; the sex, the sex is shown!
And one loud yell re-echoes through the den,
"Now, now, 'tis lawful! now admit the men!"
There's none arrived. "Not yet! Then scour the street,
And bring us quickly here, the first you meet."
There's none abroad. "Then fetch our slaves." They're gone.
"Then hire a waterman." There's none. "Not one!"—
Nature's strong barrier scarcely now restrains
The baffled fury in their boiling veins!

Others there are, who centre all their bliss
In the soft eunuch, and the beardless kiss:
They need not from his chin avert their face,
Nor use abortive drugs, for his embrace.
But oh! their joys run high, if he be formed,
When his full veins the fire of love has warmed;
When every part's to full perfection reared,
And nought of manhood wanting, but the beard.
But should the dame in music take delight,
The public singer is disabled quite;
In vain the praetor guards him all he can;
She slips the buckle, and enjoys her man.
Still in her hand his instrument is found,
Thick set with gems, that shed a lustre round;
Still o'er his lyre the ivory quill she flings,
Still runs divisions on the trembling strings,
The trembling strings, which the loved Hedymel
Was wont to strike—so sweetly, and so well!
These still she holds, with these she soothes her woes,
And kisses on the dear, dear wire bestows.
A noble matron of the Lamian line
Inquired of Janus, (offering meal and wine,)
If Pollio, at the Harmonic Games, would speed,
And wear the oaken crown, the victor's meed!
What could she for a husband, more, have done,
What for an only, an expiring son?

Yes; for a harper, the besotted dame
Approached the altar, reckless of her fame,
And veiled her head, and, with a pious air,
Followed the Aruspex through the form of prayer;
And trembled, and turned pale, as he explored
The entrails, breathless for the fatal word!
A woman stops at nothing, when she wears
Rich emeralds round her neck, and in her ears
Pearls of enormous size; these justify
Her faults, and make all lawful in her eye.
Sure, of all ills with which mankind are curst,
A wife who brings you money is the worst.
Behold! her face a spectacle appears,
Bloated, and foul, and plastered to the ears
With viscous paste:—the husband looks askew,
And sticks his lips in the detested glue.
She meets the adulterer bathed, perfumed, and drest,
But rots in filth at home, a very pest!
For him she breathes of nard; for him alone
She makes the sweets of Araby her own;
For him, at length, she ventures to uncase,
Scales the first layer of roughcast from her face,
And, while the maids to know her now begin,
Clears, with that precious milk, her frowzy skin,
For which, though exiled to the frozen main,
She'd lead a drove of asses in her train!
But tell me yet; this thing, thus daubed and oiled,
Thus poulticed, plastered, baked by turns and boiled,
Thus with pomatums, ointments, lacquered o'er,
Is it a FACE, Ursidius, or a SORE?

The Epigrams of Martial (43-101 A. D.)

TRANSLATED BY WALTER C. A. KER, M.A., 1919

GEMELLUS seeks wedlock with Maronilla; he desires it, he urges her, he implores her, and sends her gifts. Is she so beautiful? Nay, no creature is more disgusting. What then is the bait and charm in her? Her cough.

IT is always with doors unguarded and open, Lesbia, you offend, nor do you conceal your intrigues; and it is the spectator more than the adulterer that pleases you; no joys are grateful to you if they are hidden. But a harlot repels a witness both by curtain and bolt, and rarely a chink gapes in the archway under the walls. From Chione at least, or from Ias learn modesty: for dirty drabs even tombs are hiding-places. Does my censure appear to you too hard? I forbid you, Lesbia, to be caught, not to be a strumpet.

THERE was no one in the whole town willing to touch your wife, Caecilanus, gratis, while he was allowed; but, now you have set your guards, there is a huge crowd of gallants. You are an ingenious person!

THAT I write verses a little squeamish, and not such as a schoolmaster would dictate in school, is your complaint, Cornelius; but these poems cannot please, any more than husbands can please their wives, without amorousness. What if you bade me indite a marriage song not in the words of a marriage song? Who brings garments into Flora's festival, and permits prostitutes the modesty of the stole? This is the rule assigned to jocular poems, to be unable to please unless they are prurient. Wherefore lay aside your squeamishness, and spare my pleasantries and my jokes, I beg you, and do not seek to castrate my poems. Than a Priapus as Cybele's priest (eunuchs) nothing is more disgusting.

WHATEVER Rufus is doing, Naevia is to Rufus his all in all. If glad, if tearful, if mute, of her he speaks. He dines, drinks healths, asks, denies, or nods: Naevia is everything; be there no Naevia, he will be dumb. When yesterday he was writing a greeting to his father, "Naevia, light of my eyes," he wrote, "Naevia, my sunbeam. I salute thee."

Naevia reads these lines with face down-dropt, and laughs. There is more than one Naevia; why, you silly husband, do you rage?

QUIRINALIS does not think he should take a wife, meanwhile he wishes to have sons; and he has discovered how to secure that object: he has relations with maid-servants, and fills his town-house and his country-place with home-born slave-knights. A genuine "father of a family" is Quirinalis.

FLY, Gallus, I warn you, from the crafty toils of the infamous adulteress, smoother though you are than conch-shells of Cytherea. Do you trust in your own charms? the husband is not of that sort: there are two things he can do, and neither is what you offer.

I HAVE long been looking all through the city, Safronius Rufus, for a girl who says "No": no girls says "No." As if it were not right, as if it were disgraceful to say "No," as if it were not allowable, no girl says "No." Is none therefore chaste? A thousand are chaste. What, then, does a chaste girl do? She does not offer, yet she does not say "No."

WHEN Fabulla had read my epigrams in which I complain that no girl says "No," she, though solicited once, twice, and three times, disregarded her lover's prayers. Now promise, Fabulla: I bade you refuse, I did not bid you to refuse for ever.

WHAT your wife's suspicion of you is, Linus, and in what particular she wishes you to be more respectable, she has sufficiently proved by unmistakable signs, in setting as watcher over you a eunuch. Nothing is more sagacious and more spiteful than this lady.

YOU have relations, boy Hyllus, with the wife of an armed tribune, and all the time are dreading only a boy's punishment. Alas for you! in the midst of your enjoyments you will be gelded. You will reply "This is not permitted." Well? Is what you are doing, Hyllus, permitted?

I PREFER one free-born, yet if she be denied me, a freed-woman's quality is next in worth to me. In the last rank is the servant-maid; yet she shall surpass either of the others if her face be to me that of a free-born maid.

YOU are the paramour of Aufidia, and you were, Scaevinus, her husband; he who was your rival is her husband. Why does another man's wife please you when she as your own does not please you? Is it that when secure you lack appetite?

THUS far, O matron, my book has been written for you. Do you ask for whom were writ the later parts? For me. A gymnasium, warm baths, a running ground are in this part of the book; depart, we are stripping; forbear to look on naked men. From this point Terpsichore, overcome with liquor, after the wine and the roses lays aside shame and knows not what she says, and in no ambiguous trope, but in plain speech, mentions that symbol which Venus proudly welcomes in the sixth month, which the bailiff sets up as warder in the midst of the garden, which a modest virgin looks at with hand before her face. If I know you well, you were laying down my long book, already wearied; now you are eagerly reading it all.

I COULD dispense with your face, and neck, and hands, and legs, and bosom, and back and hips. And—not to labour details—I could dispense with the whole of you, Chloe.

NEW to the marriage-bed, and yet unreconciled to her husband, Cleopatra had plunged into the gleaming pool, seeking to escape embrace. But the wave betrayed the lurking dame; brightly she showed, though covered by the o'erlapping water. So, shut in pellucid glass, lilies may be counted, so crystal forbids tender roses to lurk hidden. I leapt in, and, plunged in the waters, plucked reluctant kisses: ye, O transparent waters, forbade aught beyond!

Why, Thais, do you constantly call me old? No one, Thais, is too old for some things.

You have disfigured, O husband, the wretched adulterer, and his face, shorn of nose and ears, misses its former self. Do you believe you are sufficiently avenged? You mistake; he has still other activities.

Who is that curled spark who is always clinging to your wife's side, Marianus? Who is that curled spark, he who whispers some trifle into the lady's tender ear, and leans on her chair with his right elbow, round each of whose fingers runs a light ring, who carries legs unmarred by any hair? Do you make no reply? "That individual does my wife's jobs," you say. To be sure! he is a trusty and rugged fellow who flaunts factor in his very face: Chian Aufidius will not be sharper than he. Oh, Marianus, how you deserve the buffets of Latinus! You will be successor I fancy to Panniculus. He does your wife's jobs, does he? That curled spark do any? That fellow doesn't do your wife's jobs: he does yours.

Since the Julian law, Faustinus, was re-enacted for the peoples, and Chastity was commanded to enter our homes, 'tis the thirtieth day—perhaps less, at least no more—and Telesilla is now marrying her tenth husband. She who marries so often does not marry; she is adulteress by form of law; by a more straightforward prostitute I am offended less.

You bid me, Lesbia, to be always prepared to serve you; believe me, one's faculties are not all equally at hand. You may urge me with toyings and wheedling words, but your face is imperious to defeat you.

No woman could once be preferred to you, Lycoris, no woman can be preferred to Glyeera now; she shall be the thing you are; you cannot be what she is. Such is the might of Time! I long for her, for you I longed.

She who was cunning to show wanton gestures to the sound of Baetic castanets and to frolic to the tunes of Gades, she who could have roused passion in palsied Pellas, and have stirred Hecuba's spouse even by Hector's pyre—Telethusa burns and racks with love her former master. He sold her as his maid, now he buys her back as mistress.

An unspeakable calamity has chanced to a girl of mine, Aulus: she has lost her plaything and her darling, not such a one as Lesbia, the mistress of tender Catullus, deplored when she was forlorn of her sparrow's roguish tricks, nor such as Ianthis, sung of by my Stella, wept for, whose black dove flits in Elysium. My love is not taken by trifles, nor by such passions as that; nor do such losses move my mistress' heart: she has lost a boy just counting twice six years, whose parts were not as yet Gargantuan!

To Lesbia

BY ANDREAS FRANCISUS LANDESIOU. TRANSLATED BY JOHN NOTT

When beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul
(She who the torch and bow from Cupid stole)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss,
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss;
Through all my frame the madding transport glows,
Through every vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er heaven's concave shine,
Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vines;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
To inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
But, dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,
Why thus d' ye wound my lips in amorous play?
With kisses, smiles, and every wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart?
Let us, my love, on yon soft couch reclined,
Each other's arms around each other twined,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire,
And panting, struggling, both at once expire!
For oh, my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,
Which lovers in the fond contention meet!

From the Love Epistles of Aristaenetus (358 A. D.)

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN AND MR. HALHED

THE PLEASING CONSTRAINT

In a snug little court as I stood t'other day,
And caroll'd the loitering minutes away;
Came a brace of fair nymphs, with such beautiful faces,
That they yielded in number alone to the Graces:
Disputing they were, and that earnestly too,
When thus they address'd me as nearer they drew:

"So sweet is your voice, and your numbers so sweet,
Such sentiment join'd with such harmony meet;
Each note which you raise finds its way to our hearts,
Where Cupid engraves it wi' the point of his darts:
But oh! by these strains, which so deeply can pierce,
Inform us for whom you intended your verse;
'Tis for her, she affirms—I maintain 'tis for me—
And we often pull caps in asserting our plea."

"Why, ladies," cried I, "you're both handsome, 'tis true,
But cease your dispute, I love neither of you;
My life on another dear creature depends;
Her I hasten to visit:—so kiss and be friends."
"Oh, ho!" said they, "now you convince us quite clear,
For no pretty woman lives anywhere here—
That's plainly a sham. Now, to humour us both,
You shall swear you love neither; so come, take your oath."

I laughingly replied, " 'Tis tyrannical dealing
To make a man swear, when 'tis plain he's not willing."

"Why, friend, we've long sought thy fair person to seize;
And think you we'll take such excuses as these?
No, 'twas chance brought you hither, and here you shall stay;—
Help, Phaedra! to hold, or he'll sure get away."
Thus spoken, to keep me between 'em they tried;
'Twas a pleasing constraint, and I gladly complied.
If I struggled, 'twas to make 'em imprison me more,
And strove—but for shackles more tight than before;
But think not I'll tell how the minutes were spent;
You may think what you please—but they both were content.

PHILOCHORUS TO POLYANEUS

As Hippias t'other day and I
Walk'd arm and arm, he said,
"That pretty creature dost thou spy,
Who leans upon her maid?

"She's tall, and has a comely shape,
And treads well, too, I swear:
Come on—by this good light we'll scrape
Acquaintance with the fair."

"Good God!" cried I, "she is not game,
I'm sure, for you or me:
Do nothing rashly—you're to blame;
She's modest, you may see."

But he, who knew all womankind,
Thus answer'd with a sneer:
"You're quite a novice, friend, I find—
There's nothing modest here.

"A virtuous dame this hour, no doubt
  Would choose to walk the streets;
Especially so dizen'd out,
  And smile on all she meets.

"Her rings, her bracelets, her perfumes
  Her wanton actions, prove
The character which she assumes,
  And that her trade is love.

"See now, she fidgets with her vest—
  To settle it, be sure,
And not at all to show her breast,
  Nor wishing to allure.

"Her robe tuck'd up with nicest care—
  But that's to show she's neat;
And though her legs are half-way bare,
  She means to hide her feet.

"But see! she turns to look behind,
  And laughs, I'll take my oath:
Come on—I warrant we shall find
  The damsel nothing loth."

So up he march'd, and made his bow—
  No sooner off his hat,
But, lover-like, he 'gan to vow,
  And soon grew intimate.

But first premised the ways were rough—
  "Madam, for fear of harm,
I beg"—so cleverly enough
  He made her take his arm.

Then—"Fairest, for thy beauty's sake,
  Which long has fired my breast,
Permit me to your maid to make
  A single short request!

"And yet you know what I'd require,
  And wherefore I apply:
Nought unrequited I desire,
  But gold the boon shall buy.

"I'll give, my fairest, what you please—
  You'll not exact, I'm sure:
Then deign, bright charmer, deign to ease
  The torments I endure."

Assent sat smiling in her eyes;
  Her lily hand he seized;
Nor feign'd she very great surprise,
  Nor look'd so much displeased.

She blush'd a little too, methought,
  As though she should refuse—
But women, I've been told, are taught
  To blush whene'er they choose.

Hippias was now quite hand in glove,
  With Miss, and firmly bent
To take her to the bower of Love,
  He whisperer'd as he went—

"Well, Phil, say now whose judgment's best?
  Was I so very wrong?
You saw, not eagerly I press'd,
  Nor did I press her long.

"But you are ignorant, I see,
  So follow, and improve;
For few, I ween, can teach like me
  The mysteries of Love."

HERMOCRATES TO EUPHORION

Says a girl to her nurse, "I've a tale to unfold,
  Of utmost concern to us both;
But first you must swear not to blab when you're told."
  —Nurse greedily swallow'd the oath.

"I've lost, my dear mother," the innocent said,
  "What should be a virgin's chief pride!"—
I wish you had seen what a face the dame made,
  And heard how she blubber'd and cried.

"Hush, for God's sake," says Miss, in a whispering tone,
  The people will hear you within;
You have sworn to discover my secret to none,
  Then why such a horrible din?

"My virtue long all opposition withstood,
  And scorn'd at Love's efforts to flinch;
It retreated at last—but as slow as it could,
  Disputing the ground inch by inch.

"In vain to my aid did I reason invoke;
  Young Cupid no reason could quell;
He'd got root in my heart, and there grew like an oak,
  So I fell—but reluctantly fell.

"Yet surely young Lysias has charms to betray;
  Too charming, alas, to be true!
But you never heard the soft things he can say—
  Ah! would I had ne'er heard them too:

"For now that the spoiler has robb'd me of all
My innocent heart used to prize,
He cruelly mocks at my tears as they fall—
The tears he has drawn from my eyes."

"You've play'd a sad game," cried the matron, aghast;
"Besides, you disgrace my grey head:
But since no reflections can alter what's past,
Cheer up—there's no more to be said.

"Cheer up, child, I say; why, there's no such great crime;
Sure I too have met with false men:
I've known what it was to be trick'd in my time;
But I know too—to trick them again.

"But do so no more; lest, should you be rash,
Your apron-strings publish your tricks:
Your father, I hope, has a round sum of cash,
And soon on your husband will fix.

"Some innocent swain, (if such innocence be!)
Unskill'd in the myst'ries of love;
Whose gallantry ne'er went 'yond Phyllis's knee,
Or fast'ning the garter above.

"My humble petition may Jupiter hear,
And grant that you quickly may wed."—
"So at present, dear mother, I've nothing to fear
No tale-telling urchin to dread?"—

"You're safe, my dear daughter, I fancy, as yet;
And when at the altar you're tied,
I'll teach you a method your husband to cheat,
For a virgin, as well as a bride."

CRUEL COMPASSION

The god of the love-darting bow,
Whose bliss is man's heart to destroy,
Oft contrives to embitter our woe
By a specious resemblance of joy.—

Long—long had Architeles sigh'd
The fair Telesippe to gain:
She coolly his passion denied,
Yet seem'd somewhat moved at his pain.

At length she consented to hear;
But 'twas done with a view to beguile:
For her terms were most harsh and severe,
And a frown was as good as her smile.

"You may freely," says she, "touch my breast,
And kiss, while a kiss has its charms;
And (provided I am not undrest)
Encircle me round in your arms.

"In short, my favour you please,
  But expect not, nor think of the last:
Lest enraged I revoke my decrees,
  And your sentence of exile be cast."—

"Be it so," cried the youth, with delight,
  "Thy pleasure, my fair one, is mine:
Since I'm blest as a prince at your sight,
  Sure to touch thee, will make me divine.

"But why keep one favour alone,
  And grant such a number beside?"—
"Because the men value the boon
  But only so long as denied.

"They seek it with labour and pain;
  When gain'd, throw it quickly away!
For youth is unsettled and vain,
  And its choice scarce persists for a day."

—Thus pines the poor victim away,
  Forced to nibble and starve on a kiss;
Served worse than e'en eunuchs—for they
  Can never feel torture like this.

THE SISTERS

As yesterday I went to dine
With Pamphilus, a swain of mine,
I took my sister, little heeding
The net I for myself was spreading;
Though many circumstances led
To prove she'd mischief in her head.
For first her dress in every part
Was studied with the nicest art:
Deck'd out with necklaces and rings,
And twenty other foolish things;
And she had curl'd and bound her hair
With more than ordinary care:
And then, to show her youth the more,
A light, transparent robe she wore—
From head to heel she seem'd t' admire
In raptures all her fine attire:
And often turn'd aside to view
If others gazed with raptures too.—
At dinner, grown more bold and free,
She parted Pamphilus and me;
For veering round unheard, unseen,
She slyly drew her chair between.
Then with alluring, am'rous smiles,
And nods, and other wanton wiles,
And unsuspecting youth ensnared,
And rivall'd me in his regard.—

Next she affectedly would sip
The liquor that had touch'd his lip.
He, whose whole thoughts to love incline.
And heated with th' enliv'ning wine,
With interest repaid her glances,
And answered all her kind advances.
Thus sip they from the goblet's brink
Each other's kisses while they drink;
Which with the sparkling wine combined,
Quick passage to the heart did find.
Then Pamphilus an apple broke,
And at her bosom aim'd the stroke;
While she the fragment kiss'd and press'd,
And hid it wanton in her breast.
But I, be sure, was in amaze,
To see my sister's artful ways;
"These are returns," I said, "quite fit
To me, who nursed you when a chit.
For shame, lay by this envious art;—
In this to act a sister's part?"
But vain were words, entreaties vain,
The crafty witch secured my swain.—
By heavens, my sister does me wrong
But oh! she shall not triumph long;
Well Venus knows I'm not in fault—
'Twas she who gave the first assault;
And since our peace her treachery broke,
Let me return her stroke for stroke.
She'll quickly feel, and to her cost,
Not all their fire my eyes have lost—
And soon with grief shall she resign
Six of her swains for one of mine.

Two Odes of Masrur

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. TRANSLATED BY SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, 1885-1887

I

I AM taken: my heart burns with living flame
For Union shorn whenas Severance came,
In the love of a damsel who forced my soul
And with delicate cheeklet my reason stole.
She hath eyebrows united and eyes black-white
And her teeth are leven that smiles in light:
The tale of her years is but ten plus four;—
Tears like Dragon's blood for her love I pour.
First I saw that face 'mid parterre and rill,
Outshining full Lune on horizon-hill;
And stood like a captive for awe, and cried,
"Allah's Peace, O who in demesne doth hide!"

She returned my salaam, gaily answering
With the sweetest speech likest pearls a-string.
But when heard my words, she right soon had known
My want and her heart waxed hard as stone,
And quoth she, "Be not this a word silly-bold?"
But quoth I, "Refrain thee nor flyte and scold!
And to-day thou consent such affair were light;
Thy like is the loved, mine the lover-wight!"
When she knew my mind she but smiled in mirth
And cried, "Now, by the Maker of Heaven and Earth
"I'm a Jewess of Jewry's driest e'er seen
And thou art naught save a Nazarene.
"Why seek my favours? Thine's other caste:
And this deed thou do thou'lt repent the past.
"Say, does Love allow with two Faiths to play?
Men shall blame thee like me, at each break of day!
"Wilt thou laugh at beliefs and deride their rite,
And in thine and mine prove thee sinful sprite?
"An thou lovedest me thou hadst turned Jew,
Losing worlds for love and my favours due;
"And by the Evangel strong oath hadst sworn
To keep our secret intact from scorn!"
So I took the Torah and swear strong oath
I would hold to the covenant made by both.
Then by law, religion and creed I swear,
And bound her by oaths that most binding were;
And asked her, "Thy name, O my dear delight?"
And she, "Zayn al-Mawásif at home I'm hight!"
"O Zayn-al-Mawásif!" (cried I) "Hear my call:
Thy love hath made me thy veriest thrall";
Then I peeped 'neath her chin-veil and 'spied such charms
That the longing of love filled my heart with qualms.
'Neath the curtain I ceased not to humble me,
And complain of my heart-felt misery;
But when she saw me by Love beguiled
She raised her face-veil and sweetly smiled:
And when breeze of Union our faces kiss'd
With musk-pod she scented fair neck and wrist;
And the house with her essences seemed to drip,
And I kissed pure wine from each smiling lip:
Then like branch of Bán 'neath her robe she swayed
And joys erst unlawful she lawful made:
And joined, conjoined through our night we lay
With clip, kiss of inner lip, *langue fourree.*
The world hath no grace but the one loved fere
In thine arms to clasp with possessions sheer!
With the morn she rose and she bade Good-bye
While her brow shone brighter than moon a-sky;
Reciting at parting (while tear-drops hung
On her cheeks, these scattered and other strung),
"Allah's pact in mind all my life I'll bear
And the lovely nights and strong oath I swear."

II

Stand thou and hear what fell to me
For love of yon gazelle to dree!
Shot me a white doe with her shaft
O' glances wounding woundily.
Love was my ruin, for was I
Straitened by longing ecstasy:
I loved and woo'd a young coquette
Girded by strong artillery,
Whom in a garth I first beheld
A form whose sight was symmetry.
I greeted her and when she deigned
Greeting return. "Salaam," quoth she
"What be thy name?" said I, she said,
"My name declares my quality!
"Zayn al Mawásif I am hight!"
Cried I, "Oh, deign I mercy see,
Such is the longing in my heart
No lover claimeth rivalry!"
Quoth she, "With me an thou'rt in love
And to enjoy me pleadest plea,
I want of thee oh! muchel wealth;
Beyond all compt my wants o' thee!
I want o' thee full many a robe
Of sendal, silk and damaskry;
A quarter quintal eke of musk:
These of one night shall pay the fee.
Pearls, unions and carnelian—stones
The bestest best of jewelry!"
Of fairest patience showed I show
In contrariety albe:
At last she favoured me one night
When rose the moon a crescent wee;
An stranger blame me for her sake
I say, "O blamers listen ye!
She showeth locks of goodly length
And black as blackest night its blee;
While on her cheek the roses glow
Like Lazá-flame incendiary;
In every eyelash is a sword
And every glance hath archery:
Her liplets twain old wine contain,
And dews of fount-like purity:
Her teeth resemble strings o' pearls,
Arrayed in line and fresh from sea:
Her neck is like the neck of doe,
Her bosom is a marble slab
Whence rise two breasts like towers on lea:
And on her stomach shows a crease
Perfumed with rich perfumery;

Beneath which same there lurks a Thing
Limit of mine expectancy.
A something rounded, cushioned-high
And plump, my lords, to high degree:
To me 'tis likest royal throne
Whither my longings wander free:
There 'twixt two pillars man shall find
Benches of high-built tracery.
It hath specific qualities
Drive sanest men t' insanity;
Full mouth it hath like mouth of neck
Or well begirt by stony key;
Firm lips with camelry's compare
And shows it eye of cramoisie.
And draw thou nigh with doughty will
To do thy doing lustily,
Thou'll find it fain to face thy bout
And strong and fierce in valiancy.
It bendeth backwards every brave
Shorn of his battle-bravery.
At times imberbe, but full of spunk
To battle with the Paynimry.
'Twill show the liveliness galore
And perfect in its raillery:
Zayn al Mawásif it is like
Complete in charms and courtesy.
To her dear arms one night I came
And won meed given lawfully:
I passed with her that self-same night
(Best of my nights!) in gladdest glee;
And when the morning rose, she rose
And crescent like her visnomy:
Then swayed her supple form as sway
The lances lopt from timber tree;
And when farewelling me she cried,
"When shall such nights return to me?"
Then I replied, "O eyen-light,
When He vouchsafeth His decree!"

Poems of the Arabic

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. TRANSLATED BY SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, 1885-1887

I ASKED the author of mine ills
To heal the wound with one sweet kiss:
No! No! she cried, forever no!
But I, soft whispering, urgèd yes:
Quoth she, then take it by my leave,
When smiles shall pardon thine amiss:
By force, cried I? Nay, she replied

With love and gladness eke I wis.
Now ask me not what next occurred
Such Grace of God and whist of this!
Deem what thou wilt of us, for love
By calumnies the sweeter is:
Nor after this care I one jot
Whether my foe be known or not.

* * * * * *

And faulty of one fault the Beauty prove,
Her charms a thousand advocates shall move.
For her sins is a pleader that brow,
And all hearts its fair pleading must trow:
When I saw it I cried, "Tonight!"
The moon at its fullest doth show;
The Balkis own Ifrit try a bout,
Spite his force she would deal him a throw.

* * * * * *

I am not lost to prudence, but indeed
Here I am bewildered, what shall be my rede?
Would any aid me in my ails of love,
By my own might and sleight would I be freed;
But ah! my heart is lost and passion-spent;
To none save Allah can I trust my need!

With heavy back parts, high breasts delicate,
And lissome form that sways with swinging gait,
She lightly hides love-longing in her breast;
But I may never hide its ban and bate:
While hosts of followers her steps precede,
Like pearl now necklaced and now separate.

* * * * * *

Had'st thou been leal in love's loyalty,
Ne'er had'st suffered sleep to seal those eyne;
O thou who claimest lover loyalty,
Treading the lover's path of pain and pine!
By Allah, O my cousin, never yet
Did eyes of lover sleep such sleep indign.

O thou who deignest some at so rest syne,
Whose lips those teeth like necklaced pearls enshrine!
I kissed him thousand times and clipt his waist,
And spent the night with cheek to cheek close li'en,
Till to depart us twain come dawning day,
Like sword-edge drawn from sheath in radiant line.

* * * * * *

Women for all the chastity they claim
Are offal cast by kites where'er they list:
This night their talk and secret charm are thine;
That night another joyeth calf and wrist:
Like inn, whence after night thou far'st at dawn,
And lodgers other night thou hast not wist.

* * * * * *

O beauty's Union! love for thee's my creed;
Free choice of Faith and eke my best desire:
Women I have foresworn for thee; so may
Deem me all men this day a shaveling friar.
Even not beardless one with girl, nor heed
The spy who saith to thee, " 'Tis an amiss!"
Far different is the girl whose feet one kisses
And that gazelle whose feet the earth must kiss.

My soul thy sacrifice! I choose thee out
Who are not menstruous or oviparous:
Did with woman mell, I should beget
Brats till the wide world grew strait for us.
She saith (sore hurt in sense the most acute
For she had proferred what did not besuit):—
"Unless thou stroke as man should swive his wife
Blame not when horns thy brow shall incornite!
Thy wand seems waxen, to a limpo grown,
And more I palm it, softer grows the brute!"
(Quoth she, for I lie with her forbare),
"O folly-following fool, O fool to care:
If thou my coynte for Kiblah to thy coigne
Reject, we'll show thee what shall please thee more."

She proferred me a tender coynte.
Quoth I, "I will not roger thee!"
She drew back, saying, "From the Faith
He turns, who's turned by Heaven's decree!
And front-wise futtering, in one day,
Is absolute persistency!"
Then swing the round and shining rump
Like silvern lump she showed me.
I cried: "Well done, O mistress mine!
No more am I in pain for thee!
O thou of all that Allah oped
Showest me fairest victory!"

* * * * * *

Men craving pardon will uplift their hands;
Women pray pardon with their legs on high:
And on it for a pious, prayerful work!
The Lord shall raise it in the depth to lie.

Of evil things the folks suspect us twain;
And to this thought their hearts and souls are bent:
Come, dear! let's justify and free their souls
That worry us: one good bout and then—repent!

* * * * * *

When his softly bending face bid him close to my embrace
Which clipt him all about like the tendrils of the vine,
And shed a flood of softness on the hardness of his heart,
He yielded; though at first he was minded to decline;
And dreading lest the railer's eye should light upon his form,
Came armoured with caution to baffle his design:

His waist makes moan of hinder cheeks that weigh upon his
feet
Like heavy load of merchandise upon young camel le'en;
Girt with his lances scymitar which seemed athirst for blood,
And clad in mail of dusky curls that showest the sheeniest
shine,
And to him like a bird uncaged I flew in straightest line:
I spread my cheek upon his path, beneath his sandal-shoon,
And lo! the stibium of their dust healed all my hurt of eyne.

With one embrace again I bound the banner of our loves,
And loosed the knot of my delight that bound in bonds malign:
Then bade I make high festival, and straight came flocking in
Pure joys that know not grizzled age nor aught of pain and
pine:
The full moon dotted with the stars the lips and pearly teeth
That dance right joyously upon the bubbling face of wine:
So in the prayer-niche of their joys I yielded me to what
Would make the humblest penitent of sinner most indign.
I swear by all the signs of those glories in his face
I'll ne'er forget the chapter entitled Al-Ikhlas.

* * * * * *

Cleave fast to her thou lovest and let the envious rail amain;
For calumny and envy ne'er to favour love were fain.
So, whilst I sleep, in dreams I saw thee lying by my side
And from thy lips the sweetest sure, of limpid springs did
drain.
Yea, true and certain all I saw is, as I will avouch,
And 'spite the envier, thereto I surely will attain,
There is no goodlier sight, indeed, for eyes to look upon,
Than when one couch in its embrace enfoldeth lovers twain.

Each to the other's bosom clasped, clad in their twin delight,
Whilst hand with hand and arm with arm about their necks
enchain,
Lo, when two hearts are straitly knit in passion and desire,
Thou, that for loving censures the votaries of love,
Can'st thou assain a heart diseased or heal a eankered brain?
If in thy time thou find but one to love thee and be true,
I rede thee cast the world away and with that one remain.

* * * * * *

See'st not that pearls are prized for milk hue,
But with a dirham buy we coals in load?
And while white faces enter Paradise,
Black faces crowd Gehenna's black abode.

I love not black girls but because they show
Youth's color, tinct of eye and heartcore's hue;
Nor are in error who unlove the white,
And hoary hairs and winding-sheet eschew.

Black girls in acts are white, and 'tis as though
Like eyes, with purest shine and sheen they show;
If I go daft for her, be not amazed;
Black bile drives melancholic-mad we know:
'Tis as my colour were the noon of night:
For all no moon it be, its splendours glow.

I visit them and night-black lendeth aid to me
Seconding love, but dawn-white is my enemy.
How many a night I've passed with the beloved girl,
While gloom with dusky tresses veiled our desires;
But when the moon-light showed it caused me sad affright;
And I to Morning said, "who worship light are liars!"

He came to see me, hiding 'neath the skirt of night,
Hasting his steps as wended he in cautious plight,
I rose and spread my cheek upon his path like rug
Abject, and trailed my skirt to hide it from his sight;
But rose the crescent moon and strove its best to show
The world our loves, like nail-slice raying radiant light;
Then what befel, befel: I need not aught describe:
But think thy best, and ask me naught of wrong or right.
Meet not thy lover save at night for fear of slander.
The Sun's a tittle-tattler and the Moon's a pander.

I love not white girls blown with fat who puff and pant;
The maid for me is young brunette embonpoint-scant,
I'd rather ride a colt that's dark upon the day
Of race, and set my friends upon the elephant.
See'st not that musk, the nut-brown musk, e'er commands the
highest price,
Whilst for a load of whitest lime none more than dirham bids?
And while white speck upon the eye deforms the loveliest
youth,
Black eyes discharge the sharpest shafts in lashes from their
lids.

* * * * * *

My love came to me one night,
And clipt we both in fond embrace;
And lay together till we saw
The morning come with swiftest pace.
Now I pray Allah and my Lord
To reunite us of His grace:
And make night last me long as he
Lies in the arms that tightly lace.

* * * * * *

How joyously sweet are the nights that unite,
When my darling deigns keep me the troth she did plight,
When union conjoins us in all that we have,
And parting is severed and sundered from sight,
To us comes the world with her favour so fair,
After frown and aversion and mighty despite!

Hath planted her banner Good Fortune for us,
And we drink of her cup in the purest delight.
We have met and complained of the pitiful past,
And of nights a full many that doomed us to blight.
But now, O my lady, the Past is forgot:
The compassionate pardon the Past for unright!
How sweet is existence, how glad is to be!
This union my passion doth only incite.
In spite of envier's jealousy, at end
We have won all we hope of the friend:
We've crowned our meeting with a close embrace
On quilts where new brocades with sendal blend:
On bed of perfumed leather, which the spoils
Of downy birds luxuriously distend.
But I abstain me from unneeded wine,
When honey-dew of lips sweet mist can lend:
Now from the sweets of union we unknow
Time near and far, if slow or fast it wend,
The seventh night hath come and gone, O strange!
How went the nights we never reckt or kenned;
Till on the seventh wishing joy, they said,
Allah prolong the meet of friend with friend!

O day of joys to either lover fain!
The loved one came and free from lovely pain:
She blest me with all inner charms she hath;
And companied with inner grace deep lain:
She made me drain the wine of love till I
Was faint with joys her love had made me drain:
We toyed and joyed and on each other lay:
Then fell to wine and soft melodious strain:
And for excess of joyance never knew,
How went the day and how it came again.
Fair fall each lover, may he union win
And gain of joy like me the amplest gain;
Nor weep the taste of severance bitter fruit
And joys assain them as they us assain.

* * * * * *

She cried while played in her side desire,
And night o'er hung her with blackest blee:—
"O Night shall thy musk bring me ne'er chum
To tumble and futter this coynte of me?"
And she smote that part with her palm and sighed
Sore sighs and a-weeping continued she:—
"As the toothstick beautifies teeth e'en so
Must prickle to coynte as a toothstick be.
O Moslems, is never a stand to your tools,
To assist a woman's necessity?"
Thereat rose upstanding beneath its clothes
My yard, as crying, "At thee! at thee!"
And I loosed her trouser-string, startling her:

"Who art thou?" And I said, "a reply to thy plea!"
And began to stroke her with wrist thick yard,
Hurting hinder cheeks by its potency:
And she cried as I rose after courses three
"Suit thy gree the stroke!" and I—"suit thy gree!"

* * * * * *

Lament of Old Age

TRANSLATED BY SIR RICHARD F. BURTON. FROM THE ARABIC

O FOLK I have a wondrous tale, so rare
Much shall it profit hearers wise and ware!
I saw in salad-years a potent Brave
And sharp of edge and point his warrior glaive;
Who entered joust and list with hardiment
Fearless of risk, of victory confident,
His vigorous onset straitest places oped
And easy passage through all narrows groped:
He ne'er encountered foe in single fight
But came from tilt with spear in blood stained bright;
Nor stormed a fortress how so strong and stark—
With fenced gates defended deep and dark—
When shown his flag without th' suspicious cry
"Aidance from Allah and fair victory nigh!"
Thuswise full many a night his part he played
In strength and youth tide's stately garb arrayed,
Dealing to fair young girl delicious joy
And no less welcome to the blooming boy.
But Time ne'er ceased to stint his wondrous strength
(Steadfast and upright as the gallows' length)
Until the Nights o'erthrew him by their might
And friends contemned him for a feckless wight;
Nor was a wizard but who wasted skill
Over his case, nor leach could heal his ill.
Then he abandoned arms, abandoned him
Who gave and took salutes so fierce and grim;
And now lies prostrate drooping haughty crest;
For who lives longest him most ills molest.
Then see him, here he lies on bier for bed:—
Who will a shroud bestow on stranger dead?

The Poem of Amriolkais

FROM THE MOALLAKAT. TRANSLATED BY SIR WILLIAM JONES

1. Stay!—Let us weep at the remembrance of our beloved, at the sight of the station where her tent was raised, by the edge of yon bending sands between Dahul and Haumel.

2. "Tudam and Mikra; a station, the marks of which are not wholly effaced, though the south wind and the north have woven the twisted sand."

3. Thus I spoke, when my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said: "Perish not through despair; only be patient."

4. "A profusion of tears," answered I, "is my sole relief; but what avails it to shed them over the remains of a deserted mansion?"

5. "Thy condition," they replied, "is not more painful than when thou leftest Howaira, before thy present passion and her neighbour Rebabe, on the hills of Masel."

6. "Yes," I rejoined, "when those two damsels departed, musk was diffused from their robes, as the eastern gale sheds the scent of clove-gilly flowers:

7. "Then gushed the tears from my eyes, through excess of regret, and flowed down my neck, till my sword-belt was drenched in the stream."

8. "Yet hast thou passed many days in sweet converse with the fair: but none so sweet as the day which thou spentest by the pool of Daratjuljul."

9. On that day I killed my camel, to give the virgins a feast; and, oh! how strange was it that they should carry his trappings and furniture!

10. The damsels continued till evening helping one another to the roasted flesh, and to the delicate fat, like the fringe of white silk finely woven.

11. On that happy day I entered the carriage, the carriage of Onaiza, who said: "Woe to thee! thou wilt compel me to travel on foot."

12. She added (while the vehicle was bent aside with our weight), "O Amriolkais, descend, or my beast also will be killed!"

13. I answered: "Proceed, and loosen his rein; nor withhold from me the fruits of thy love, which again and again may be tasted with rapture.

14. "Many a fair one like thee—though not, like thee, a virgin—have I visited by night; and many a lovely mother have I diverted from the care of her yearling infant, adorned with amulets:

15. "When the suckling behind her cried, she turned round to him with half her body; but half of it, pressed beneath my embrace, was not turned from me."

16. Delightful, too, was the day when Fatima first rejected me on the summit of yon sand-hill, and took an oath, which she declared inviolable.

17. "O Fatima!" said I, "away with so much coyness; and if thou had'st resolved to abandon me, yet at last relent.

18. "If indeed my disposition and manners are unpleasing to thee, rend at once the mantle of my heart, that it may be detached from thy love.

19. "Art thou so haughty, because my passion for thee destroys me; and because whatever thou commandest my heart performs?

20. "Thou weepest; yet thy tears flow merely to wound my heart with the shafts of thine eyes—my heart, already broken to pieces and agonizing."

21. Besides these, with many a spotless virgin, whose tent had not yet been frequented, have I held soft dalliance at perfect leisure.

22. To visit one of them, I passed the guards of her bower, and a hostile tribe, who would have been eager to proclaim my death.

23. It was the hour when the Pleiads appeared in the firmament, like the folds of a silken sash variously decked with gems.

24. I approached: she stood expecting me by the curtain; and, as if she was preparing for sleep, had put off all her vesture but her night-dress.

25. She said: "By Him who created me," and gave me her lovely hand, "I am unable to refuse thee; for I perceive that the blindness of thy passion is not to be removed."

26. Then I rose with her; and as we walked she drew over our footsteps the train of her pictured robe.

27. Soon as we had passed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the bosom of a vale, surrounded with hillocks of spiry sand,

28. I gently drew her towards me by her curled locks, and she softly inclined to my embrace;—her waist was gracefully slender, but sweetly swelled the part encircled with ornaments of gold.

29. Delicate was her shape; fair her skin; and her body well proportioned; her bosom was as smooth as a mirror,

30. Or, like the pure egg of an ostrich, of a yellowish tint that blended with white, and nourished by a stream of wholesome water not yet disturbed.

31. She turned aside, and displayed her soft cheek: she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes, like those of a roe in the groves of Wegera looking tenderly at her young.

32. Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind, but, when she raised it, exceeded not the justest symmetry; nor was the neck of my beloved so unadorned.

33. Her long coal-black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like bunches of dates clustering on the palm-tree.

34. Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the riband which bound them was lost in her tresses, part braided, part dishevelled.

35. She discovered a waist taper as a well-twisted cord; and a leg both as white and as smooth as the stem of a young palm or a fresh reed, bending over the rivulet.

36. When she sleeps at noon, her bed is besprinkled with musk; she puts on her robe of undress, but leaves the apron to her handmaids.

37. She dispenses gifts with small, delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of Dabia, or dentrifices made of esel-wood.

38. The brightness of her face illumines the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit.

39. On a girl like her, a girl of moderate height, between those who wear a frock and those who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enamoured eye.

40. The blind passions of men for common objects of affection are soon dispersed; but from the love of thee my heart cannot be released.

41. O how oft have I rejected the admonitions of a morose adviser, vehement in censuring my passion for thee; nor have I been moved by his reproaches!

* * * * * *

The Poem of Amru

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC BY SIR WILLIAM JONES, 1782

1. Holla!—Awake, sweet damsel, and bring our morning draught in thy capacious goblet; nor suffer the rich wines of Enderein to be longer hoarded:

2. Bring the well-tempered wine, that seems to be tinctured with saffron, and, when it is diluted with water, overflows the cup.

3. This is the liquor which diverts the anxious lover from his passion; and, as soon as he tastes it, he is perfectly composed:

4. Hence thou seest the penurious churl, when the circling bowl passes him, grow regardless of his pelf:

5. When its potent flames have seized the discreetest of our youths, thou would'st imagine him to be in a frenzy.

6. Thou turnest the goblet from us, O mother of Amru; for the true course of the goblet is to the right hand:

7. He is not the least amiable of thy three companions, O mother of Amru, to whom thou hast not presented the morning bowl.

8. How many a cup have I purchased in Balbee! how many more in Damascus and Kasirein!

9. Surely our allotted hour of fate will overtake us; since we are destined to death, and death to us.

10. O stay a while, before we separate, thou lovely rider on camels, that we may relate to thee our sorrows, and thou to us thy delights!

11. O stay!—that we may inquire whether thou hast altered thy purpose of departing hastily, or whether thou hast wholly deceived thy too confident lover:

12. In the hateful day of battle, whilst he struggles amid wounds and blows, may the Ruler of the world refresh thy sight with coolness, and gratify it with every desired object!

13. O Amru, when thou visitest thy fair one in secret, and when the eyes of lurking enemies are closed in rest,

14. She displays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a long-necked snow-white young camel, that frisks in the vernal season over the sand-banks and green hillocks;

15. And two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those who presume to touch them:

16. She discovers her slender shape, tall and well proportioned, and her sides gracefully rising with all their attendant charms;

17. Her lips elegantly swelling, which the entrance of the tent is scarce large enough to admit, and her waist, the beauty of which drives me to madness;

18. With two charming columns of jasper or polished marble, on which hang rings and trinkets making a stridulous sound.

19. My youthful passion is rekindled, and my ardent desire revives, when I see the travelling camels of my fair one driven along in the evening.

* * * * * *

Ballata. Concerning a Shepherd-Maid

BY GUIDO CAVALCANTI. (13TH CENTURY.)
TRANSLATED BY D. G. ROSSETTI

WITHIN a copse I met a shepherd-maid,
More fair, I said, than any star to see.

She came with waving tresses pale and bright,
With rosy cheer, and loving eyes of flame,
Guiding the lambs beneath her wand aright.
Her naked feet still had the dews on them,
As, singing like a lover, so she came;
Joyful, and fashioned for all ecstasy.

I greeted her at once, and question made
What escort had she through the woods in spring?
But with soft accents she replied and said
That she was all alone there, wandering;
Moreover: "Do you know, when the birds sing,
My heart's desire is for a mate," said she.

While she was telling me this wish of hers,
The birds were all in song throughout the wood.
"Even now then," said my thought, "the time recurs,
With mine own longing to assuage her mood."
And so, in her sweet favour's name, I sued
That she would kiss there and embrace with me.

She took my hand to her with amorous will,
And answered that she gave me all her heart,
And drew me where the leaf is fresh and still,
Where spring the wood-flowers in the shade apart.
And on that day, by Joy's enchanted art,
There Love in very presence seemed to be.

"When I See the Flowers Anew"

TWELFTH CENTURY FRENCH SONG. TRANSLATED BY
CLAUDE C. ABBOTT

WHEN I see the flowers anew
Peeping where the meadows grew,
And I hear the fountain spring
Murmur on the gravelling,

Then young love holds me in thrall,
Which has never healing:
If relief come not at all
I must bide death's dealing.

"I am dark and fair to see,
Young in my virginity,
Rose my colour is and white,
Pretty mouth and green mine eyes;
And my breast it pricks me so
I may not endure it,
For I meddle me to know
Love, and naught can cure it.

"Certes, if I met a man
Who stood in the way I ran,
Freely would I love, for none
Should I ever leave that one.
Often have I heard relate
And for truth to tell,
No one has a joy parfaite
But comes of loving well."

Straight toward the wench I went
For to be with her acquent;
And I saw her white and fair,
And her look was debonaire,
Nor did she a whit forget
Any word I spake her,
Now without delay or let
For her love I prayed her.

Her bare hand I took, the maid
On the thick green grass I laid:
She cried out, to me she swore
Of my play she held no store:
"Take away your lechery;
May God truly shame it!
'Tis too rough and harsh for me,
I can never wame it."

"Sweet love, my pretty maid,
Wherefore now are you afraid?
For you do not know a mite
How this is a merry life.
Mother did not for it die,
That you know right truly,
Nor will you the daughter, why
Do you fear unduly?"

When I had swived her maidenhood,
And upon her feet she stood,
All aloud to me she cried
"Well am I escaped your side:

Thirteen years since, I was born
As I rightly know;
Never had I other morn
That I loved so."

"When May Is Come"

TWELFTH CENTURY FRENCH SONG. TRANSLATED BY CLAUDE C. ABBOTT

When May is come and roses open wide,
From them I went to pluck in friendly wise.
Near to an abbey, by a green wood side,
A little space I heard sweet voice confide:

"I feel the sweet pains 'neath my girdle run;
Cursed of God be they who made me nun!

"Who made me nun, by Jesu cursed be!
Vespers, complines, I speak unwillingly;
For better far love I good company
Which knows of dalliance and jollity.

"I feel the sweet pains 'neath my girdle run;
Cursed of God be they who made me nun!"

She spoke aloud: "My heart is sick with fear;
Ah God! who mewed me in this abbey drear?
But by our Lady I will out from here,
Nor gown nor surplice will I ever wear.

"I feel the sweet pains 'neath my girdle run.
Cursed of God be they who made me nun!

"I will command my own dear love that he
Come seek me in this abbey speedily,
We will to Paris, live right merrily,
For I am young, a comely man is he.

"I feel the sweet pains 'neath my girdle run.
Cursed of God be they who made me nun!"

When her lover had this her speaking heard,
He leapt for joy, the heart within him stirred,
Towards the abbey gate straightway be spurred,
And drew his dear love forth without a word.

"I feel the sweet pains 'neath my girdle run.
Cursed of God be they who made me nun!"

"Whoso Love Limb to Limb"

TWELFTH CENTURY FRENCH SONG. TRANSLATED BY CLAUDE C. ABBOTT

On Saturday at eve, the long week done
Gaiete and Oriour, blood-sisters, come
Small hand in hand, to bathe where waters run.

Whispering wind and branches meet,
Whoso love limb to limb sleep sweet.

Young Gerairt wending from the tilting ring,
Spied Gaiete stood beside the fountain spring,
Took her between his arms, softly they cling.

Whispering wind and branches meet,
Whoso love limb to limb sleep sweet.

"When you have drawn the water, Oriour,
Turn back again, you know the town, for sure:
With Gerairt I remain, none loves me more."

Whispering wind and branches meet,
Whoso love limb to limb sleep sweet.

Now Oriour is pale, and sad her eyes,
From them she goes a-weeping, and she sighs
When sister Gaie with her no longer hies.

Whispering wind and branches meet,
Whoso love limb to limb sleep sweet.

Why was I born, weeps Oriour, woe's me!
I left my sister in the deep valley.
Young Gerairt takes her to his own country.

Whispering wind and branches meet,
Whoso love limb to limb sleep sweet.

Gerairt and Gaiete turned themselves away,
Right straight toward his city took their way:
No sooner come than there he married Gaie.

Whispering wind and branches meet,
Whoso love limb to limb sleep sweet.

"Sweet lover mine, I cannot make believe.
With all my heart I love you, nor deceive
And you may kiss me over when you please,
Within your arms fain would I find mine ease.

"God, how the name of love is sweet,
Ne'er thought I to have dole of it."

Her lover takes her in his arms' reach,
In a fine bed they lay them, each to each:
Bele Yoland kisses him as clings a leech,
And they lie bedded as their bodies teach.

God, how the name of love is sweet:
Ne'er thought I to have dole of it.

Hymn to the Kiss

BY JOHANNES SECUNDUS. TRANSLATED BY GEORGE OGLE

I

O CHOICEST gift of heav'nly kind!
O, sacred source of joy refin'd!
Thou latent spring, whose vast control
Extends throughout the boundless whole!
Attraction strong! all-powerful cause,
Enforcing Nature's hidden laws!
Thou magic lightning, that can'st burn
What-e'er you touch, where-e'er you turn!
Touch but the lips, and you dispense
The brisk alarm thro' ev'ry sense:
Come, hover round my tuneful lyre,
And ev'ry swelling note inspire;
So shall the warmth my strains express
Thy rapture-giving pow'r confess.

II

To those, who own your gentle sway,
You darts of pleasing flame convey;
Your kindling sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind Cupid's burning torch supply:
How dull the spring of life would prove,
Without the kiss that waits on love!
Youth first to thee its homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy rays;
And, hast'ning by your fost'ring fires
The birth of all the gay desires,
From youthful lips you soon receive
The richest harvests lips can give.

III

Far from the world's more glaring eye,
What crowds of wretched beings lie;
Who seem in dull oblivion doom'd
For ever to remain entomb'd!
To them no zephyr's balmy wing
Refreshing gales, or sweets can bring;

No rip'ning crops of golden grain
For them adorn the waving plain:
Yet, thy persuasive magic binds
To this terrestrial orb their minds;
And bids them, in their gloomy state,
Smile, nor regret their piteous fate.

IV

The flow'rs, that in yon meadow grow,
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe;
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,
Thy genial warmth, thy pow'r confess;
The stream, that winds along the grove,
And courts the shore with waves of love,
Is taught by thee the fond embrace,
By thee is taught each rural grace:
On gently-parted lips, say, why
Is plac'd the rose's beauteous dye?
Because, on that soft seat of bliss
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

V

Let rigid scruple furl her brow,
And blame the comforts you bestow:
The sage, the hero, thee obey;
Nay, legislators own thy sway.
See, threat'ning Cæsar mounts his car,
To join th' embattled sons of war;
Swift from the capitol he flies,
And ev'ry hostile warrior dies:
But soon he quits the bleeding plain,
With transport hugs fair beauty's chain,
And, e'en beneath his laurel's shade,
Caresses many a Roman maid.

VI

Could Mahomet, whose dauntless soul
Superior rose to all control,
Whose breast was fir'd with hope sublime,
Who thought that ignorance and crime
Were destin'd o'er this globe t' have reign'd;
Could that stern victor have sustain'd
The harsh, fatiguing toil of arms;
Had not his houris' soothing charms,
And tender kisses, lull'd to rest
The martial tumults of his breast;
If the seraglio of this earth
Had not to those sweet joys giv'n birth,
Which, in the paradise of love,
The prophet hop'd to taste above?

VII

But tow'ring domes, that strike the eyes
With outward grandeur, you despise;
There stormy passions govern sense,
And banish tender feelings thence.
Say, couldst thou well-contented lie
On lips with shrivell'd coldness dry,
On lips, that no bright purple wear!
But pal'd by sickness, or by care?
The gilded ceilings, beds of state,
The gaudy chambers of the great,
Th' embroider'd cushions they display,
Must fright the gentle kiss away.

VIII

Fly to the rural, shadowy dells:
There peace in calm retirement dwells;
And, underneath the beech's shade,
Thy am'rous secrets are display'd;
There, on the hay-mow, or the grass,
Sport the fond youth, and fonder lass;
There, unconstrain'd in frolic play,
A kiss they lend, a kiss repay;
Pleasures so num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the number know;
Nor are the lips' sweet joys deny'd
By prudes, affecting virtuous pride.

IX

Tho' tempted hence your flight to take,
My humble mansion ne'er forsake;
To you if constant I remain,
Let kindness recompense my pain!
Around my youth fresh flow'rets shed,
Till age shall silver o'er my head;
Then softly fan my drooping fires,
And wake the half-extinct desires:
So mayst thou, in thy wand'rings, meet
Young innocence, who smiles so sweet!
And may she all-submissive prove,
To thee, the guiltless guest of love!

X

So may the nymph of gay fifteen,
By strict maternal eyes unseen,
To some sequester'd grove retire;
There, reading, nurse her infant fire;
Free from a parent's stern control,
Explore her newly-op'ning soul;

And riot o'er my am'rous page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous rage!
So may sweet dreams of rapt'rous joy
Her pleasing slumbers oft employ;
Till many a fond, illusive kiss
Shall almost realise the bliss!

A Love Song from India[1]

VOYAGE AU PAYS DU HASCHICH: JACOLLIOT, PARIS, 1883

THE MAID

Oh! my loved one, I know not what fire consumes me, my mouth is parched, my heart is throbbing. What is this ill for which I know no cure? The star of night whose rays should give my soul repose by heralding the advent of him for whom I wait, has not yet risen.... Unhappy that I am, he for whom my heart is watching, whom my lips desire, from whom my parched bosom longs to receive life, will not come.

I said to myself: I will tread the lotus-bordered path.... But alas! I have found there the serpent of love and his cruel tooth. Can it be that the moon's rays, so cold by nature and so sweet to mortals, have lit the fire which consumes me within?

The night-breeze, cool, and heavy with the scent of flowers, seems to me now like a scorching flame. He alone occupies all my thoughts and I have no will but his. He fills my whole being, and my soul is bereft of energy and strength.

I tremble and am distraught; my sight fails me and I feel as though about to die.

THE LOVER

Sweet one, I am here, and scarcely yet does the moon, whose shining orb should be the signal of my coming, begin to show herself. And see, yon fair planet whose brightness is revealed in thy dear face, now is veiled by clouds, like thy face when shaded with the tresses of thy hair. Her disc stands forth like a bow in the heavens and resembles the gleaming gold which decks thy neck.

The streams of water which fall from the clouds are as slender and graceful as thy limbs.

On the dark background of the clouds a long line of swans advances rivalled in whiteness by thy dazzling teeth.

[1] Throughout Hindustan, no orgy of love is ever commenced without the recitation of this voluptuous song after an invocation of the Dawn and of the Sun: the two personages in the Hindoo Pantheon whose office it is to lavish on mortals all good, all wealth and all fortune.

The young and lovely Nourmah complied with this custom.

To this invocation succeeded a long song sustained by two voices. A second dancing girl appeared; her office it was, disguised as a youth, to reply to Nourmah in alternate strains.

Nourmah commenced the song.

THE MAID

Oh! light of my life, speak on, speak on; the sound of thy voice is as welcome to my heart as cooling showers to a sun-dried land.

THE LOVER

I thirst for thy kisses; let me lay my lips on thine which are as fresh and ruddy as the pomegranate.

THE MAID

Ah! I die within thine arms.

THE LOVER

Let me press thy lovely breasts, firm as the golden apples in the Garden of Cama and sweet to smell as the jasmine-flower.

THE MAID

I am thine, oh my loved one; in thy embrace, mine eyes are lost in vacancy and life begins to leave me; oh, holy Goddess, Lakme, Mother of Love, does one feel such pleasure in dying of love?

THE LOVER

No, thou wilt not die; 'tis life which in long waves surges into thine entrails athirst for pleasure.

THE MAID

Oh! oh! oh! my loved one!

THE LOVER

Still let me embrace thee.

THE MAID

I am one with thee; ah! press me tighter in thine arms and let an amorous embrace unite us like the tree and bark.

THE LOVER

I fear lest I may hurt thy fair breasts or bruise thy delicate limbs.

THE MAID

Have no fear . . . go on, my lion, let me feel thy vigour, pierce me as the huntsman pierces with his arrow the hearts of the faithful hind in the thickets . . . pain gives still a greater zest to pleasure.

THE LOVER

Oh! joy divine! And I am the first to roll thy sweet body on a bed of dried leaves. . . .

THE MAID

Kill me, come, kill me by pleasure, kill me by love, kill me by joy.

THE LOVER

Nay, rather live, in order that we may repeat these hours of maddest passion.

THE MAID

Oh! kill me rather than forget me.

THE LOVER

Forget thee! forget thee! ah! read in mine eyes the wild pleasure which thou givest me.

THE MAID

Ah! what is this strange quivering . . . ?

THE LOVER

'Tis the pleasure of love.

THE MAID

My head swims, my lips grow cold . . . Cama, mighty God, help me! I am dying.

THE LOVER

No! for a new life begins to circulate in thy womb.

THE MAID

Where am I, ye Gods?

THE LOVER

Fear naught, for I am near thee.

THE MAID

I am afraid.

THE LOVER

What canst thou dread within thy lover's arms?

THE MAID

Ah, I remember . . . thy kisses burn me still; leave me not.

THE LOVER

I watch over thee as a mother watches over her child.

THE MAID

The horrid Pisatchas may play me some evil trick.

THE LOVER

They can do naught to thee here upon my heart.

THE MAID

Sing to me, my loved one, for the sound of thy voice gives me confidence.

THE LOVER

'Tis the season the most propitious for love, the leaves are fallen into the pools and cover the waters once so bright and limpid and now dulled by the streams; these clouds, driven by the wind and on which the moonlight plays, clash together in the air like elephants fighting in the forest with their dazzling tusks.

THE MAID

And it is the strongest which o'ercomes the others in the forest glade. And so thou hast made me yield to thee on this bed of dried leaves.

THE LOVER

I have won thee by love, not overcoming thee by force.

THE MAID

Yet believe me, my loved one, that love is willing to find itself tamed and subdued by force.

THE LOVER

I know of no time more propitious for love than this stormy season which so often sees the seven-coloured bow appearing in the sky, like the sacred sign which crowns thy forehead. At sight of the stormy sky, the peacocks loudly voice their joy, uttering shrill cries and gathering together; they rear aloft their tails heavy and shapeless with the rain, and prancing beside their companions, imitate the movements of a dancer. Some, under the shelter of the terraces, stalk proudly and display the varied colours of their brilliant plumage; while others, caught by the storm on the tops of the trees, gather the treasures of their plumage beneath their moistened wings, and, their fair body all quivering, descend to the green carpet of the ground.

The rain ceases for an instant, and all around the soft fresh air is balmy with the scent of sandal and filled with the intoxicating perfumes of Eastern flowers, a delicious air which dries the sweat of pleasure on our limbs and foretells a fresh fall of rain to follow. What would autumn be deprived of this beneficent breeze? No, there is nothing to be preferred to this perfumed wind which comes to disturb the calm of our intercourse, and, after the sweet fatigue of love, gently refreshes our burning limbs.

THE MAID

Oh! sing again.

THE LOVER

See, my sweetest, the heaven laden with clouds, like some deep lake hung above our heads whose waters threaten each instant to break their banks; see too these clouds which the moon encircles with a silvern girdle; they bring coolness to this parched earth.

Oh! how I love this reason of the year, bringing in its train the thunder and the storm; it wakes fond lovers from their slumber, and compels them to seek a shelter from their fear in one another's arms, and thus doubles the transports of their love.

THE MAID

Oh! my dearest, my sweetest, who are to my soul as the cloud to the thirsty earth, this season has one defect, for with a damp and gloomy veil it hides from our gaze that moon which shines like thy fair face. When that planet, the world's sweet torch, is revealed between the clouds, the fascinated watcher seems to see a friend come back from the far-off land. The moon is the witness of the groans of the maid separated from her lover. Oh, moon! thou charm of secret meetings, how fair thou art when the lover remains faithful and hastens to his mistress at the appointed hour; how sad and gloomy when the abandoned mistress follows thy course with her eyes, as she counts the hours which slowly pass, when the faithless lover has forgotten her whom once he loved.

THE LOVER

My life's charm, my beloved, I swear that thou shalt never count those hours, I swear that thou shalt never have cause to follow with lonely eyes the course of the moon, and that thy lover shalt always come before the hour of meeting.

THE MAID

Ah! I need to hear thine oaths; swear that thou wilt never leave me.

THE LOVER

I swear to love thee always, and may my soul take life again in the body of a vampire, whose only food is the bodies of those whom he drags from their tombs, if I ever fail to my oath.

THE MAID

I believe thee, beloved one.

THE LOVER

Come let us enter again this shady dell and seal our vows with fresh kisses.

The Complaint of the Fair Helm-maker Grown Old

BY FRANÇOIS VILLON, 1431-1485. TRANSLATED BY JOHN PAYNE

I

METHOUGHT I heard the fair complain
—The fair that erst was helm-maker—
And wish herself a girl again.
After this fashion did I hear:
"Alack! old age, felon and drear,
Why hast so early laid me low?
What hinders but I stay me here
And so at one stroke end my woe?

II

"Thou hast undone the mighty thrall
In which my beauty held for me
Clerks, merchants, churchmen, one and all:
For never man my face might see,
But would have given his all for fee,—
Without a thought of his abuse,—
So I should yield him at his gree
What churls for nothing now refuse.

III

"I did to many me deny
(Therein I showed but little guile)
For love of one right false and sly,
Whom without stint I loved erewhile.
Whenever else I might bewile,
I loved him well, sorry or glad:
But he to me was harsh and vile
And loved me but for what I had.

IV

"Ill as he used me, and howe'er
Unkind, I loved him none the less:
Even had he made me faggots bear,
One kiss from him or one caress,
And I forgot my every stress.
The rogue! 'twas ever thus the same
With him. It brought me scant liesse:
And what is left me? Sin and shame.

V

"Now is he dead this thirty year,
And I'm grown old and worn and gray:
When I recall the days that were
And think of what I am to-day

And when me naked I survey
And see my body shrunk to nought,
Withered and shrivelled,—wellaway!
For grief I am well-nigh distraught.

VI

"Where is that clear and crystal brow?
Those eyebrows arched and golden hair?
And those bright eyes, where are they now,
Wherewith the wisest ravished were?
The little nose so straight and fair;
The tiny tender perfect ear;
Where is the dimpled chin and where
The pouting lips so red and clear?

VII

"The shoulders gent and straight and small;
Round arms and white hands delicate;
The little pointed breasts withal;
The haunches plump and high and straight,
Right fit for amorous debate;
Wide hips and dainty quelquechose,
Betwixt broad firm thighs situate,
Within its little garden-close.

VIII

"Brows wrinkled sore and tresses gray;
The brows all fall'n and dim the eyne
That wont to charm men's hearts away;
The nose, that was so straight and fine,
Now bent and swerved from beauty's line;
Chin peaked, ears furred and hanging down;
Faded the face and quenched its shine
And lips mere bags of loose skin grown.

IX

"Such is the end of human grace:
The arms grown short and hands all thrawn;
The shoulders bowed out of their place;
The breasts all shrivelled up and gone;
The haunches like the paps withdrawn;
The thighs no longer like to thighs,
Withered and mottled all like brawn,
And fie on that between them lies!

X

"And so the litany goes round,
Lamenting the good time gone by,
Among us crouched upon the ground,
Poor silly hags, to-huddled by

A scanty fire of hempstalks dry,
Kindled in haste and soon gone out;
(We that once held our heads so high!)
So all take turn and turn about!

Ballad of Villon and Muckle Meg

BY FRANÇOIS VILLON. TRANSLATED BY JOHN PAYNE

I

BECAUSE I love and serve a whore sans glose,
Think not therefore or knave or fool am I.
She hath in her such goods as no man knows.
For love of her, target and dirk I ply:
When clients come, I hend a pot there nigh
And get me gone for wine, without word said:
Before them water, fruit, bread, cheese, I spread.
If they pay well, I bid them "Well God aid!
Come here again, when you of lust are led,
In this the brothel where we ply our trade."

II

But surely before long an ill wind blows
When, coinless, Margot comes by me to lie.
I hate the sight of her, catch up her hose,
Her gown, her surcoat and her girdle-tie,
Swearing to pawn them, meat and drink to buy.
She grips me by the throat and cuffs my head,
Cries "Antichrist!" and swears by Jesus dead,
It shall not be; till I, to quell the jade,
A potsherd seize and score her nose with red,
In this the brothel where we ply our trade.

III

Then she, peace made, to show we're no more foes,
A hugeous crack of wind at me lets fly
And laughing sets her fist against my nose,
Bids me "Go to" and claps me on the thigh;
Then, drunk, like logs we sleep till, by and by,
Awaking, when her womb is hungered,
To spare the child beneath her girdle stead,
She mounts on me, flat as a pancake laid.
With wantoning she wears me to the thread,
In this the brothel where we ply our trade.

ENVOI

Hail, rain, freeze, ready baked I hold my bread:
Well worth a lecher with a wanton wed!
Whether's the worse? They differ not a shred.
Ill cat to ill rat; each for each was made.

We flee from honour; it from us hath fled:
Lewdness we love, that stands us well in stead,
In this the brothel where we ply our trade.

Ballad of Ladies' Love

BY FRANÇOIS VILLON. TRANSLATED BY JOHN PAYNE

I

WELL enough favoured and with substance still
Some little stored, chance brought me 'neath love's spell
And day and night, until I had my will,
I pined in languor unendurable:
I loved a damsel more than I can tell;
But, with good luck and rose-nobles a score,
I had what men of maids have had before.
Then, in myself considering, I did say:
"Love sets by pleasant speech but little store;
The wealthy gallant always gains the day!"

II

So chanced it that, whilst coin my purse did fill,
The world went merry as a marriage bell
And I was all in all with her, until,
Without word said, my wanton's loose eyes fell
Upon a graybeard, rich but foul as hell:
A man more hideous never woman bore.
But what of that? He had his will and more:
And I, confounded, stricken with dismay,
Upon this text went glosing passing sore;
The wealthy gallant always gains the day!

III

Now she did wrong; for never had she ill
Or spite of me: I cherished her so well
That, had she asked me for the moon, my skill
I had essayed to storm heaven's citadel.
Yet, of sheer vice, her body did she sell
Unto the service of that satyr hoar:
The which I seeing, of my clerkly love
I made and sent to her a piteous lay:
And she: "Lack-gold undid thee"; words but four.
The wealthy gallant always gains the day!

ENVOI

Fair Prince, more skilled than any one of yore
In pleasant speech, look thou have coin galore
Within thy pouch: as Meung that clerk so gay
And wise, hath told us, in the amorous war
The wealthy gallant always gains the day!

Ballad of Ladies' Love. No. 2

I

WHOSO in love would bear the bell,
  Needs must he prank him gallantly,
Swagger and ruffle it, bold and snell,
  And when to his lady's sight comes he,
  Don cloth of gold and embroidery;
For ladies liken a goodly show.
  This should serve well; but, by Marie,
Not all can nick it that will, heigho!

II

Once on a season in love I fell
  With a lady gracious and sweet to see,
Who spoke me fair, that she liked me well
  And gladly would hearken to my plea,
  But first I must give to her for fee
Fifty gold crowns, not less nor mo'.
  Fifty gold crowns?—O' right good gree!
Not all can nick it that will, heigho!

III

To bed I went with the damsel
  And there four times right merrily
I did to her what I may not tell
  In less than an hour and a half, perdie.
  Then with a failing voice she said,
"Once more, I prithee! my heart is woe."
  Once more, quotha, sweetheart? Ah me,
Not all can nick it that will, heigho!

ENVOI

Great God of love, I crave of thee,
  If ever again I lay her low,
Ne'er let my lance untempered be,
Not all can nick it that will, heigho!

Mediæval Latin Student's Songs

FROM WINE, WOMEN AND SONG. TRANSLATED BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

TO LYDIA

LYDIA bright, thou girl more white
  Than the milk of morning new,
Or young lilies in the light!
  Matched with thy rose-whiteness, hue,
Of red rose or white rose pales,
And the polished ivory fails,
                Ivory fails.

Spread, O spread, my girl, thy hair,
  Amber-hued and heavenly bright,
As fine gold or golden air!
  Show, O show thy throat so white,
Throat and neck that marble fine
Over thy white breasts incline,
                Breasts incline.

Lift, O lift thine eyes that are
  Underneath those eyelids dark,
Lustrous as the evening star
  'Neath the dark heaven's purple are!
Bare, O bare thy cheeks of rose,
Dyed with Tyrian red that glows,
                Red that glows.

Give, O give those lips of love
  That the coral boughs eclipse;
Give sweet kisses, dove by dove,
  Soft descending on my lips.
See my soul how forth she flies!
'Neath each kiss my pierced heart dies,
                Pierced heart dies.

Wherefore dost thou draw my life,
  Drain my heart's blood with thy kiss?
Scarce can I endure the strife
  Of this ecstasy of bliss!
Set, O set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee,
                Chains by thee.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
  Twinned upon thy breast that rise,
Where the virgin fountains flow
  With fresh milk of Paradise!
Thy bare bosom breathes of myrrh,
From thy whole self pleasures stir,
                Pleasures stir.

Hide, O hide those paps that tire
  Sense and spirit with excess
Of snow-whiteness and desire
  Of thy breast's deliciousness!
See'st thou, cruel, how I swoon?
Leav'st thou me half lost so soon?
                Lost so soon?

A POEM OF PRIVACY

When a young man, passion-laden,
In a chamber meets a maiden,
  Then felicitous communion,
By love's strain between the twain,
  Grows from forth their union;
For the game, it hath no name,
Of lips, arms, and hidden charms.

COME, THEREFORE NOW, MY GENTLE FERE

Come, therefore now, my gentle fere,
Whom as my heart I hold full dear;
Enter my little room, which is
Adorned with quaintest rarities:
There are the seats with cushions spread,
The roof with curtains overhead;
The house with flowers of sweetest scent
And scattered herbs is redolent:
A table there is deftly dight
With meats and drinks of rare delight;
There too the wine flows, sparkling, free;
And all, my love, to pleasure thee.
There sound enchanting symphonies;
The clear high notes of flutes arise;
A singing girl and artful boy
Are chanting for thee strains of joy;
He touches with his quill the wire,
She tunes her note unto the lyre:
The servants carry to and fro
Dishes and cups of ruddy glow;
But these delights, I will confess,
Than pleasant converse charm me less;
Nor is the feast so sweet to me
As dear familiarity.
Then come now, sister of my heart,
That dearer than all others art,
Unto mine eyes thou shining sun,
Soul of my soul, thou only one!
I dwelt alone in the wild woods,
And loved all secret solitudes;
Oft would I fly from tumults far,
And shunned where crowds of people are.
O dearest, do not longer stay!
Seek we to live and love to-day!
I cannot live without thee, sweet!
Time bids us now our love complete.
Why should we then defer, my own,
What must be done or late or soon?
Do quickly what thou canst not shun!
I have no hesitation.

HAIL! thou longed-for month of May,
Dear to lovers every day;
Thou that kindlest hour by hour
Life in man and bloom in bower!
O ye crowds of flowers and hues
That with joy the sense confuse,
Hail! and to our bosom bring
Bliss and every jocund thing!
Sweet the concert of the birds;
Lovers listen to their words;
For sad winter hath gone by,
And a soft wind blows on high.

Earth hath donned her purple vest,
Fields with laughing flowers are dressed,
Shade upon the wild wood spreads,
Trees lift up their leafy heads;
Nature in her joy to-day
Bids all living things be gay;
Glad her face and fair her grace
Underneath the sun's embrace!
Venus stirs the lover's brain,
With life's nectar fills his vein,
Pouring through his limbs the heat
Which makes pulse and passion beat.

O how happy was the birth
When the loveliest soul on earth
Took the form and life of thee,
Shaped in all felicity!
O how yellow is thy hair!
There is nothing wrong, I swear,
In the whole of thee; thou art
Framed to fill a living heart!
Lo, thy forehead queenly crowned,
And the eyebrows dark and round,
Curved like Iris at the tips,
Down the dark heavens when she slips!

Red as rose and white as snow
Are thy cheeks that pale and glow;
'Mid a thousand maidens thou
Hast no paragon, I vow.
Round thy lips and red as be
Apples on the apple-tree;
Bright thy teeth as any star;
Soft and low thy speeches are;
Long thy hand, and long thy side,
And the throat thy breasts divide;
All thy form beyond compare
Was of God's own art the care.

Sparks of passion sent from thee
Set on fire the heart of me;
Thee beyond all whom I know
I must love for ever so.
Lo, my heart to dust will burn
Unless thou this flame return;
Still the fire will last, and I,
Living now, at length shall die!
Therefore, Phyllis, hear me pray,
Let us twain together play,
Joining lip to lip and breast
Unto breast in perfect rest!

A PASTORAL

THERE went out in the dawning light
A little rustic maiden;
Her flock so white, her crook so slight,
With fleecy new wool laden.

Small is the flock, and there you'll see
The she-ass and the wether;
This goat's a he, and that's a she,
The bull-calf and the heifer.

She looked upon the green sward, where
A student lay at leisure:
"What do you there, young sir, so fair?"
"Come, play with me, my treasure!"

THE WOOING

ALL the woods are now in flower,
Song-birds sing in field and bower,
Orchards their white blossoms shower:
Lads, make merry in Love's hour!

Sordid grief hath flown away,
Fervid Love is here to-day;
He will tame without delay
Those who love not while they may.

HE. "Fairest maiden, list to me;
Do not thus disdainful be;
Scorn and anger disagree
With thy youth, and injure thee.

I am weaker than thou art;
Mighty Love hath pierced my heart;
Scarce can I endure his dart:
Lest I die, heal, heal my smart!"

SHE. "Why d' you coax me, suitor blind?
What you seek you will not find;
I'm too young for love to bind;
Such vain trifles vex my mind.

Is't your will with me to toy?
I'll not mate with man or boy:
Like the Phœnix, to enjoy
Single life shall be my joy."

HE. "Yet Love is tyrannous,
Harsh, fierce, imperious!
He who man's heart can thus
Shatter, may make to bow
Maidens as stern as thou!"

SHE. "Now by your words I'm 'ware
What you wish, what you are;
You know love well, I swear!
So I'll be loved by you;
Now I'm on fire too!"

FLORA

RUDELY blows the winter blast,
Withered leaves are falling fast,
Cold hath hushed the birds at last.
While the heavens were warm and glowing
Nature's offspring loved in May;
But man's heart no debt is owing
To such change of month or day
As the dumb brute-beasts obey.
Oh, the joys of this possessing!
How unspeakable the blessing
That my Flora yields to-day!

Labour long I did not rue,
Ere I won my wages due,
And the prize I played for drew.
Flora with her brows of laughter,
Gazing on me, breathing bliss,
Draws my yearning spirit after,
Sucks my soul forth in a kiss:
Where's the pastime matched with this?
Oh, the joys of this possessing!
How unspeakable the blessing
Of my Flora's loveliness!

Truly mine is no harsh doom,
While in this secluded room
Venus lights for me the gloom!
Flora faultless as a blossom

Bares her smooth limbs for mine eyes;
Softly shines her virgin bosom,
And the breasts that gently rise
Like the hills of Paradise.
Oh, the joys of this possessing!
How unspeakable the blessing
When my Flora is the prize!

From her tender breasts decline,
In a gradual curving line,
Flanks like swansdown white and fine.
On her skin the touch discerneth
Naught of rough; 'tis soft as snow:
'Neath the waist her belly turneth
Unto fulness, where below
In Love's garden lilies blow.
Oh, the joys of this possessing!
How unspeakable the blessing!
Sweetest sweets from Flora flow!

Ah! should Jove but find my fair,
He would fall in love, I swear,
And to his old tricks repair:
In a cloud of gold descending
As on Danae's brazen tower,
Or the sturdy bull's back bending,
Or would veil his godhood's power
In a swan's form for one hour.
Oh, the joys of this possessing!
How unspeakable the blessing!
How divine my Flora's flower!

The Kisses of Johannes Secundus[1]

KISS II

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS STANLEY

As in a thousand wanton curls the vine
Doth the loved elm embrace;
As clasping ivy round the oak doth twine,
To kiss his leafy face;

So thou about my neck thy arms shalt fling,
Joining to mine thy breast;
So shall my arms about thy fair neck cling,
My lips on thine imprest.

Ceres nor Bacchus, care of life, nor sleep,
Shall force me to retire;
But we at once will on each other's lip
Our mutual souls expire.

[1] 1511-1537.

Then hand in hand down to th' Elysian plains
  (Crossing the Stygian lake)
We'll through those fields, where spring eternal reigns,
  Our pleasing journey take.

There their fair mistresses the heroes lead,
  And their old loves repeat,
Singing or dancing in a flowery mead,
  With myrtles round beset.

Roses and violets smile beneath a screen
  Of ever-verdant lays;
And gentle zephyr amorously between
  Their leaves untroubled plays.

There constantly the pregnant earth unplough'd
  Her fruitful store supplies;
When we come thither, all the happy crowd
  From their green thrones will rise.

There thou in place above Jove's numerous train
  Of mistresses shall sit;
Hers Helen, Homer will not his disdain,
  For thee and me to quit.

KISS V

TRANSLATED BY JOHN NOTT, 1775

WHILE tenderly around me cast
Your arms, Neaera, hold me fast;
And hanging o'er, to view confest,
Your neck, and gently-heaving breast;
Down on my shoulders soft decline
Your beauties more than half divine;
With wand'ring looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting soul with love:

While you, Neaera, fondly join
Your little pouting lips with mine;
And frolic bite your am'rous swain,
Complaining soft if bit again;
And sweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue,
Your tongue, now here now there that strays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid kisses sips,
Now wanton darts between my lips;
And on my bosom raptured lie,
Venting the gently-whisper'd sigh;
A sigh that kindles warm desires,
And kindly fans life's drooping fires;
Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy as the breath of spring:

While you, sweet nymph! with am'rous play,
In kisses suck my breath away;
My breath with wasting warmth replete,
Parch'd by my breast's contagious heat;
Till, breathing soft, you pour again
Returning life through every vein;
Thus soothe to rest my passion's rage,
Love's burning fever thus assuage:
Sweet nymph! whose breath can best allay
Those fires that on my bosom prey,
Breath welcome as the cooling gale,
That blows when scorching heats prevail:

Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
"No power can with Love's power compare!
None in the starry court of Jove
Is greater than the god of Love!
If any can yet greater be,
Yes, my Neaera! yes, 'tis thee!"

KISS XVI

TRANSLATED BY JOHN NOTT, 1775

BRIGHT as Venus' golden star,
Fair as Dian's silver car,
Nymph, with every charm replete,
Give me hundred kisses sweet;
Then as many kisses more
O'er my lips profusely pour,
As th' insatiate bard could want,
Or his bounteous Lesbia grant;
As the vagrant Loves that stray
On thy lips' nectareous way;
As the dimpling Graces spread
On thy cheeks' carnation'd bed;
As the deaths thy lovers die;
As the conquests of thine eye,
Or the cares, and fond delights,
Which its changeful beam incites;
As the hopes and fears we prove,
Or th' impassion'd sighs, in love;
As the shafts by Cupid sped,
Shafts by which my heart has bled;
As the countless stores that still
All his golden quiver fill.
Whisper'd plaints, and wanton wiles;
Speeches soft, and soothing smiles;
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale blisses,
Intermix with all thy kisses.
So, when Zephyr's breezy wing
Wafts the balmy breath of spring,

Turtles thus their loves repeat,
Fondly billing, murm'ring sweet,
While their trembling pinions tell
What delights their bosoms swell.

Kiss me, press me, till you feel
All your raptured senses reel;
Till your eyes, half-closed and dim,
In a dizzy transport swim,
And you murmur faintly, "Grasp me,
Swooning, in your arms oh, clasp me."
In my fond sustaining arms
I will hold your drooping charms;
While the long, life-teeming kiss
Shall recall your soul to bliss;
And, as thus the vital store
From my humid lips I pour,
Till exhausted with the play,
All my spirit wastes away;
Sudden, in my turn, I'll cry,
"Oh! support me, for I die."
To your fost'ring breast you'll hold me,
In your warm embrace enfold me;
While your breath, in nectar'd gales,
O'er my sinking soul prevails;
While your kisses sweet impart
Life and rapture to my heart.
  Thus, when youth is in its prime,
Let's enjoy the golden time;
For, when smiling youth is past,
Age these tender joys shall blast:
Sickness, which our bloom impairs;
Slow-consuming, painful cares;
Death, with dire remorseless rage;
All attend the steps of age.

Epithalamium of Johannes Secundus

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE OGLE, 1731

The hour is come, with pleasure crown'd
Borne in eternal order round:
Hour of endearing looks and smiles:
Hour of voluptuous sports and wiles;
Hour fraught with fondly-murmuring sighs;
Hour blest with softly-dying eyes;
Hour with commingling kisses sweet;
Hour of transporting bliss replete;
Hour worthy ev'n of gods above;
Hour worthy all-commanding Jove;
For not a fairer-omen'd hour
Could promise the kind Gnidian power;

Not tender Cupid could bestow,
The boy with silver-splendid bow,
And golden wing; delicious boy!
That sorrow still allays with joy.
Nor, wont at nuptials to preside,
She, that of Jove is sister-bride!
Nor he, on tuneful summit born,
The god whom flowery wreaths adorn;
Who blooming beauty tears away,
Bears off by force the charming prey,
From the reluctant mother tears,
To the rapacious lover bears.
Hour long desired! hour long delay'd!
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

Thrice happy youth supremely blest,
Of every wish in one possest;
To thee the maid of form divine
Comes, seeming loth, but inly thine.
Such form as Juno's self might choose,
Nor yet the martial maid refuse,
(Though that th' ethereal sceptre sways,
And this the shining shield displays,)
Nor yet the Cyprian queen disdain,
Bent to re-seek the Phrygian swain,
And cause of beauty re-decide,
In shady vale of flowering Ide.
How sure to gain the golden prize,
(Though judged by less discerning eyes,)
She, in that matchless form array'd!
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

Thrice happy maid; supremely blest,
Of every wish in one possest;
To thee, on wings of love and truth,
Comes, all-devote, the raptured youth.
Thy bending neck with eager hold,
Thy waist, impatient to enfold.
While, for that hair of easy flow,
While, for that breast of virgin snow,
While, for that lip of rosy dye,
While, for that sweetly-speaking eye,
With silent passion he expires,
And burns with still consuming fires;
Now Phoebus, slow to quit the skies,
Now loit'ring Phoebe, slow to rise
Persists, alternate, to upbraid.
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

See where the maid, all-panting, lies,
(Ah! never more a maid to rise!)
And longs, yet trembles at thy tread;
Her cheeks suffused with decent red;

Expressing half her inward flame!
Half springing from ingenuous shame!
Tears from her eyes, perhaps, may steal,
Her joys the better to conceal;
Then sighs, with grief unreal fraught,
Then follow plaints of wrongs unthought.
But cease not thou with idle fears,
For all her plaints, or sighs, or tears.
Kiss'd be the tears from off her eyes;
With tender murmurs stopp'd her sighs;
With soothings soft her plaints allay'd.
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

The maid, in decent order placed,
With every bridal honour graced,
Through all her limbs begin to spread
The glowings of the genial bed;
And languid sleep dispose to take,
Did not the youth, more watchful, wake,
And the mild queen of fierce desire,
With warmth not disproportion'd, fire:
Taught hence, nor purpled kings to prize?
Nor scepter'd Jove, that rules the skies.
Soon for soft combats he prepares,
And gentle toils of amorous wars.
Declared, but with no dreaded arms;
Kisses! which, wanton as he strays,
He darts a thousand wanton ways,
At mouth or neck, at eyes or cheeks.
Him humbly, she full oft bespeaks,
Entreats, "a helpless maid to spare!"
And begs, with trembling voice, "Forbear!"
Full oft his rudeness loudly blames,
His boundless insolence proclaims.
His lips, with lips averse, withstands,
With hands, restrains his roving hands,
Resistance sweet; delicious fight!
O night! O doubly-happy night!

Contention obstinate succeeds.
The tender Loves contention feeds;
By that redoubled ardour burns;
By that redoubled strength returns.
Now o'er her neck take nimble flight;
Her breast as spotless ivory white;
Her waist of gradual rising charms;
Soft-moulded legs; smooth-polish'd arms:
Search all the tracts, in curious sport,
Conductive to the Cyprian court.
Through all the dark recesses go,
And all the shady coverts know.
To this, unnumber'd kisses join,
Unnumber'd as the stars that shine,

Commingling rays of blended light.
O night! O doubly-happy night!

Then spare no blandishments of love;
Sounds, that with soft'ning flattery move;
Sighs, what with soothing murmur please,
The injured virgin to appease;
Such, as when Zephyr fans the grove,
Or coos the am'rous billing dove;
Or sings the swan with tuneful breath,
Conscious of near approaching death;
Till, pierced by Cupid's powerful dart,
As by degrees relents her heart,
The virgin, less and less severe,
Quits, by degrees, her stubborn fear;
Now on your arms her neck reclines;
Now with her arms your neck entwines;
As Love's resistless flames incite.
O night! O doubly-happy night!

Sweet kisses shall reward your pains,
Kisses which no rude rapine stains;
From lips on swelling lips that swell;
From lips on dwelling lips that dwell;
That play return with equal play;
That bliss with equal bliss repay;
That vital stores, from either heart,
Imbibing, soul for soul impart;
Till now the maid, adventurous grown,
Attempts new frolics of her own;
Now suffers, strangers to the way,
Her far more daring hands to stray.
Now sports far more salacious seeks,
Now words far more licentious speaks;
Words that past sufferings well requite.
O night! O doubly-happy night!

To arms! to arms! now Cupid sounds.
Now is the time for grateful wounds,
Here Venus waves the nimble spear—
Venus is warlike goddess here.
Here not thy sister, Mars, presides,
Thy mistress in these conflicts prides;
While close engage the struggling foes,
And, restless, breast to breast oppose;
While, eager, this disputes the field,
And that alike disdains to yield;
Till, lo! in breathless transports tost,
Till in resistless raptures lost,
Their limbs with liquid dews distil;
Their hearts with pleasing horrors thrill;
And faint away in wild delight.
O night! O doubly-happy night!

Oh may you oft these sports renew
And through long days and nights pursue!
With many an early moon begun;
Prolong'd to many a setting sun.
May a fair offspring crown your joys,
Of prattling girls, and smiling boys;
And yet another offspring rise,
Sweet objects to parental eyes,
The cares, assiduous to assuage,
That still solicit querulous age;
Careful your trembling limbs to stay,
That fail with unperceived decay;
Pious, when summon'd hence you go,
The last kind office to bestow;
Office with unfeign'd sorrow paid.
Thrice happy youth! thrice happy maid!

From the Poems of Hafiz

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN BY JOHN PAYNE, 1901

LIII

1. Whose dwelling, Lord, by yonder heart-Enkindling tapers lit?
Our soul's afire! For God's sake, ask Whose soul's delight is it.

2. I wonder in whose arms she lies And who her housemates be,
She who the edifice o'erthrown Hath of my faith and wit?

3. Whose soul's delight is yonder wine Of rubies of her lip?
Unto whose cup for cupgiver Did Fortune her commit?

4. Each at her casteth spells of love; But to whose sorceries
Her dainty heart inclining is, None knoweth anywhit.

5. O Lord, yon queenlike mooncheeked maid, Yon Venus-fronted fair,
Whose peerless pearl is she, whose gem Past value exquisite?

6. That fair whose ruby wine, undrunk, Hath made me drunk and mad,
For whom doth she the goblet fill? In whose assembly sit?

7. Ask ye, 'fore God, to whom the bliss Of the companionship
Of yonder candle of delight Hath Destiny forewrit?

8. "Alack, for Hafiz' heart distraught," Quoth I, "withouten thee!"
She answered, with a covert smile, "For whom distraught is it?"

CXXXVI.

1. "Thy mouth and thy lip," I asked her, "Me blest when will they make?"
"Thy bidding in all," she answered, "Shift to fulfil they make."

2. "Thy lips for a kiss the tribute Of Egypt seek," said I.
Quoth she, "At that rate who purchase, No bargain ill they make."

3. "To the point of thy mouth who findeth The way?" quoth I; and she,
"That known to the subtlety-kenners, Not those lack-skill, They make."

4. Quoth I, "Be no server of idols; Abide thou with God," and she,
"Their wont this and that in Love's quarter, The good and the ill, they make."

5. Quoth I, "Lo, the air of the winehouse Doth grief from the heart away";
And she, "Happy folk, if one bosom With gladness to thrill they make!"

6. Quoth I, "Wine and patchcoat the canon Allows not"; and she, "In the sect
"Of the Magians, of one and the other Their habitude still they make."

7. Quoth I, "From the sweet-lipped ones' ruby What profit the old?" And she
"The old young again with the sugar Their kisses distil they make."

8. "Quoth I, "To the nuptial chamber When cometh the lord?" And she,
" 'Twill not be, the Moon in conjunction With Jupiter till They make."

CCCCV.

1. This my love for thee, my fair one, On what wise shall I assain?
Yea, how long shall I of sorrow For thy sake all night complain?

2. Long ago past hope of healing Is my frenzied heart become:
Peradventure, of thy tress-tip I may fashion it a chain.

3. Scope where shall I find and leisure, So the full perplexity,
Which I suffer for thy tress-tip, Once for all I may explain?

4. What I suffered in the season Of estrangement from thy sight,
'Twere impossible one letter Should the whole of it contain.

5. On my soul to look whenever I'm desirous, in mine eye
Still to conjure up the image Of thy lovely cheek I'm fain.

6. If I knew that thine enjoyment Should thereby to me betide,
Heart and faith would I surrender, Ay, and count the loss a gain.

7. Get thee gone from us, o preacher; Leave this idle prate of thine:
None am I who unto leasing Ear will any longer deign.

8. Of deliverance from lewdness, Hope, o Hafiz, is there none:
Since 'twas thus of Fate foreordered, Care and counsel are in vain.

CCCCXIV.

1. Enamoured am I of a fair one, A youngling new a-blow;
I've sought it with prayer from heaven, The gladness of this woe.

2. Whoremonger, amorist, toper, I tell thee outright, I am;
So thou, that with all these merits Endowed I am, may'st know.

3. Now shame of my sin-soiled cassock Is over me come, whereon
I, patch upon patch, devices An hundred still did slew.

4. Yes, well may'st thou burn, o candle, In passion for her! For see,
Upstanding in that same business, Loin-girt, am I e'en so.

5. The profit of my endeavour, In this my bewilderment,
I've lost: as in heart and spirit I dwindle, in grief I grow.

6. So haply that new-blown charmer May me to her bosom draw,
To the tavern, with robe (like Hafiz) All open in front I go.[1]

DXXXIV.

1. Since in Irác Suléima made her station,
I long for her with longing past relation.

2. Hark ye, O leader of the Loved One's camels,
After thy charge I yearn without cessation.

[1] The robe open in front is the sign of the debauchee and the frenzied lover.

3. For lack of the Friend's sight my heart a-bleed is:
Oh out upon the days of separation!

4. Cast reason to the Zindehroud [1] and tipple
Wine to the young Irakis' acclamation.

5. Minstrel sweet-voiced, sweet-spoken, come; in Persian
Verse, chant thou to Iraki modulation.

6. The ghittern's sound And cupbearer's hand-clapping
Bring back lost youth to my rememoration.

7. Give me the wine-dregs, so that, drunk and blithesome,
I of life's dregs to friends may make oblation.

8. Come, give me, cupbearer, the heavy pottle,
God fill to thee the goblet of salvation!

9. A moment with well-willers, be accordant:
Come, profit by the days of jubilation.

10. Life's Springtide in thy pasturage abideth;
God keep the days of union from mutation!

11. The time of union passed and we unheeding;
And now I'm in the throes of separation.

12. A wonder-goodly bride thou art, vine-daughter!
But whiles thou meritest repudiation.

13. Save a Messiah, free from worldly fetters,
None with the sun may have association.

14. Eld me forbiddeth from enjoying virgins,
Save in the way of clips and osculation.

15. Scorn not my tears for lack of you: how many
A sea is made by rillets' aggregation!

16. Since union with friends Is not our portion,
Cleave, Hafiz, to the mode of lamentation.

DXLII.

1. A city [2] full of lovelings; On every side a fair!
Friends, if ye would be doing, The call to love is there.

2. The world's eye never looked on A fresher maid than this:
Nor ever goodlier quarry Fell into any's snare.

3. Who-ever saw a body, Like hers, of very soul?
Ne'er be her skirt polluted By dust of earthly care

[1] The River of Ispahan.
[2] Shiraz.

4. Why driv'st thou from thy presence A broken one like me?
A kiss or an embracement's The utmost of my prayer.

5. Pure is the wine and goodly The season: quick, enjoy
The time; for who to reckon On next year's Spring can dare?

6. See, in the garden topers Are; rose and tulip like,
Each in his hand a goblet, To a friend's health, doth bear.

7. Love's knot how shall I loosen? This mystery how solve?
A pain 'tis and a sore one; Ay, and a hard affair.

8. Bond to some wanton's tresses Each heir of Hafiz is:
In such a land untroubled Uneath it is to fare.

Villanelle

BY PHILIPPE DESPORTES, 1546-1606. TRANSLATED BY WILFRID THORLEY

ROSETTE, because I stayed away
A little while, you wanton grew,
And I who knew how you did sway,
Thereon was faine no more of you.
No more such fickle loveliness
Shall hold me captive in its net:
We soon shall see, light shepherdess,
Which shall be first to know regret.

While in vain tears my life I lose
And do bemoan my lonely fate,
You who do love by simple use,
Have fond arms for another mate;
No weather-vane more swiftly veers
Before the wind than you, Rosette:
We soon shall see whose love outwears—
Which shall be first to know regret.

Where are your holy promises,
And where are now your farewell woes?
And could such sorrow-laden cries
Come from a heart that gadding goes?
Pardie! but you're a lying lass,
And curst the man whose trust you get!
We soon shall see, light shepherdess,
Which shall be first to know regret.

He who doth take the sweets were mine
Lacks wit to woo as well as I,
And she I love is far more fine
In beauty, love and loyalty.

Hold closely then your new-found swain;
  This love of mine is firmly set,
And then we soon shall see, of twain,
  Which shall be first to know regret.

Dulcina

ATTRIBUTED TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH. FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MSS.

As at noon Dulcina rested
  In her sweet and shady bower;
Came a shepherd, and requested
  In her lap to sleep an hour.
    But from her look
    A wound he took
  So deep, that for a further boon
    The nymph he prays.
    Whereto she says,
  Forgo me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him
  To depart her presence so;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
  And but one to bid him go:
    Where lips invite,
    And eyes delight,
  And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
    Persuade delay;
    What boots, she say,
  Forgo me now, come to me soon?

He demands what time for pleasure
  Can there be more fit than now:
She says, night gives loves that leisure,
  Which the day can not allow.
    He says, the sight
    Improves delight.
  Which she denies: Nights mirkie noon
    In Venus' plays
    Makes bold, she says;
  Forgo me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
  From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
  Of such beauty for a hope?
    Or for the sight
    Of lingering night
  Forgo the present joys of noon?
    Though ne'er so fair
    Her speeches were,
  Forgo me now, come to me soon.

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
  She was fair, and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;
  Joys unseen are never sung.
    Did she consent,
    Or he relent:
  Accepts he night, or grants she noon;
    Left he her a maid,
    Or not; she said
  Forgo me now, come to me soon.

An Amorous Dialogue Between John and His Mistress

ROXBURGHE BALLADS, 1572-76

Here by this dialogue you may discern,
While old cats nibble cheese, the young ones learn.

COME, John, sit thee down, I have somewhat to say,
In my mind I have kept it this many a day,
Your master you know is a Fool, and a Sot,
And minds nothing else but the Pipe and the Pot.
Till twelve or till one he will never come home,
And then he's so drunk that he lies like a mome:
  Such usage as this would make any one mad,
  But a Woman will have it if 'tis to be had.

'Tis true forsooth, mistris, the case is but hard,
That a woman should be of her pleasure debarred:
But 'tis the sad fate of a thousand beside,
Or else the whole City is fouly belied:
There is not a man amoung twenty that thrives,
Not ten in fifteen that do lie with their Wives:
  Yet still you had better be merry than sad,
  And take it wherever it is to be had.

But John, 'tis a difficult matter to find,
A man that is trusty and constantly kind:
An Inns-of-Court Gallant he cringes and bows,
He's presently known by his Oaths and his Vows,
And though both his cloaths and his speeches be gay,
Yet he loves you but only a night and away:
  Such usage as this would make any one mad,
  Yet a woman will have it, if 'tis to be had.

What think you of one that belongs to the Court,
They say they are youthful, and given to sport:
He'll present you with bracelets, and jewels, and rings,
With stones that are precious and twenty fine things;
Or if you are not for the Court nor the Town,
What think you forsooth of a man with a Gown?
  You must have a gallant, a good or a bad,
  And take it where ever it is to be had.

No, John, I confess that not any of these,
Had ever the power my fancy to please;
I like no such blades for a trick that I know,
For as soon as they've trod they are given to crow;
Plain dealing is best, and I like a man well,
That when he has kissed will be hanged ere he'll tell:
My meaning is honest, and thou art the Lad,
Then give it and take it where 'tis to be had.

Alas! my dear mistris, it never can be,
That you can affect such a fellow as me:
Yet heaven forbid, since I am but your man,
I should ever refuse to do all I can;
But then if my master should know what we've done,
We both should be blown up as sure as a Gun:
For after our joys, he would make us sad,
For taking it where it ought not to be had.

But how should he know it, thou scrupulous Elf,
Do'st think I'm so silly to tell him myself?
If we are but so wise our own counsel to keep,
We may laugh and lye down while the sot is asleep:
Some hundreds I know in the city that use
To give to their men what their masters refuse;
The man is the master, the Prentice the Dad,
For women must take it where 'tis to be had.

Some Prentices use it, forsooth, I allow,
But I am a Novice and cannot tell how:
However, I hope that I shall not be blamed,
For to tell you the truth I am somewhat asham'd;
I know how to carry your Bible to church,
But to play with my mistris I'm left in the lurch:
Yet if you can shew me the way good or bad,
I'll promise you all that there is to be had.

Alas, pritty mistris, the pleasure is such,
We never can give one another too much:
If this be the business the way is so plain,
I think I can easily find it again:
'Twas thus we began; and . . . Thus we lye down,
And thus . . . Oh thus! that we fell in a swoun:
Such sport to refuse who was ever so mad,
I'll take it where ever it is to be had.

Now, Johnny, you talk like an ignorant mome,
You can have such pleasures no where but at home,
Here's fifty broad pieces for what you have done,
But see that you never a gadding do run:
For no new employment then trouble your brains,
For here when you work you'll be paid for your pains:
But should you deceive me no woman so sad,
To lose all the pleasure that once she has had.

A mistris so noble I never will leave,
'Twere a sin and a shame such a friend to deceive;
For my Master's shop no more will I care,
'Tis pleasanter handling my mistris's ware:
A fig for Indentures, for now I am made
Free of a Gentler and pleasanter trade:
    I know when I'm well, I was never so mad,
    To forsake a good thing when 'tis to be had.

(ANOTHER VERSION)

Billy and His Mistress

ANONYMOUS, 1584. FROM BAGFORD BALLADS, PT. III

COME sit thee down, Billy, I have something to say,
  In my mind I have kept it this many a day;
Your master, you know, is a fool and a sot,
And nothing he minds but the pipe and the pot:
    And if they pursue us to the garret we'll fly
    I'll pull off my pateens, and on my back lie.

Till twelve or till one he seldom comes home,
And then he's so drunk that he lies like a drone;
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
And a woman must have it where 'tis to be had:
    And if they pursue us, etc.

O my dearest Mistress, this never can be,
That you should affect such a fellow as me;
But heaven forbid, though I am but your man,
That I should refuse to do all that I can:
    And if they pursue us, etc.

Your master's diseased with gout and with stitches,
And nothing he can do but pull down his breeches;
And then he stands shaking as though he was dead,
And so like a woodcock he hangs down his head:
    And if they pursue us, etc.

O my dearest Mistress, I cannot deny,
For I find myself able your wants to supply;
And if you'll support me with coin and with cash,
We'll drink while my master shall bray like an ass:
    And if they pursue us, etc.

Prithee, my Billy, now do not mistrust,
In pocket and placket to thee I'll be just;
Keep touch with your master, and then you shall see,
We'll make his bags fly all where ever he be:
    And if they pursue us, etc.

O my dearest Mistress, but here lies the touch,
My wife at our pleasure will grumble and grutch;
She hath a quick eye, and her passion is strong,
She'll shake our foundation or ere it be long:
And if they pursue us, etc.

O my dearest Billy, why dost thou love she,
If thou dost, Billy, thou canst not love me;
For I never knew it all the days of my life,
That any man loved both his whore and his wife:
And if they pursue us, etc.

To make him a cuckold none's fitter than thee,
For the fool won't believe it although he doth see;
A pint of burnt brandy, a pipe, and a coal,
Here's a good health to Billy and to Billy's hole:
And if they pursue us, etc.

What though I do fight and endeavour to kill,
Yet my brave Billy will take my part still;
And I will do with him as long as I can,
So long as I know he's a lusty young man:
And if they pursue us, etc.

I thank thee now, Billy, for my flat fish
And long did I think it ere I had my wish;
And if we do meet at the *Bird-in-Hand* door,
We'll call for a room, and we'll dance on the floor:
And if they pursue us, etc.

Then Billy's wife she looked in at the door,
What a devil, quoth she, do you down on the floor?
A dressing of flounders which you sent me last
What a devil, quoth she, do you make sauce with your arse?
And if they pursue us, etc.

As for our neighbours they are but all fools,
To meddle or make, because we use our own tools;
Pray then will you tell me, wherefore they were made,
And if to use 'em we should be afraid;
And if they pursue us, etc.

As for the small Hobnails, I have had none of those,
To spoil my cold face, nor to hurt my red nose;
The great ones are they which I most do fear,
If they come below they will spoil my best ware:
And if they pursue us, etc.

And still we'll be merry, and leave off all passion,
I had rather be dead than to live out of fashion;
My father and mother they were of that trade,
And I for that purpose so brazen was made;
And if they pursue us, etc.

But as for the Garret, we'll come no more there,
For why? They do keep an old screeching chair;
Beside that, the woman's a blab of her tongue,
And we'll find out another place ere it be long:
And if they pursue us they shall ne'er find us out,
And yet we are resolved to have the other bout.

In the Forest of Arden

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON. FROM PASTORALS, 1593

1

Farre in the Forrest of Arden,
There dwelt a Knight hight *Cassimen,*
As bold as *Isenbras:*
Fell he was and eager bent
In battaile and in Turnament,
As was the good Sr. Topas.

2

He had (as Antique stories tell)
A daughter cleped *Dowsabell,*
A Maiden faire and free,
Who, cause she was her father's heire,
Full well she was y-tought the leire
Of mickle courtesie.

3

The Silke well could she twist and twine,
And make the fine Marchpine,
And with the needle work.
And she could help the Priest to say
His Mattins on a Holy-day,
And sing a Psalme in Kirk.

4

Her Frocke was of the frolique Green,
(Mought well become a Mayden Queen)
Which seemely was to see:
Her Hood to it was neat and fine,
In colour like the Columbine,
Y-wrought full featuously.

5

This Maiden in a morne betime,
Went forth when May was in her prime,
To get sweet Scettuall,
The Honeysuckle, the Horelock,
The Lilly, and the Ladies-Smock,
To dight her summer Hall.

6

And as she romed here, and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed brier,
She chanced to espie
A Shepheard sitting on a bank,
Like Chanticleere—he crowed crank,
And piped with merry glee.

7

He leerd his Sheep as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round,
Whilst he full many a Caroll sung,
That all the fields, and meadows rung,
And made the woods resound.

8

In favour this same Shepheard Swaine
Was like the Bedlam Tamerlaine,
That kept proud Kings in awe,
But meek he was as meek mought be,
Yea like the gentle Abell, he
Whom his lewd brother slew.

9

This Shepheard wore a freeze-gray Cloake,
The which was of the finest locke,
That could be cut with Sheere:
His Aule and Lingell in a Thong,
His Tar-box by a broad belt hung,
His Cap of Minivere.

10

His Mittens were of Bausons skin,
His Cockers were of Cordowin,
His Breech of country blew:
All curle, and crisped were his Locks,
His brow more white than Albion Rocks:
So like a Lover true.

11

And piping he did spend the day,
As merry as a Popinjay,
Which lik'd faire *Dowsabell,*
That wod she ought, or wod she nought,
This Shepheard would not from her thought,
In love she longing fell:

12

With that she tucked up her Frock,
(White as the Lilly was her Smock,)
And drew the Shepheard nigh,

But then the Shepheard pip'd a good,
That all his Sheep forsook their food,
    To heare his melody.

13

Thy Sheep (quoth she) cannot be lean,
That have so faire a Shepheard Swain,
    That can his Pipe so well:
I but (quoth he) the Shepheard may,
If Piping thus he pine away,
    For love of *Dowsabell,*

14

Of love (fond boy) take thou no keep,
Look well (quoth she) unto thy Sheep;
    Lest they should chance to stray.
So had I done (quoth he) full well,
Had I not seen faire *Dowsabell,*
    Come forth to gather May.

15

I cannot stay (quoth she) till night,
And leave my Summer Hall undight,
    And all for love of men.
Yet are you, quoth he, too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find,
    To love us now and then.

16

And I will be to thee as kind,
As Collin was to Rosalinde,
    Of courtesie the flower.
And I will be as true (quoth she)
As ever Lover yet mought be,
    Unto her Paramour.

17

With that the Maiden bent her knee,
Down by the Shepheard kneeled she,
    And sweetly she him kist.
But then the Shepheard whoop'd for joy,
(Quoth he) was never Shepheard boy,
    That ever was so blist.

A Friend of Mine

ANONYMOUS. BEFORE 1600. PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV

A FRIEND of mine not long ago
    desired at my hands
Some pretty toy to move delight
    to those that hearers stand.

The which I mean to gratify
by all the means I may,
And move delight in every wight
that with affection stay.

Some thought to prove wherein I should
these several humours please,
The which to do, reason forbids,
but I should some displease;
But since my muse doth pleasure Chuse,
and thereon bends her skill,
Whereby I may drive time away,
and sorrows quite beguile.

It was my Chance, not long ago,
by a pleasant wood to walk,
Where I unseen of any one
did hear two lovers talk;
And as these lovers forth did pass,
hard by a pleasant shade,
Hard by a mighty Pine tree there,
their resting place they made.

"Insooth," then did this young man say,
"I thinke this fragrant place
Was only made for lovers true
each other to embrace."
He took her by the middle small,—
good sooth I do not mock,—
Not meaning to do any thing
but to pull up her: smo: block.

Whereon she sat, poor silly soul,
to rest her weary bones.
This maid she was no whit afraid,
but she caught him fast by the: stones:
thumbs;
Whereat he vext and grieved was,
so that his flesh did wrinkle;
This maid she was no whit afraid,
but caught him fast hold by the pintle
pimple.

Which he had on his chin likewise;—
but let that pimple pass;—
There is no man here but he may suppose
she were a merry lass.
He boldly ventured, being tall,
yet in his speech but blunt,
He never ceast, but took up all,
and caught her by the ——: plumpe.

And red rose lips he kist full sweet:
quoth she, "I crave no succour."
Which made him to have a mighty mind
to clip, kiss, and to —— pluck her

Into his arms. "Nay! soft!" quoth she,
"what needeth all this doing?
For if you will be ruled by me,
you shall use small time in wooing.

"For I will lay me down," quoth she,
"upon the slippery segs,
And all my clothes I'll truss up round.
And spread abroad my legs: eggs.
Which I have in my apron here
under my girdle tuckt;
So shall I be most fine and brave,
most ready to be —— duckt.

"Unto some pleasant springing well;
for now its time of the year
To deck, and bathe, and trim ourselves
both head, hands, feet and gear."

A Maidenhead

ANONYMOUS. BEFORE 1600. PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV

Come, sit thee down by these Cool streams
Never yet warmed by Titans beams!
My tender youth thy waist shall clip,
And fix upon thy cherry lip;
And lay thee down on this green bed,
Where thou shalt lose thy maidenhead.

See how the little Phillip Sparrow,
Whose joints do over-flow with marrow,
On yonder bough how he doth prove
With his mate the joys of love,
And doth instruct thee, as he doth tread,
How thou shalt lose thy maidenhead.

O you younglings, be not nice!
Coyness in maids is such a vice,
That if in youth you do not marry,
In age young men will let you tarry.
By my persuasion then be led,
And lose in time thy maidenhead.

Clothes that embroidered be with gold,
If never worn, will quickly mold;
If in time you do not pluck
The damisine or the Apricot,
In pinching Autumn thee'll be dead;
Then lose in time thy maidenhead!

When Scorching Phoebus

ANONYMOUS. BEFORE 1600. PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV.

WHEN scorching Phoebus he did mount,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
Then Lady Venus went to hunt,
    Parmi les champs.
To whom Diana did resort,
With all the Ladies of hills and valleys,
    of springs and floods,
To show where all the princely sport,
With hound imbrued, and hearts pursued,
    through groves and woods.

This tender hearted lovers Queen,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
Such wand'ring sports had seldom seen,
    Parmi les champs.
She took no pleasure in the same,
To see hounds merry, and poor hearts weary
    for want of breath.
Quoth she, "I like better that game
Where ladies beauties do pay their duties
    to love's sweet death."

The air was hot, and she was dry,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
To Bacchus court she fast did hie—
    Parmi les champs.
Her faint and weary heart (to) cherish,
Which was so fired, that she desired
    To quench her thirst,
And cried, "Help Bacchus, or else I perish!"
Who still did hold her, and plainly told her
    he would kiss her first.

Then Bacchus with a power divine,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
Himself turned to a butt of wine,—
    Parmi les champs,—
And bade this lady drink her fill,
And take her pleasure in any measure,
    and make no waste;
And gave her leave to suck the quill,
Which was spriteful and delightful
    unto her taste.

At last this butt did run a tilt—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
Quoth she, "One drop shall not be spilt,
    Parmi les champs,
For it doth pleasing taste so well,

My heart doth will me for to fill me
    of this sweet Wine;
I would that I might always dwell
In this fair Arbor! here's so good harbor,
    and pleasant wine."

She drank so long, ere she had done,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
Her belly swelled like a tun,
    Parmi les champs.
At last she fell in pieces twain;
And being asunder, appeared a wonder,
    God Pryapus!
Yet fain she would have drunk again;
And oft did visit, and much solicit
    God Bacchus.

His empty cask would yield no more,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
For she had sucked it full sore,
    Parmi les champs.
Quoth she, "God Bacchus, change thy shape;
For now thy rigour, and all thy vigour,
    Is clean decayed.
Behold thou here this new born babe,
Who when he is proved, he'll be beloved
    of wife and maid."

This belly god that would be drunk—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
And being a goddess, proved a punk,
    Parmi les champs.
Her lusty bastard stiff and strong,
Was made and framed, and also named,
    god Bacchus heir.
He had a nose three handful Long,
With one eye bleared, and all besmeared
    about with hair.

He is the god of rich and poor—
    Tous-jour bon temps;—
He openeth every woman's door,
    Parmi les champs.
He ceaseth all debate and strife,
And gently appeaseth, and sweetly pleaseth
    the hungry womb.
He is the joy twixt man and wife;
He pleasure lasteth, and sweeter tasteth
    than honey comb.

Now all you nice and dainty dames,—
    Tous-jour bon temps,—
To use this god, think it no shame,
    Parmi les champs.
Then let my speeches not offend,

Tho you be gaudy, and I be bawdy
and want a rod!
Good deeds shall speeches fault amend
When you are willing for to be billing
with this sweet god.

A Courtly New Ballad of the Princely Wooing of the Fair Maid of London by King Edward

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. I, 1874

FAIR Angel of England! thy beauty most bright
Is all my heart's treasure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me, sweet lady, thy true Love to be,
That I may say welcome, good fortune, to me.

The Turtle, so true and chaste in her love,
By gentle persuasions her fancy will move;
Then be not intreated, sweet Lady, in vain,
For Nature requireth what I would obtain.

What Phoenix so fair, that liveth alone,
Is vowed to chastity, being but one;
But be not, my Darling, so chaste in desire,
Lest thou, like the Phoenix, do penance in fire.

But alas! (gallant Lady) I pity thy state,
In being resolved to live without mate;
For if of our courting the pleasure you knew
You shall have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtain,
Yet I am requited with scornful disdain;
But if you will grant your good will to me,
You shall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chastest that liveth, though never so nice:
What woman so worthy but will be content
To live in the Palace where Princes frequent?

Two brides, young and princely, to Church have I led;
Two Ladies most lovely have deckéd my bed;
Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart
Than all their contentments whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot men's tears much abide,
And women least angry when most they do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant that fair Ladies may poor men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list;
A King may command her to lie by his side,
Whose feature deserveth to be a King's Bride.

In granting your love you shall purchase renown,
Your head shall be decked with England's fair crown,
Thy garment most gallant with gold shall be wrought,
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy train,
Most richly attired with scarlet ingrain:
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keep,
Where Virgins with music shall rock thee asleep.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them, sweet Lady, thy mind to content;
For Kings' gallant Courts, where Princes do dwell,
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said;
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome, sweet Virgin, to me.

THE FAIR MAID OF LONDON'S ANSWER TO KING EDWARD'S WANTON LOVE

Oh, wanton King Edward, thy Labour is vain
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attain,
Which getting, thou losest, and having, dost waste it,
The which if thou purchase, is spoiled if thou hast it.

But if thou obtainst it, thou nothing hast won;
And I, losing nothing, yet quite am undone;
But if of that Jewel a King do deceive me,
No King can restore, though a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed, since you saw me last;
My favour is vanished, my beauty is past;
The Rose's red blushes that sate on my cheeks
To paleness are turned, which all men mislikes.

I pass not what Princes for love do protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edward's bride.

The name of a Princess I never did crave,
No such tip of honour thy hand-maid will have;
My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henry's brave Court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of a jealous Queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
They win not a woman except she consent;
Who, then, can impute to a man any fault,
Who still goes uprightly while women do halt.

'Tis counted kindness in men for to try,
And virtue in women the same to deny;
For women inconstant can never be proved,
Until by their betters therein they be moved.

If women and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name and credit for ever!
And, royal King Edward, let me be exiled
Ere any man knows my body's defiled.

No, no, my old Father's reverent tears
Too deep an impression within my soul bears;
Nor shall his bright honour that blot, by me, have
To bring his grey hairs with grief to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I should die,
That any such sin upon my soul lie;
If I have kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my Tomb,
Then, for my birth, curse my dear mother's Womb,
That brought forth a blossom that stained the tree
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave me (most noble King), tempt not, in vain,
My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain:
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England shall yield me a sad buriall.

An Excellent Ballad Intituled; The Constancy of Susanna

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. I, 1874

THERE dwelt a man in *Babylon,*
of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a fair woman,
Susanna she was call'd by name;
A woman fair and virtuous:
Lady, Lady,
Why should we not of her learn thus
to live godly?

Virtuously her life she led,
she feared God, she stood in awe,
As in the storie we have read,
was well brought up in *Moses'* Law.
Her parents they were godly folk,
Lady, Lady;
Why should we not then sing and talk
of this Lady?

That year two Judges there was made,
which were the Elders of Babylon;
To Joachim's house was all their trade,
who was Susanna's husband then:
Joachim was a great rich man,
Lady, Lady;
These Elders oft to his house came
for this Lady.

Joachim had an Orchard by,
fast joyning to his house or place,
Whereas Susanna commonly
her self did daily there solace:
And that these Elders soon espied,
Lady, Lady;
And privily themselves did hide
for that Lady.

Her chaste and constant life was tried
by these two Elders of Babylon;
A time convenient they espied
to have this Lady all alone,
In his Orchard it came to pass,
Lady, Lady;
Where she alone her self did wash
her fair body.

These Elders came to her anon,
and thus they said, Fair dame, God speed
Thy doors are fast, thy Maids are gone,
Consent to us and do this deed;
For we are men of no mistrust,
Lady, Lady,
And yet to thee we have a lust,
O fair Lady.

If that to us thou dost say nay,
a testimonial we will bring;
We will say that one with thee lay,
how canst thou then avoid the thing?
Therefore consent, and to us turn,
Lady, Lady;
For we to thee in lust do burn,
O fair Lady.

Then did she sigh, and said, alas
now woe is me on every side;
Was ever wretch in such a case
shall I consent and do this deed
Whether I do or do it not,
Lady, Lady,
It is my death, right well I wot.
O true Lady!

Better it were for me to fall
into your hands this day guiltless,
Than that I should consent at all
to this your shameful wickedness.
And even with that (whereas she stood),
Lady, Lady,
Unto the Lord she cried aloud pitifully.

These Elders both likewise again
against Susanna loud they cried,
Their filthy lust could not obtain,
their wickedness they sought to hide;
Unto her friends they then her brought,
Lady, Lady,
And with all speed the life they sought
of that Lady.

THE SECOND PART

On the morrow she was brought forth
before the people there to stand,
That they might hear and know the truth,
how these two Elders Susanna found.
The Elders swore, and thus did say,
Lady, Lady,
How that they saw a young man lay
with that Lady.

Judgment there was, for no offence,
Susanna causeless then must die;
These Elders bore such evidence,
against her they did verify,
Who were believed then indeed,
Lady, Lady,
Against Susanna to proceed,
that she should die.

Susanna's friends that stood her by,
they did lament, and were full woe,
When as they saw no remedy,
but that to death she then must do.
Lady, Lady,
In God was all her hope and trust
to him did cry.

The Lord her voice heard, and beheld
the Daughter's cry of Israel;
His spirit he raised in a child,
whose name was called young Daniel,
Who cried aloud whereas he stood,
Lady, Lady,
I am clear of the guiltless blood
of this Lady.

Are you such fools? quoth Daniel then;
in judgment you have not done well,
Nor yet the right way have you gone
to judge a daughter of Israel
By this witness of false disdain;
Lady, Lady,
Wherefore to judgment turn again,
for that Lady.

And when to judgment they were set,
he called for those wicked men,
And soon he did them separate,
putting the one from the other, then
He asked the first where he did see
that fair Lady;
He said under a mulberry tree;
who lied falsely.

Thou liest, said Daniel, on thy head
thy sentence is before the Lord!
He bade that forth he might be led,
and bring the other that bore record,
To see how they two did agree
for this Lady;
He said under a pomegranate tree;
who lied falsely.

Said Daniel, as he did before,
behold the messenger of the Lord
Stands waiting for you at the door,
even to cut thee with a sword.
And, even with that, the multitude
aloud did cry,
Give thanks to God, so to conclude,
for this Lady.

They dealt like with these wicked men
according as the Scripture saith,
They did, as with their neighbour, then,
by Moses' law were put to death!
The innocent preserved was,
Lady, Lady,
As God by Daniel brought to pass
for this Lady.

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. I

Man. Now in the Garden are we well met,
To crave our promise, for promise is a debt.
Woman. Come, sit thee down all by my side, and when that thou art set, say what thou wilt unto me.
Man. Show me unfeignedly, and tell me thy mind,
For one may have a young wench that is not over-kind.
Woman. Seek all the world for such a one, then hardly shall you find a Love of such perfection.
Man. This single life is wearisome: fain would I marry,
But fear of ill choosing makes me to tarry:
Some say that flesh is flexible, and quickly it will vary,
Woman. It's very true, God mend them.
Man. Why speak'st thou ill of woman, sith thou thyself art one?
Woman. Would all the rest were constant save I myself alone;
Man. Faith, good or bad, or howsoe'er, I cannot live alone, but needs I must be married.
Woman. To marry with a young wench, shall make thee poor with pride:
To marry with one of middle age, perhaps she hath been tried:
To marry with an old one, to freeze by fire side: both old and young are faulty.
Man. I'll marry with a young wench, of beauty and of wit.
Woman. It is better tame a young Colt without a curbing bit.
Man. But she will throw her rider down.
Woman. I, true, he cannot sit, when Fillies fall a wighing.
Man. I'll marry one of middle age, for she will love me well.
Woman. But if her middle much be used, by heaven and by hell!
Thou shalt find more griefs than thousand tongues can tell: Ah, silly man, God help thee.
Man. I'll marry with an old wench that knows not good from bad.
Woman. But once within a fortnight she'll make her husband mad.
Man. Beshrew thee for thy counsel, for thou hast made me sad; but needs I must be married.
Woman. To marry with a young wench me thinks it were a bliss:
To marry one of middle age it were not much amiss:
I'd marry one of old age, and match where money is; there's none are bad in choosing.

Man. Then thou, for all thy saying, commendst the single life.
Woman. I, freedom is a popish banishment of strife.
Man. Hold thy tongue, fond woman, for I must have a wife.
Woman. A Cuckold in reversion.
When you are once married, all one whole year,
Tell me of your fortune, and meet with me here;
To think upon my counsel thou wilt shed many a tear; till which time I will leave thee.
Man. Were I but assured, and of a Beggar's lot,
Still to live in misery and never worth a groat,
To have my head well furnished as any horned Goat: for all this would I marry.
Farewell, you lusty Bachelors, to marriage I am bent;
When I have tried what marriage is, I'll tell you the cuent,
And tell the cause, if cause there be, wherein I do repent that ever I did marry.

THE SECOND PART

Woman. Good-morrow to thee, new married man, how dost thou fare?
Man. As one quite marr'd with marriage, consumed and killed with care:
Would I had ta'en thy counsel.
Woman. But thou wouldst not beware.
Man. Alas! it was my fortune.
Woman. What grief doth most oppress thee may I request to know?
Man. That I have got a wanton.
Woman. But is she not a shrow?
Man. She's anything that evil is, but I must not say so.
Woman. For fear that I should flout thee.
Man. Indeed, to mock at misery would add unto my grief.
Woman. But I will not torment thee, but rather lend relief:
And therefore in thy marriage tell me what woes are chief; good counsel yet may cure thee.
Is not thy housewife testy, too churlish and too sour?
Man. The devil is not so waspish, she's never pleased an hour.
Woman. Canst thou not tame a devil? lies not it in thy power?
Man. Alas! I cannot conjure.
Woman. What! goeth she not a gossiping, to spend away thy store?
Man. Do what I can, I promise you, she's ever out of door;

That were I ne'er so thrifty, yet she would make me poor; woe's me! I cannot mend it.

Woman. How goeth she in apparel? delights she not in pride?

Man. No more than birds do bushes, or harts the river side,—
Witness to that, her looking-glass, where she hath stood in pride a whole fore-noon together.

Woman. How thinkst thou? was she honest, and loyal to thy bed?

Man. I think her legs do fall away, for springtime keeping head;
And were not horns invisible, I warrant you I were sped with broad browed Panthers;

Woman. Thy grief is past recovery; no salute will help but this—
To take thy fortune patiently, and brook her what she is,
Yet many things amended are that have been long amiss, and so in time may she be.

Man. I cannot stay here longer, my wife, or this, doth stay,
And he that's bound as I am bound, perforce must needs obey.

Woman. Then farewell to thee, new-married man, since you will needs away; I can but grieve thy fortune.

Man. All you that be at liberty and would be void of strife:
I speak it on experience, ne'er venture on a wife;
For if you match, you will be matched to such a weary life, that you will all repent you.

The Discontented Married Man

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. I, 1874

A YOUNG man lately wedded was
To a fair and comely creature,
She was a blithe and bonny lass
As ere was framed by Nature,
With rolling eye
And forehead high,
And all good parts Nature could give her:
But she had learned such a note,
She could not keep her legs together.

A lusty youth, of Cupid's strain,
That might the Queen of Love contented,
Came unto her, her love to gain,
And freely she her love consented:
But, to be short,
In Cupid's Court

He used her well when he came thither,
And played his part in such an art,
She could not keep her legs together.

When her Husband he heard tell
Of her tricks, with true relation,
He complained to himself
Very sadly in this fashion:
Quoth he, I would give twenty pound,
That's ten more than I had with her,
Her mother would take her home again,
And make her keep her legs together.

Son, be thou of patient mind,
Let not thoughts thy fancies trouble;
For I to thee will still prove kind,
And her portion I will double,
Time and age
Will assuage,
And the fairest flower will wither,
And I such counsel will her give
Shall make her keep her legs together.

Henceforth, therefore, I'll forsake her,
And her mother shall take her,
And, for shame! let her better make her,
Or I again will never take her,
Pure modesty she doth defy,
Besides, she's fickle as the weather,
And her scolding plainly shows
She cannot keep her legs together.

Then I'll leave off to find another,
Though't may add unto my lustre,
For brave spacious England wide
I am sure affords a cluster:
Good and bad
Are to had;
Jove speed me well! though long I tarry,
For, ere that I'll have such a Mate
I never more intend to marry.

THE SECOND PART

She is gone a wand'ring forth
Wanton wenches will be ranging
With two gallants of great worth:
Such as they affect a changing.
She is bent
To consent

For to go she knows not whether:
They will teach her such a trick
She will not keep her legs together.

To the dancing-school she goes,
There she spends her husband's treasure,
On each Shoe she wears a Rose,
For to show she's fit for pleasure;
And resort
To Cupid's Court,
And no sooner she comes thither,
She learns so much of that same sport,
She cannot keep her legs together.

To the tavern she repairs,
Whilst her husband sits and muses,
There she domineers and swears,
'Tis a thing she often uses!
And, being fine,
She, for wine,
Will both pawn her hat and feather;
Which doth show that it is true
She cannot keep her legs together.

He's a Coxcomb that doth grieve
And knows not how to court this creature,
For he may pin her to his sleeve,
She is of so kind a nature:
She will play
Every way,
And is as nimble as a feather,
But she will often go astray,
She cannot keep her legs together.

Thou that hast a wife that's civil,
Love her well and make much of her;
For a woman that is evil
All the town, thou seest, will scoff her.
Love thy wife;
As thy life,
Let her not go thou know'st not whither,
For you will always live in strife
If she keep not her legs together.

Maidens fair, have a care
Whom you love and whom you marry;
Love not those that jealous are,
Longer you had better tarry;
For offence
Springs from hence—
You will go you know not whether,
Till you lose both wit and sense,
And cannot keep your legs together.

A Poem of Sir Walter Raleigh's

FROM HARLEIAN MSS. 6917, FOL. 48

NATURE that wash'd her hands in milk
  And had forgot to dry them,
Instead of earth took snow and silk
  At Love's request to try them,
If she a mistress could compose
To please Love's fancy out of those.

Her eyes he would should be of light;
  A violet breath, and lips of jelly;
Her hair not black, nor over-bright;
  And of the softest down her belly:
As for her inside he'ld have it
Only of wantonness and wit.

At Love's entreaty such a one
  Nature made, but with her beauty
She hath framed a heart of stone;
  So as Love, by ill destiny,
Must die for her whom Nature gave him,
Because her darling would not save him.

But Time, which Nature doth despise,
  And rudely gives her love the lie,
Makes Hope a fool, and Sorrow wise,
  His hands do (th) neither wash nor dry;
But being made of steel and rust,
Turns snow and silk and milk to dust.

The light, the belly, lips, and breath,
  He dims, discolours, and destroys;
With those he feeds, but fills not, Death,
  Which sometimes were the food of joys:
Yea Time doth dull each lively wit,
And dries all wantonness with it.

Oh, cruel Time, which takes in trust,
  Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
  Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.

Menaphon's Eclogue

BY ROBERT GREENE: FROM MENAPHON: 1589

Too weak the wit, too slender is the brain,
That means to mark the power and worth of love;
Not one that lives, except he hap to prove,
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.

Yet I that have been prentice to the grief,
Like to the cunning sea-man, from afar,
By guess will take the beauty of that star
Whose influence must yield me chief relief.

You censors of the glory of my dear,
With reverence and lowly bent of knee,
Attend and mark what her perfections be;
For in my words my fancies shall appear.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Grecian mates achiev'd;
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd;
As full of sweets as sweet of sweets is full

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,
There Love his records of delight doth quote;
On them her dallying locks do daily float,
As Love full oft doth feed upon the bait.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun or cheer the day;
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
Whiles Fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripen'd lilies steep'd in wine,
Or fair pomegranate-kernels wash'd in milk,
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her crystal chin like to the purest mould
Enchas'd with dainty daisies soft and white,
Where Fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,
Whereas embrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her neck like to an ivory shining tower,
Where through with azure veins sweet nectar runs,
Or like the down of swans where Senesse wons,
Or like delight that doth itself devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearls, as soft as down;
They never veil their fair through winter's frown,
But from their sweets Love sucks his summertime.

Her body Beauty's best-esteemed bower,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain;
The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my pain;
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

Her maiden mount, the dwelling-house of Pleasure;
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O, blest is he may bring such beauties under,
Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure!

Devour'd in thought, how wanders my device!
What rests behind I must divine upon:
Who talks the best can say but "fairer none";
Few words well-couch'd do most content the wise.

All you that hear, let not my silly style
Condemn my zeal; for what my tongue should say
Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Seld speaketh Love, but sighs his secret pains;
Tears are his truchmen, words do make him tremble:
How sweet is Love to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and looks till they have reap'd the gains!

All lonely I complain, and what I say
I think, yet what I think tongue cannot tell:
Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well;
My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.

A Blith and Bonny Country Lass

BY THOMAS LODGE. FROM "ROSALYNDE," 1590

1. A blith and bonny Country Lass
Sat sighing on the tender Grass,
And weeping said, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy, a lither Swain,
That had a mind her love to gain,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

2. When as the wanton Girl espied
The means to make herself a Bride,
She simmer'd much like bonny Nell.
The Swain that saw her very kind,
His arms about her body twin'd,
And said, Fair Lass, how fare ye, well?

3. The Country Lass said, Well forsooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth, that makes me cry.
Alas, says he, what gars thy grief?
A wound, says she, without relief,
I fear that I a Maid shall die.

4. If that be all, the Shepherd said,
I'll make thee Wive it, gentle Maid,
And so recure thy Malady:
On which they kist, with many an Oath,
And 'fore God Pan did light their Troth;
So to the Church away they hie.

5. And Jove send every pretty Peat,
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at last:
Then Maids shall never long again,
When they find ease for such a pain:
And thus my Roundelay is past.

A Counterlove

BY JOHN LYLY. FROM THE PHOENIX NEST, 1593

DECLARE, O mind, from fond desires excluded,
That thou didst find erewhile, by Love deluded

An eye, the plot, whereon Love sets his gin,
Beauty, the trap, wherein the heedless fall,
A smile, the train, that draws the simple in,
Sweet words, the wily instrument of all,
Intreaties posts, fair promises are charms,
Writing, the messenger, that woos our harms.

Mistress, and servant, titles of mischance:
Commandments done, the act of slavery,
Their colors worn, a clownish cognizance,
And double duty, petty drudgery,
And when she twines and dallies with thy locks,
Thy freedom then is brought into the stocks.

To touch her hand, her hand binds thy desire,
To wear her ring, her ring is Nessus gift,
To feel her breast, her breast doth blow the fire,
To see her bare, her bare a baleful drift,
To bait thine eyes thereon, is loss of sight,
To think of it, confounds thy senses quite.

Kisses the keys, to sweet consuming sin,
Closings, Cleopatra's adders at thy breast,
Fained resistance then she will begin,
And yet unsatiable in all the rest,
And when thou dost unto the act proceed,
The bed doth groan, and tremble at the deed.

Beauty, a silver dew that falls in May,
Love is an Eggshell, with that humor filled,
Desire, a winged boy, coming that way,
Delights and dallies with it in the field,
The fiery Sun, draws up the shell on high,
Beauty decays, Love dies, desire doth fly.

Unharmed give ear, that thing is hap'ly caught,
That cost some dear, if thou mayst ha' for naught.

From William Shakespeare

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young.
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
  Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
  Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
  Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
  He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen;
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
  He spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
  O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood!

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
  A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
  None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
  Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
  Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
  Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
  Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

. . . . . .

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds,
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore.
  She showed hers: he saw more wound than one,
  And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me,"
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
  Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
  To kiss and clip me till I run away!

Ignoto

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

I LOVE thee not for sacred chastity.
Who loves for that? nor for thy sprightly wit:
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit.
I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty, ravishing perfection:
I love thee not for unchaste luxury,
Nor for thy body's fair proportion.
I love thee not for that my soul doth dance,
And leap with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Give musical and graceful utterance,
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line.
  I love thee not for voice or slender small,
  But wilt thou know wherefore? Fair sweet, for all.

'Faith, wench! I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the base viol placed between my thighs:
I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high stretching minikin.
I cannot whine in puling elegies.
Entombing Cupid with sad obsequies:
I am not fashioned for these amorous times,
To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes:
I cannot dally, caper, dance and sing,
Oiling my saint with supple sonneting:
I cannot cross my arms, or sigh "Ah me,"
"Ah me forlorn!" egregious foppery!
I cannot buss thy fill, play with thy hair,
Swearing by Jove, "Thou art most debonnaire!"
  Not I, by cock! but I shall tell thee roundly,
  Hark in thine ear, zounds I can (——) thee soundly.

Sweet wench, I love thee; yet I will not sue,
Or show my love as musky courtiers do;
I'll not carouse a health to honour thee,
In this same bezzling drunken courtesy:
And when all's quaffed, eat up my bousinglass,
In glory that I am thy servile ass.
Nor will I wear a rotten Bourbon lock,
As some sworn peasant to a female mock.
Well-featured lass, thou know'st I love thee dear,
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires there:
Not for thy love will I once gnash a brick,
Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick.
  But by the chaps of hell, to do thee good,
  I'll freely spend my thrice decocted blood.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales:
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a screen;
Least Phoebus kiss my Summer's Queen.

The seat for your disport shall be
Over some River in a tree,
Where silver sands and pebbles sing,
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satyrs spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands:
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly tuned throats,
Possess woods Echos with sweet notes,
Which to your senses will impart,
A music to enflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leaf-less Oak,
The Ring-Doves wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me and do no less.

In bowers of Laurel trimly dight,
We will out-wear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread:
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-worms shall attend,
And all this sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify;
Your lodging with most majesty.

Then in mine arms will I enclose
Lilies' fair mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in love's play:
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we pass the welcome night,
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice,
Your presence to Love's Paradise,
Then come with me, and be my Dear;
And we will then begin the year.

The Merie Ballad of Nash, His Dildo

BY THOMAS NASH; 1601; RAWLINSON MS. POET. 216, LEAVES 96-106; ALSO PETYT MS. [INNER TEMPLE], 238 VOL. 43, F. VIII, 295B)—HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED: DEDICATED IN PETYT MS. "TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD S[OUTHAMPTON]"

PARDON, sweet flower of Matchless poesy,
and fairest bud that ever red rose bare,
although my muse, divert from deepest care,
presents you with a wanton elegy.
Nay blame my verse of loose inchastity,
for painting forth the things that hidden be,
only induced with variety,
sith most men mark what I in speech descrie.
Complaints and praises every man can write,
and passion forth there love in stately rhyme;
but of love's pleasure none did e'er indite,
that have succeeded in this latter time.
Accept of it, dear love, in gentle part,
and better far, ere large, shall honor thee.

NASH'S DILDO

IT was the merry month of February,
When young men in their bravery,
Rose in the morning, before break of day,
To seek their valentines so fresh and gay.
With whom they may consort in Summer's shene,
And dance the high degree in our town green:
And also at Easter, and at Penticost,
Perambulate the fields that flourish most:
And go into some village bordering near,
To taste the Cakes and cream and such good cheer,
To see a play of strange morality,
Chosen by the bachelours of magnanimity,
Whither our Country Franklins flockmeal swarm,
And John and Joan come marching arm in arm,
Even on the Hallowes of that blessed Saint,
That doth true lovers with those joys acquaint,
I went, poor pilgrim, to my Lady's shrine,
To see if she would be my Valentine.
But out, alas, she was not to be found,
For she was shifted to another ground:
Good Justice Dudgeon, with his crabbed face,
With bills and staves had scared her from that place:
And she poor wench, compelled for sanctuary
To fly into a house of Venery.
Thither went I, and boldly made inquire
If they had hackneys to let out to hire,
And what they craved by order of their trade,
To let me ride a journey on a jade.
With that, stept forth a foggy three-chinned dame,
That used to take young wenches for to tame,
And asked me, if soothe were my request,
Or only mouth a question but in jest?
"In jest," quoth I, "that term it as you will,
I come for game; therefore give me my Jill."
"If that it be," quoth she, "that you demand,
Then give me first a godes peny in my hand;

For in our oratory, siccarly,
None enters in, to do his devory,
But he must pay his affidavit first,
And then perhaps I'll ease him of his thirst."
I, seeing her so earnest for the box,
I gave her her due, and she the door unlocks.

Now I am entered, sweet Venus be my speed!
But where's the female that must do the deed?
Through blind meanders, and through crooked ways.
She leads me onward, as my author says,
Until I came unto a shady loft
Where Venus bouncing vestures skirmish fought.
And there she set me in a Leather chair,
And brought me forth, of wenches, straight a pair,
And bade me choose which might content my eye;
But she I sought, I could no way espy.
I spake her fair, and wished her well to fare,
"But so it is, I must have fresher ware;
Wherefore, dame bawd, so dainty as you be,
Fetch gentle Mistress Frances unto me."
"By Holy Dame," quoth she, "and God's one mother
I well perceive you are a wily brother;
For if there be a morcell of better price,
You'll find it out, though I be now so nice.
As you desire, so shall you swive with her;
But look, your purse-strings shall abide it dear;
For he who'll feed on quails, must lavish crowns,
And Mistress Frances, in her velvet gowns,
Her ruff and periwig so fresh as May,
Cannot be kept for half a crown a day."

"Of price, good hostess, we will not debate,
Although you assize me at the highest rate;
Only conduct me to this bonny belle,
And ten good goblets unto thee I'll tell,
Of gold or silver, which shall like you best,
So much I do her company request."
Away she went, so sweet a word is gold,
It makes invasion in the strongest hold;
Lo, here she comes that hath my heart in keeping,
Sing lullaby, my cares and fall a sleeping.
Sweeping she comes, as she would brush the ground:
Her rattling silk my senses do confound:
Away I am ravished: "void the chamber straight,
I must be straight upon her with my weight."
"My Tomalyn," quoth she, and then she smiled:
"I, I," quoth I, "So more men are beguiled
With sighs and flattering words and tears,
When in your deeds much falsehood still appears."
"As how, my Tomalyn," blushing she replied,
"Because I in this dauncing [1] should abide?

[1] School (?).

If that be it that breeds thy discontent,
We will remove the camp incontinent:
For shelter only, sweet heart, came I hither,
And to avoid the troublesome stormy weather;
And since the coast is clear, I will be gone,
For, but thy self, true lovers I have none."

With that she sprung full lightly to my lips,
And about my neck she hugs, she culls, she clips,
She wanton faines, and falls upon the bed,
And often tosses to and fro her head;
She shakes her feet, and waggles with her tongue:
Oh, who is able to forbear so long?
"I come, I come, sweet Lady, by thy leave";
Softly my fingers up the curtains heave,
And send me happy stealing by degrees,
First unto the feet, and then unto the knees,
And so ascend unto her manly thigh—
A pox on lingering, when I come so nigh!
Smock, climb apace, that I may see my joys,
All earthly pleasures seem to this but toys,
Compared be these delights which I behold,
Which well might keep a man from being old.
A pretty rising womb without a wenn,
That shine (s) as bright as any crystal gem,
And bears out like the rising of a hill,
At whose decline the (re) runs a fountain still,
That hath her mouth beset with rugged briers,
Resembling much a dusky net of wires:
A lusty buttock, barred with azure veins,
Whose comely swelling, when my hand restrains,
Or harmless checketh with a wanton grip,
It makes the fruit thereof too soon be ripe,
A pleasure plucked too timely from his spring
It is, dies ere it can enjoy the used thing.
O Gods, that ever any thing so sweet,
So suddenly should fade away, and fleet!
Her arms and legs and all were spread,
But I was all unarmed,
Like one that Ovid's cursed hemlock charmed,
(So are my Limbs unwieldy for the fight,)
That spent there strength in thought of your delight.

What shall I do, to shew myself a man?
It will not be, for ought that beauty can:
I kiss, I clip, I winch, I feel at will,
Yet lies he dead, not feeling good or ill.
"By Holy dame (quoth she), and wilt not stand?
Now let me roll and rub it in my hand!
Perhaps the silly worm hath laboured sore,
And worked so that it can do no more:

Which if it be, as I do greatly dread,
I wish ten thousand times that I were dead.
What ere it be, no means shall lack in me,
That may avail for his recovery."
Which said, she took and rolled it on her thigh,
And looking down on it, did groan and sigh;
She handled it, and danced it up and down,
Not ceasing till she raised it from (the swoune);
And then it flew on her as it were wood,
And on her breech laboured and foam'd a good;
He rubbed and pierced her ever to the bone,
Digging as deep as he could dig for stones;
Now high, now low, now striking short and thick,
And diving deeper, pierced her to the quick;
Now with a gird he would his course rebate,
Then would he take him to a stately gate.
Play when he list, and thrust he nere so hard,
Poor patient Grissell lyeth at his ward,
And gives and takes as blith and fresh as May,
And ever meets him in the middle of the way.
On her his eyes continually were fixt;
With his eye-brows, her melting eyes were mixt,
Which, like the sun, betwixt two glasses plays,
From the one to the other casting rebounding rays.
She like a star, that, to requite his beams,
Sucks the influence of sweet Phoebus streams,
In bathes the beams of his descending light
In the deepest fountains of the purest light.
She, fair as fairest planet in the sky,
But purity to no man doth deny;
The very chamber that includes her shine,
Seems as the palace of the gods divine,
Who leads the day about the Zodiack;
And in the even, sets of the ocean lake;
So fierce and fervent in her radiance,
Such flying breath she darts at every glance
As might inflame the very napp of age,
And cause pale death him suddenly t'assuage,
And stand and gaze upon those orient lamps,
Where Cupid all his joys incamps.
(And sits and plays with every atomie
That in her Sun-beams swarm abundantly.)
Thus striking, thus gazing, we persevere:
But nought so sure that will continue ever:
"Fleet not so fast," my ravished senses cries,
"Since my Content upon thy life relies,
Which brought so soon from his delightful seats,
Me, unawares, of blissful hope defeats;
(Together let our equal motion stir,
Together let us live and die, my dear;)
Together let us march with one content
And be consum(e)d without languishment."

As she prescribed, so keep we clock and time,
And every stroke in order like a chime,
So she that here preferred me by her pity,
Unto our music fram'd a groaning ditty:
"Alas, alas, that love should be a sin!
Even now my joys and sorrows do begin;
Hold wide thy lap, my lovely Danae,
And entertain this golden showery sea,
That drisling fall(s) into thy treasury:"
Sweet April flowers not half so pleasant be,
Nor Nilus overflowing Egypt plain,
As in the balm that all her womb destreyn.
"Now, oh now," she trickling moves her lips,
And often to and fro she lightly starts and skips:
She jerks her legs, and fresketh with her heels:
No tongue can tell the pleasures that she feels.
"I come, I come, sweet death, rock me a-sleep!
Sleep, sleep, desire, intomb me in the deep!"
"Not so, my dear and dearest," she replied:
"From us two (? sweet) this pleasure must not glide,
Until the sinewy Chambers of our blood
Withhold themselves from this new prisoned flood;
And then we will, that then will come so soon,
Dissolved lie, as though our days were done."

The whilest I speak, my soul is stealing hence,
And life forsakes his earthly residence:
"Stay but one hour,—an hour is not so much,
Nay, half an hour: and if thy haste be such,
Nay, but a quarter, I will ask no more,
That thy departure, which torments me sore,
May now be lengthened by a little pause,
And take away this passion's sudden cause."
He hears me not; hard hearted as he is,
He is the scorn of time, and hath my bliss:
Time ne'er looks back; the river ne'er returns;
A second spring must help, or else I burn:
(No, no, the well is dry that should refresh me,
The glass is run of all my destiny:
Nature, of winter leaneth, niggardize,
Who, as he overbears the stream with ice
That man nor beast may of their pleasance taste,
So shuts she up her conduit all in haste,
And will not let her Nectar overflow,
Lest mortal man immortal joys should know.
Adieu, unconstant love, to thy disport;
Adieu, false mirth, and melodies too short;
Adieu, faint-hearted instrument of lust,
That falsely hath betrayed our equal trust.)
Henceforth I will no more implore thine aid,
Or thee for ever of Cowardice shall upbraid:

My little dildo shall supply your kind,
A youth that is as light as leaves in wind:
He bendeth not, nor foldeth any deal,
But stands as stiff as he were made of steel;
(And plays at peacock twixt my legs right blithe
And doeth my tickling swage with many a sigh;)
And when I will, he doth refresh me well,
And never makes my tender belly swell."
Poor Priapus, thy kingdom needs must fall,
Except thou thrust thus weakling to the wall;
Behold how he usurps in bed and bower,
And undermines thy kingdom every hour:
And slyly creeps between the bark and tree,
And sucks the sap while sleep detaineth thee:
He is my Mistress lake[1] at every sound,
And soon will tent a deep intrenched wound;
He waits on courtly nymphs that are full coy,
And bids them scorn the blind alluring boy;
(He gives young girls their gamesome sustenance,
And every gaping mouth his full sufficiance.)
He fortifies disdain with foreign arts,
While wantons chaste delude all loving hearts.
If any wight a cruel Mistress serve,
And in despair full deeply pine and sterve,
(Curse Eunuch dildo, senseless counterfeit,
Who sooth may fill, but never can beget:
But if revenge enraged with despair,
That such a dwarf his welfare should impair,)
Would fain this woman's secretary know,
Let him attend the marks that I shall show:
He is a youth almost two handfulls high;
Straight, round, and plump, and having but one eye,
Wherein the rheum so fervently doth rain,
The Stygian gulf can scarce his tears contain;
Running sometimes in thick congealed glass,
Where he more like, down into hell would pass:
An arm strong guider steadfastly him guides;
Upon a chariot of five wheels he rides,
Attired in white velvet or in silk,
And nourisht with warm water or with milk,
And often alters pace as ways grow deep;
For who, in places unknown, one pace can keep?
Sometimes he smoothly slippeth down a hill;
Some other times, the stones his feet do kill;
In clayey ways he treadeth by and by,
And placeth himself and all that standeth by:
So fares this royal rider in his race,
Plunging and sowsing forward in like case,
Bedasht, bespotted, and beplotted foul—
God give thee shame, thou foul misshapen owl!

[1] Page (?).

But free from grief a lady's chamberleyne,
And canst thou not thy tattling tongue refrain?
I tell the beardless blabb, beware of stripes,
And be advised what thou so vainly pipst;
If Ilyian queen know of thy bravery here,
Thou shouldst be whipt with nettles for thy geer.

Saint Dennis shield me from such female sprights!
Regard not, dames, what Cupid's poet writes:
I pen this story only for myself;
And, giving it to such an actual elf,
Am quite discouraging in my musery,
Since all my store to her seems misery.
I am not as was Hercules the stout,
That to the seventh journey could hold out;
I want those herbs and roots of Indian soil,
That strengthen weary members in their toil,
Or drugs or electuaries of new devises,
That shame my purse, and tremble at the prices.
I paid of both, (the) scott and lott almost,
Yet look as lank and lean as any ghost;
For that I always had, I paid the whole,
Which, for a poor man, is a princely dole—
What can be added more to my renown?
She lieth breathless; I am taken down;
The waves do swell, the tide climbs o'er the banks;
Judge, gentlewomen, doth this deserve no thanks?
And so, good night unto you every one;
For lo, our thread is spun, our play's done.

(Thus hath my pen presum'd to please my friend:
  Oh, mightst thou likewise please Apollo's eye.
  No, Honor brooks no such impiety,
  Yet Ovid's wanton muse did not offend.
He is the fountain whence my streamers do flow—
  Forgive me if I speak as I was taught,
  Alike to women utter all I know,
  As longing to unlade so bad a fraught.
My mind once purg'd of such lascivious wit,
  With purified words and hallowed verse,
  Thy praises in large volumes shall rehearse
  That better may thy graver view befit.
Meanwhile it rests, you smile at what I write
  Or for attempting banish me your sight.)

I Care Not for These Ladies

BY THOMAS CAMPION FROM A BOOK OF AYRES, 1601

I CARE not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed:
Give me kind Amarillis,
The wanton country maid.

Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own,
  Her when we court and kiss,
  She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
  But when we come where comfort is,
  She never will say "No!"

If I love Amarillis,
She gives me fruit and flowers:
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers,
Give them gold, that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
  Who, when we court and kiss,
  She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
  But when we come where comfort is,
  She never will say "No!"

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis,
With milk and honey fed;
  Who, when we court and kiss,
  She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
  But when we come where comfort is,
  She never will say "No!"

Follow Your Saint

BY THOMAS CAMPION, 1601

My love hath vowed he will forsake me,
  And I am already sped;
Far other promise he did make me
  When he had my maidenhead.
If such danger be in playing
  And sport must to earnest turn,
I will go no more a-maying.

Had I foreseen what is ensued,
  And what now with pain I prove,
Unhappy then I had eschewed
  This unkind event of love:
Maids foreknow their own undoing,
  But fear naught till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure,
  What didst thou not vow and swear?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure
  Which so long I held so dear.

Now thou provest to me a stranger:
  Such is the vile guise of men
When a woman is in danger.

That heart is nearest to misfortune
  That will trust a feigned tongue;
When flatt'ring men our loves importune
  They intend us deepest wrong.
If this shame of love's betraying
  But this once I cleanly shun,
I will go no more a-maying.

Hark, All You Ladies That Do Sleep

BY THOMAS CAMPION, 1601

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep!
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep.
  You may do in the dark
    What the day doth forbid;
  Fear not the dogs that bark,
    Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
  That shall pinch black and blue
    Your white hands and fair arms
  That did not kindly rue
    Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
  The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds
  Holds a watch with sweet love,
    Down the dale, up the hill;
  No plaints or groans may move
    Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
  Roses red, lilies white,
    And the clear damask hue,
  Shall on your cheeks alight:
    Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour more:
  They that have not fed
    On delight amorous,
  She vows that they shall lead
    Apes in Avernus.

Who Is to Marry Me?

BY THOMAS CAMPION, 1601

Young and simple though I am,
I have heard of Cupid's name;
Guess I can, what thing it is,
Men desire when they do kiss.
Smoke can never burn, they say;
But the flame that follows, may.

I am not so foul or fair,
To be proud, or to despair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd,
Men that kiss them, press them hard,
As glad lovers use to do
When their new met loves they woo.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind;
Yet methinks, a heat I find,
Like thirst longing, that doth bide
Ever on my weaker side,
Where they say my heart doth move:
Venus grant it be not love.

If it be, alas what then,
Were not Women made for Men?
As good 'tis, a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last,
Roses that are overblown,
Grow less sweet, then fall alone.

Yet no Churl nor silken Gull,
Shall my maiden blossom pull,
Who shall not, I soon can tell;
Who shall, I would I could as well.
This I know who ere he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

Married wives may take and leave;
Where they please, refuse, receive;
We poor Maids must not do so;
We must answer yea with no;
We seem strange, coy, and curst,
And fain we would do, if we durst.

If Any Hath the Heart to Kill

BY THOMAS CAMPION, 1601

If any hath the heart to kill,
  Come rid me of this woeful pain!
For while I live I suffer still
  This cruel torment all in vain:
Yet none alive but one can guess
What is the cause of my distress.

Thanks be to heaven, no grievous smart,
  No maladies my limbs annoy;
I bear a fond and sprightful heart,
  Yet live I quite deprived of joy;
Since what I had in vain I crave,
And what I had not now I have.

A love I had, so fair, so sweet,
  As ever wanton eye did see:
Once by appointment we did meet:
  She would, but ah, it would not be!
She gave her heart, her hand she gave;
All did I give, she nought could have.

What hag did then my powers forspeak,
  That never yet such taint did feel!
Now she rejects me as one weak,
  Yet am I all composed of steel.
Ah, this is it my heart doth grieve:
Now though she sees, she'll not believe.

Beauty, Since You So Much Desire

BY THOMAS CAMPION, 1601

BEAUTY, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
About you somewhere doth it rest,
Yet never harbour'd in your breast,
Nor gout-like in your heel or toe,—
What fool would seek Love's flame so low?
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Think not, when Cupid most you scorn,
Men judge that you of ice were born;
For though you cast love at your heel,
His fury yet sometimes you feel:
And whereabouts if you would know,
I tell you still not in your toe:
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Fain Would I Wed a Fair Young Man

BY THOMAS CAMPION, 1601

FAIN would I wed a fair young man that day and night
  could please me.
When my mind or body grieved that had the power to ease
  me.

Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a bloodless sickness,
And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured by quickness,
Oft I have been wooed and prayed, but never could be moved;
Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved,
But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes the thing resolved;
If to love be sin in me that sin is soon absolved.
Sure I think I shall at last fly to some holy order;
When I once am settled there then can I fly no farther.
Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a mother;
As I was by one brought forth I would bring forth another.

The Courteous Knight

DEUTEROMELIA [WITH MUSIC]; 1609; CF. "THE BAFFLED KNIGHT: OR THE LADY'S POLICY" [ROXBURGHE BALLADS, II, 281]

YONDER comes a courteous Knight,
Lustily raking over the hay,
He was well 'ware of a bonny lass,
As she came wandering over the way:
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry.
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry.

Jove you speed, fair Lady, he said,
Amongst the leaves that be so green;
If I were a King, and wore a Crown,
Full soon, fair Lady, should thou be a Queen.
Then she sang down a down, etc.

Also Jove save you, fair Lady,
Among the Roses that be so red;
If I have not my will of you,
Full soon, fair Lady, shall I be dead.
Then she sang down a down, etc.

Then he looked East, then he looked West,
He looked North, so did he South:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the Devil's mouth.
Then she sang down a down, etc.

If you will carry me, gentle Sir,
A maid unto my father's hall;
Then you shall have your will of me
Under purple and under Pall.
Then she sang down a down, etc.

He set her upon a steed,
  And himself upon another;
And all the day he rode her by,
  As tho' they had been sister and brother.
    Then she sang down a down, etc.

When she came to her father's hall,
  It was well walled round about;
She rode in at the wicket gate,
  And shut the four ear'd fool without.
    Then she sang down a down, etc.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
  Among the corn, amidst the hay,
Where you might had your will of me,
  For, in good faith, Sir, I ne'er said nay.
    Then she sang down a down, etc.

You had me also amid the field,
  Among the rushes that were so brown;
Where you might had your will of me,
  But you had not the face to lay me down.
    Then she sang down a down, etc.

He pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
  And wip'd the rust off with his sleeve:
And said: Jove's Curse come to his heart,
  That any Woman would believe.
    Then she sang down a down, etc.

When you have your own true love,
  A mile or twain out of the Town,
Spare not for her gay clothing,
  But lay her body flat on the ground.
    Then she sang down a down, etc.

Certain Epigrams Concerning Marriage

FROM EPITHALAMIA, OR NUPTIAL POEMS OF GEORGE WITHER, 1612

EPIGRAM I.

'Tis said, in marriage above all the rest
The children of a king find comforts least,
Because without respect of love or hate
They must, and oft, be ruled by the State;
But if contented love, religion's care,
Equality in state, and years declare
A happy match, as I suppose no less,
Then rare and great's Eliza's happiness.

EPIGRAM 2.

God was the first that marriage did ordain,
By making one, two; and two, one again.

EPIGRAM 3.

Soldier, of thee I ask, for thou canst best,
Having known sorrow, judge of joy and rest;
What greater bliss than after all thy harms
To have a wife that's fair and lawful thine,
And lying prison'd 'twixt her ivory arms,
There tell what thou hast 'scaped by powers divine?
How many round thee thou hast murdered seen,
How oft thy soul hath been near-hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
Whilst she thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
  With joy of health and pity of thy pain,
  Doth weep and kiss, and kiss and weep again.

EPIGRAM 4.

Fair Helen having stain'd her husband's bed,
And mortal hatred 'twixt two kingdoms bred,
Had still remaining in her so much good
That heroes for her lost their dearest blood:
Then if with all that ill such worth many last,
Oh, what is she worth that's as fair—and chaste!

EPIGRAM 5.

Old Orpheus knew a good wife's worth so well
That when he died he followed her to hell,
And for her loss at the Elysian grove
He did not only ghosts to pity move,
But the sad poet breathed his sighs so deep,
'Tis said, the devils could not choose but weep.

EPIGRAM 6.

Long did I wonder, and I wonder much,
Rome's Church should from her clergy take that due:
Thought I, why should she that contentment grutch?
What, doth she all with continence endue?
No; but why then are they debarr'd that state?
Is she become a foe unto her own?
Doth she then members of her body hate,
Or is it for some other cause unshown?
Oh yes, they find a woman's lips so dainty,
They tie themselves from one 'cause they'll have twenty.

EPIGRAM 7.

Women, as some men say, unconstant be;
'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men:
Nay, if their scapes we could so plainly see,
I fear that scarce there will be one for ten.

Men have but their own lusts that tempt to ill:
Women had lusts and men's allurements too:
Alas, if their strengths cannot curb their will,
What should poor women, that are weaker, do?
  O, they had need be chaste and look about them,
  That strive 'gainst lust within and knives without them.

Narcissus, Come Kiss Us!

RAWLINSON MS. POET; C. [1610-50]; ALSO ANE PLEASANT GARDEN

As I was a walking, I cannot tell where,
Nor whither, in verse or in prose;
Nor know I the meaning, altho' they all sate,
Even, as it were, under my nose.
But ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

There came in a lad from I cannot tell where,
  With I cannot tell what in his hand;
It was a fine thing, tho' it had little sense,
  But yet it would lustily stand.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

Some shaked it, some stroked it, some kiss'd it,
    'tis said,
  For it looked so lovely indeed,
All loved it as honey, and none were afraid,
  Because of their bodily need.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

At length he did put his pretty fine toy
  (I cannot tell where 'twas) below,
Into one of these ladies, I cannot tell why,
  Nor wherefore, that he should do so.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

But when these fair ladies had sported all night,
  And rifled Dame Nature's scant store;
And pleasured themselves with Venus' delight,
  Till the youth could hardly do more.
Then ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

The lad being tired, began to retreat,
  And hang down his head like a flower;
The ladies the more did desire a new heat,
  But alas! it was out of his power.
But ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

When full forty weeks were expired,
  A pitiful story to tell,
These ladies did get what they little desire,
  For their bellies began for to swell.
Still ever and ever the ladies all cried,
"Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside."

Lucina in pity then sent them her aid,
  To cease them of all their sorrow;
But when these fair ladies were once brought
    to bed,
  They still had the same mind tomorrow.
And dandling their babies they rantingly-cried,
"Narcissus, shan't miss us, and be by our side!"

The Description of Women

FROM THE RAWLINSON MS. [C. 1610-20]; POET. 216

ALL you that lovers be,
  And like the amorous trade,
Come learn of me, what women be,
  And whereof they be made.

Their heads are made of llash,[1]
  Their tongues are made of say,
Their love, of silken changeable,
  That lasteth but a day.

Their wit, mockador is,
  Of durance is their hate,
The food they feed on most is caipe,
  Their gaming is checkmate.

Of fustan their discourse
  Their zeal is made of frees,
And they that on their favour wait,
  Get most when most they leese.

Their glory springs from satten,
  Their vanity from feather,
Their beauty is stand further of,
  Their conscience made of leather.

Their humors water chamblett,
  But canvas fits them best;
Perpetuana is their folly,
  Their earnest is but jest.

Their life is love in Heues,
  Their doings are their pleasure;
They lawless are, yet all they wear,
  They buy standing measure.

[1] Ffash. *Ms.*

Their eyes are made of lecke,
  Their lips of sops in wine:
The worst of them the elder is,
  Their longing thoughts are pine.

Their foreparts are of rue,
  Their hinder parts of docks;
Of hardest brass are their hearts,
  Their hands are made of box.

Their malice is of lead,
  Their avarice of money,
Their subtility of fox fur is,
  Their traffick is of coney.

Or if, in plainer terms,
  They would with-all be dealt,
Of beaver are their snow-white thighs,
  Their limbs are made of felt.

The Bride's First Night

BY "W. C."; FROM RAWLINSON MS. [C. 1610-20] POET. 214, LEAF 71, BACK

BEING entered, and the bed with all things set,
Upon the side thereof a while they sit,
When left alone, they talk and toy and smile,
She, whilst she can, the time seeks to beguile,
Till suddenly her cheeks are all bewept,
To loose so soon what she so long hath kept;
And oft she castes her eyes upon the place
Where she is to wrastle; and she hides her face.
He with such gentle force compels the Lass,
As would not break her, were she made of glass,
So loath he is to hurt her; yet he throws
Her softly down, and to her side he grows.
Venus begins to teach them a new trade,
The marriage queen here plays the chamber-maid:
Juno herself, whose new affections grown,
And there attends to teach them Mars unknown,
The whilst he seeks for babies in her eyes,
Feels her white neck and ivory breasts that rise
Like two white snowy hills, and still doth praise
All that he feels or touches; then thus says:
"O fresh and flourishing Virgin now in bride,
And are you grown at length so near my side;
Of all my hopes the storehouse and the treasure,
My long-expected, now my greatest treasure;
My sweet and dearest love, this could not be
Nor happen thus, but by the gods' decree;
And will (you) now the power of love withstand?"
At this she turns, and stays his forward hand,

Trembling to think of that which was to ensue,
Or prove the thing which yet she never knew;
Twixt hope and fear she thus replies:
"O fair and lovely youth, list t' a Virgin's prayer!
Of the ingrate, by those which gave thee such,
Thy parents be, I only beg thus much:
Pity my tears, put me to no affright,
I only crave reprieve but for this night."
With (that) she seems intranced, and prostrate lies,
And since he needs must, lets him act his will:
Betwixt them too, they quench love's amorous fires,
She what she fears, he what he long desires.

The Courtier's Good Morrow to His Mistris

FROM THOMAS RAVENSCROFT'S MELISMATA, 1611

CANST thou love, and lie alone,
Love is so, love is so disgraced:
Pleasure is best, wherein is rest
In a heart embraced.
Rise, rise, rise
Day-light do not burn out,
Bells do ring,
And Birds do sing,
Only I that mourn out.

Morning Star doth not appear,
Wind is hushed, and skies clear:
Come, come away, come, come away,
Canst thou love and burn out day?
Rise, rise, rise, rise,
Day-light do not burn out,
Bells do ring,
Birds do sing,
Only I that mourn out.

A Cuckold with a Witnesse

BY RICHARD BRATHWAITE. FROM A STRAPPADO FOR THE DEVIL, 1615

A WILY wench there was (as I have read)
Who us'd to capricorn her husband's head,
Which he suspecting, lay in private wait,
To catch the knave, and keep his wife more straight.
But all in vain: they day by day did mate it,
Yet could his four eyes never take them at it.

This subtle wench perceiving how they should
At last prevented be, do all they could:
For now Italian-like her husband grew,
Horn-mad I wist, and kept her in a Mew
Invent'd a trick, which to accomplish better,
Unto her friend she closely sent a letter,
And thus it was; Friend you shall know by me,
My husband keeps me far more narrowly
Then he was wont, so as to tell you true,
You cannot come to me; nor I to you.
Yet spite of his eyes and as many more,
We'll use those pleasures which we used before:
Only be wise, and second what I wish:
Which to express (my friend) know this it is,
My husband as he hates the horns to wear,
Of all the Badges forth, so fears he'th Bear,
More than all other Beasts which do frequent
The healthy Forests spacious continent.
If thou wilt right me then, and pepper him,
Cover thy servant in a false Bear's skin.
And come tomorrow, as thou used before,
Tying thy servant to my chamber door.
After this quaint direction he attired
His man in bear-skin as she had desir'd
Entering the chamber he received is
With many a smile, back-fall, and sweetened kiss:
For they're secure, of all that was before,
Having a Bear that kept the Buss from door.
The wittol fool no sooner inkling had,
Then up the stairs he ran as he were mad.
But seeing none but th' Bear to entertain him,
Of Horns he never after did complain him.

The Maid's Comfort

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. II, 1874

Down in a garden sits my dearest Love,
Her skin more white than is the Down of Swan,
More tender-hearted than the Turtle Dove,
And far more kind than is the Pelican;
I courted her, she blushing, rose and said,
Why was I born to live and die a Maid?

If that be all your grief, my Sweet, said I,
I soon shall ease you of your care and pain,
Yielding a mean to cure your misery,
That you no more shall cause have to complain,
Then be content, Sweeting, to her, I said,
Be ruled by me, thou shalt not die a Maid.

A Medicine for thy grief I can procure,
Then wail no more (my Sweet) in discontent,
My love to thee for ever shall endure,
I'll give no cause whereby thou shouldst repent,
The Match we make: for I will constant prove
To thee, my Sweeting, and my dearest Love.

Then sigh no more, but wipe thy watery eyes,
Be not perplexed, my Honey, at the heart,
Thy beauty doth my Heart and thoughts surprise
Then yield me love, to end my burning smart:
Shrink not from me, my bonny Love, I said,
For I have vowed thou shalt not die a Maid.

Pity it were, so fair a one as you,
Adorned with Nature's chiefest Ornaments,
Should languish thus in pain, I tell you true,
Yielding in love, all danger still prevents:
Then seem not coy, nor Love be not afraid,
But yield to me, thou shalt not die a Maid.

Yield me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
For I am now tormented at the heart,
My affection's pure, my love to thee is great,
Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart:
I love thee dear, and shall do evermore,
O pity me, for love I now implore.

For her I plucked a pretty Marigold,
Whose leaves shut up even with the Evening Sun,
Saying, Sweetheart, look now and do behold
A pretty Riddle in it to be shown:
This Leaf shut in, even like a Cloistered Nun,
Yet will it open, when it feels the Sun.

What mean you by this Riddle, Sir, she said:
I pray expound it, then he thus began:
Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids
With that she changed her colour, and looked wan,
Since you this Riddle to me so well have told
Be you my Sun, I'll be your Marigold.

THE SECOND PART

I gave consent, and thereto did agree
To sport with her within that lovely Bower:
I pleased her, and she likewise pleased me,
Jove found such pleasures in a Golden Shower.
Our Sports being ended, then she blushing, said,
I have my wish, for now I am no Maid.

But Sir (quoth she) from me you must not part,
Your company so well I do effect,
My love you have, now you have won my heart,
Your loving self for ever I respect;
Then go not from me, gentle Sir, quoth she,
'Tis death to part, my gentle Love, from thee.

The kindness you, good Sir, to me have shown,
Shall never be forgot, whilst life remains:
Grant me thy love, and I will be thine own,
Yield her relief that now for love complains:
O leave me not, to languish in despair,
But stay with me, to ease my heart of care.

Your Marigold for ever I will be,
Be you my Sun, 'tis all I do desire,
Your heating Beams yield comfort unto me,
My love to you is fervent and entire:
Let yours, good Sir, I pray be so to me,
For I hold you my chief felicity,

Content within your company I find,
Yield me some comfort, gentle Sir, I pray,
To ease my grief and my tormented mind;
My love is firm, and never shall decay:
So constant still (my Sweet) I'll prove to you,
Loyal in thoughts, my love shall still be true.

Content thyself (quoth he) my only Dear
In love to thee I will remain as pure
As Turtle to her Mate: to thee I swear,
My constant love for ever shall endure:
Then weep no more, sweet comfort I'll thee yield,
Thy beauteous Face my heart hath filled.

Comfort she found, and straight was made a Wife
It was the only thing she did desire:
And she enjoys a Man loves her as Life
And will do ever, till his date expire,
And this for truth, report hast to me told,
He is her Sun, and she his Marigold.

Tottingham Frolic

ANONYMOUS. FROM CHOYCE DROLLERY

As I came from Tottingham
  Upon a Market-day,
There I met with a bonny Lass
  Cloathed all in Grey,
Her Journey was to London,
  With Butter-milk and Whey.
To come Down a down,
To come Down, down a down a.

Sweet-heart, quoth he,
  You're well overtook,
With that she cast her Head aside,
  And lent him a Look;
Then presently these two
  Both Hands together shook:
To come, etc.

And as they rode together,
  Along side by side,
The Maiden it so chanced,
  Her Garter was unty'd;
For fear that she should lose it,
  Look here, Sweet-heart, he cry'd,
Your Garter is down a down, etc.

Good Sir, quoth she,
  I pray you take the Pain,
To do so much for me,
  As to take it up again,
With a good will, quoth he,
  When I come to yonder Plain,
I will take you down, etc.

And when they came unto the place,
  Upon the Grass so green,
The Maid she held her Legs so wide,
  The Young man slipt between,
Such tying of a Garter,
  You have but seldom seen.
To come down, etc.

Then she rose up again,
And thank'd him for his pain:
  He took her by the middle small,
  And Kiss'd her once again:
Her Journey was to London,
  And he from Highgate came,
To come down, etc.

Thus Tibb of Tottingham,
  She lost her Maiden-head,
But yet it is no matter,
  It stood her in small stead,
For it did often trouble her,
  As she lay in her Bed.
To come down, etc.

But when all her Butter-milk
  And her Whey was sold,
The loss of her Maiden-head,
  It waxed very cold:
But that which will away, quoth she,
  Is very hard to hold,
To come, etc.

You Maids, you Wives, and Widows,
  That now do hear my Song,
If any young man proffer Kindness,
  Pray take it short, or long;
For there is no such Comfort
  As lying with a Man.
To come Down a down,
To come Down, down a down a.

Room for a Jovial Tinker; Old Brass to Mend

ANONYMOUS. ROXBURGHE BALLADS: C. 1616

It was a lady of the North she loved a Gentleman,
And knew not well what course to take, to use him now and then.
Wherefore she writ a Letter, and sealed it with her hand,
And bid him be a Tinker, to mend both pot and pan,
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

And when the merry Gentleman the Letter he did read,
He got a budget on his back, and Apron with all speed,
His pretty shears and pincers, so well they did agree,
With a long pike staff upon his back, came tripping o'er the Lee.
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

When he came to the Lady's house, he knocked at the gate,
Then answered this Lady gay, "Who knocketh there so late?"
" 'Tis I, Madam," the Tinker said, "I work for gold and fee:
If you have any broken pots or pans, come bring them all to me."
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

"I am the bravest Tinker that lives beneath the Sun,
If you have any work to do, you shall have it well done;
I have brass within my budget, and punching under my Apron,
I'm come unto your Ladyship, and mean to mend your Coldron."
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

"I prethee," said the Lady gay, "bring now thy budget in,
I have store of work for thee to do, if thou wilt once begin."
Now when the Tinker he came in, that did the budget bear,
"God bless," quoth he, "your Ladyship! God save you, Madam fair."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

But when the Lady knew his face, she then began to wink,
"Haste, lusty Butler!" then quoth she, "to fetch the man some drink.
Give him such meat as we do eat, and drink as we do use,
It is not for a Tinker's Trade good liquor to refuse."
With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

But when that he had eat and drunk, the truth of all is so,
The Lady took him by the sleeve, her work to him to show,

"Let up thy Tools, Tinker," quoth she, "and see there be none lost,
And mend my Kettle handsomely, what ere it doth me cost."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

"Your work, Madam, shall be well done, if you will pay me for't;
For every nail that I do drive, you shall give me a mark.
If I do not drive the nail to th' head, I'll have nothing for my pain,
And what I do receive of you shall be return'd again."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

At last being come into the Room, where he the work should do,
The Lady lay down on the bed, so did the Tinker too:
Although the Tinker knocked amain, the Lady was not offended,
But before that she rose from the bed, her Coldron was well fended,
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

But when his work was at an end, which he did in the dark,
She put her hand into her purse and gave him twenty mark,
"Here's money for thy work," said she, "and I thank thee for thy pain,
And when my Coldron mending lacks I'll send for thee again."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

The Tinker he was well content for that which he had done,
So took his budget on his back, and quickly he was gone.
Then the Lady to her husband went, "O my dear Lord," quoth she,
"I have set the bravest Tinker at work that ever you did see."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

"No fault at all this Tinker hath, but he takes dear for his work,
That little time that he wrought here it cost me twenty mark."
"If you had been so wise," quoth he, "for to have held your own,
Before you set him to this work the price you might have known."
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down, derry.

"Pray hold your peace, my Lord," quoth she, "and think it not too dear.
If you cou'd do't so well 'twould save you forty pound a year."

With that the Lord most lovingly, to make all things amends,
He kindly kist his Lady gay, and so they both were friends.
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down
down, derry.

You merry Tinkers, every one, that hear this new-made Sonnet,
When as you do a Lady's work be sure you think upon it;
Drive home your nails to the very head, and do your work
profoundly,
And then no doubt your Mistresses will pay you for it soundly.
With hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down
down, derry.

ANOTHER VERSION

The Tinker[1]

ANONYMOUS. FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1661

THERE was a Lady in this Land
That loved a Gentleman,
And could not have him secretly,
As she would now and then,
Till she devised to dress him like
A Tinker in Vocation:
And thus, disguised, she bid him say,
He came to clout her Cauldron.

His face full fair she smothers black
That he might not be known,
A leather Jerkin on his back,
His breeches rent and torn;
With speed he passed to the place,
To knock he did not spare:
Who's that, quoth the lady ('s Porter) then,
That raps so rashly there?

I am a Tinker, then quoth he,
That worketh for my Fee,
If you have Vessels for to mend,
Then bring them unto me:
For I have brass within my bag,
And target in my Apron,
And with my skill I can well clout,
And mend a broken Cauldron.

Quoth she, our Cauldron hath most need,
At it we will begin,
For it will hold you half an hour
To trim it out and in:
But first give me a glass of drink,
The best that we do use,
For why it is a Tinker's guise
No good drink to refuse.

[1] Some of these verses are evidently misplaced. They are printed unchanged.

Then to the Brew-house hyed they fast,
  This broken piece to mend,
He said he would no company,
  His Craft should not be kend,
But only to your self, he said,
  That must pay me my Fee:
I am no common Tinker,
  But work most curiously.

And I also have made a Vow,
  I'll keep it if I may,
There shall no mankind see my work,
  That I may stop or stay:
Then barred he the Brew-house door,
  The place was very dark,
He cast his Budget from his back,
  And frankly fell to work.

And whilst he play'd and made her sport,
  Their craft the more to hide,
She with his hammer stroke full hard
  Against the Cauldron side:
Which made them all to think, and say,
  The Tinker wrought apace,
And so be sure he did indeed,
  But in another place.

The Porter went into the house,
  Where Servants used to dine,
Telling his Lady, at the Gate
  There stayed a Tinker fine:
Quoth he, much Brass he wears about,
  And Target in his Apron,
Saying, that he hath perfect skill
  To mend your broken Cauldron.

Quoth she, of him we have great need,
  Go Porter, let him in,
If he be cunning in his Craft
  He shall much money win:
But wisely wist she who he was,
  Though nothing she did say,
For in that sort she pointed him
  To come that very day.

When he before the Lady came,
  Disguised stood he there,
He blinked blithly, and did say,
  God save you Mistris fair;
Thou'rt welcome, Tinker, unto me,
  Thou seem'st a man of skill,
All broken Vessels for to mend,
  Though they be ne'er so ill;

I am the best man of my Trade,
  Quoth he, in all this Town,
For any Kettle, Pot, or Pan,
  Or clouting of a Cauldron.

Quoth he, fair Lady, unto her,
  My business I have ended,
Go quickly now, and tell your Lord
  The Cauldron I have mended:
As for the Price, that I refer
  Whatsoever he do say,
Then come again with diligence,
  I would I were away.

The Lady went unto her Lord,
  Where he walked up and down,
Sir, I have with the Tinker been,
  The best in all the Town:
His work he doth exceeding well,
  Though he be wondrous dear,
He asks no less than half a Mark
  For that he hath done here.

Quoth he, that Target is full dear,
  I swear by God's good Mother:
Quoth she, my Lord, I dare protest,
  'Tis worth five-hundred other;
He strook it in the special place,
  Where greatest need was found,
Spending his brass and target both,
  To make it safe and sound.

Before all Tinkers in the Land,
  That travels up and down,
Ere they should earn a Groat of mine,
  This man should earn a Crown:
Or were you of his Craft so good,
  And none but I it kend,
Then would it save me many a Mark,
  Which I am fain to spend.

The Lady to her Coffer went,
And took a hundred Mark,
And gave the Tinker for his pains,
  That did so well his work;
Tinker, said she, take here thy fee,
  Sith here you'll not remain,
But I must have my Cauldron now
  Once scoured o'er again.

Then to the former work they went,
  No man could them deny;
The Lady said, good Tinker call
  The next time thou com'st by:

For why, thou dost thy work so well,
  And with so good invention,
If still thou hold thy hand alike,
  Take here a yearly Pension.

And ev'ry quarter of the year
  Our Cauldron thou shalt view;
Nay, by my faith, her Lord gan say,
  I'd rather buy a new;
Then did the Tinker take his leave
  Both of the Lord and Lady;
And said, such work as I can do,
  To you I will be ready,
From all such Tinkers of the trade
  God keep my Wife, I pray,
That comes to clout her Cauldron so,
  I'll swing him if I may.

The Three Merry Travellers

ANONYMOUS. IN BAGFORD BALLADS: C. 1630

THERE was three Travellers, Travellers three,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they would go Travel the North Country,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

They Travelled East, and they Travelled West,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Wherever they came still they drank of the best,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

At length by good fortune they came to an Inn,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they were as Merry as e'er they had been,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

A Jolly young widow did smiling appear,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Who drest them a Banquet of delicate cheer,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

Both Chicken and sparrow grass she did provide,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
You're Welcome, kind Gentlemen, welcome, (she cried)
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

They called for liquor both Beer, Ale and Wine,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And every thing that was curious and fine,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

They drank to their Hostess a merry full bowl,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
She pledged them in love, like a generous Soul,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess, her Maid, and Cousin all three,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They kissed and was merry, as merry could be,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

Full Bottles and Glasses replenished the Board,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
No liquors was wanting the house could afford,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

When they had been Merry good part of the Day,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They called their Hostess to know what's to pay,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

There's Thirty good shilling, and Six pence, (she cried)
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They told her that she should be soon satisfied,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Handsomest Man of the three up he got,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
He laid her on her Back, and paid her the shot,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

The middlemost Man to her Cousin he went,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
She being handsome, he gave her Content,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Last Man of all he took up with the Maid,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And thus the whole shot of it was Lovingly paid,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess, the Cousin, and Servant, we find,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Made courtesies, and thanked them for being so kind,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess said, Welcome, kind Gentlemen all,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
If you chance to come this way be pleased to Call,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

Then taking their leaves they went merrily out,
  With a hye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they're gone for to Travel the Nation about,
  Without ever a stiver of Money.

A Good Throw for Three Maiden-Heads

BY MARTIN PARKER. 1631. FROM A PEPYSIAN GARLAND, 1922

Some say that maiden-heads are of high price,
But here are three maids that have lost theirs at dice.

THREE maidens did make a meeting,
With one young man of late,
Where they had such a greeting,
As passes *Peg* and *Kate*.
They talk of many matters,
Not fitting to be told;
Also they drank strong waters,
To heat their stomachs cold.
and when they had,
drunk with the Lad,
Until they were merry all:
between them three,
they did agree,
Into discourse to fall.

Concerning husbands getting,
The question did arise,
And each of them their sitting,
Some reason did devise.
One was a milkmaid bonny,
The other I'll not name,
But she did get much money,
By selling of the same,
her name is Jone,
as is well known,
I hope 'tis no offence:
to tell what they,
did on that day,
Before they went from thence.

They all did love this young man
And each for him did strive,
It seems he was a strong man,
That could his work contrive.
Now which of them should have him,
They neither of them knew,
But each of them did crave him,
As her own proper due.
now meeting,
and greeting,
As maids and young men use,
with them he drank,
his money was frank,
Indeed he could not choose.

And either of them telling,
Her mind in full to him,
Meanwhile the rest were filling,
Their cups up to ye brim.
Because in either of them,
It seems he had a share,
Unless he meant to scoff them,
He now must choose his ware.
and therefore they,
without delay,
Being on the merry pin:
with good advice,
did throw the dice,
Who should the young man win.

The young man was contented,
And so the dice were brought.
The maids that this invented,
Their lessons were well taught:
For the young man all lusted,
And by this fine device,
They severally all trusted,
To win him by the dice.
but hark now,
and mark now,
The manner of their play:
in their behalf,
I know you'll laugh,
Before you go away.

THE SECOND PART

If any of the lassies,
Do overthrow the rest,
On her the verdict passes,
None should with her contest,
But she should have her lover,
Cleaner from the other twain,
If even not above her,
Then they must throw again.
but of he,
all of them, three.
Did win by throwing most:
their maiden-heads all,
to him must fall,
Without any pain or cost.

To this they all replied,
They joyntly were agreed,
What words had testifyed,
Should be perform'd indeed.
The first maid threw, tray cater ace,
Which is in all but eight,
She hoped from all the maids in place,

To win the lad by right,
    the second I think,
    threw tray duce cinque,
There's ten (quoth she) for me.
    the first was quell'd,
    for this excel'd,
Full sorely vext was she.

The third with courage lusty,
Did take the dice in hand,
Now dice if you be trusty,
Quoth she, this cast shall stand,
For I resolve for better for worse
As fortune shall dispose,
That either now I'll win the horse
Or else the Saddle lose.
    she took them,
    and she shook them,
And threw them without fear or wit,
    tray cater sice,
    gramercy dice,
Quoth she, for that is it.

She thought herself most certain
The young man now to have,
But false deluding fortune,
No such great favour gave.
The young man took the dice up,
Quoth he now have at all,
He threw sincke cater sice up,
Which made her courage fall,
    who threw the last,
    for 'twas surpast,
How now my girls, quoth he,
    you must resign,
    for they are mine,
Your maiden-heads to me.

For I have fairly won them,
As you yourselves can tell,
The lots were cast upon them,
Which you all liked well.
The maidens all confessed,
That what he said was true,
And that they were distressed,
Should he exact his due.
    we hope sir,
    some scope sir,
You unto us will give.
    if that we pay,
    what's lost by play,
'Twere pity we should live.

Quoth he, I'll have them all three,
For they by right are mine,
Or else in troth, they shall be,
All painted on my sign.
The sign of the one maiden-head,
Hath oftentimes been seen,
But I'll have three caus't shall be said
The like hath never been.
now whether this lad,
his winnings had,
I cannot nor will not say:
but likely 'tis,
he would not miss,
What was won by fair play.

They thought they had been private
Where none had heard their doing
But one did so contrive it,
That he heard all this wooing.
Thought he I have heard many hold,
Their maiden-heads at high price,
But now hereafter it may be told,
How three were won at dice.
this man ere long,
did cause this song,
To be made on the same,
that maidens fair,
might have a care,
And play no such game.

The Marriage Song Called In and Out

BY RICHARD BRATHWAITE, 1615

HA, have I catched you: prethee sweet-heart show,
If so thou canst, who is in Turn-ball now?
Dost smile my precious one? Nay I must know,
There is no remedy, then tell me how;
What my ingenuous cheat, dost laugh to see,
All former jars turn to an harmony,
So generally applauded? true thou may,
The Night is past, and now appears the day,
Full of true jouisance; long was thy suit,
Ere 'twas effected, being in and out,
Vowing and breaking, making many an oath,
Which now I hope's confirmed by you both.
O how I clip thee for it! since thy name,
Is there renewed, which first defam'd the same,
For (hear me Bride-groom) thou by this shalt save
Thyself a Title: I will raze out knave,

Dishonest lover: vow infringing swain,
And say thou ceast to love, that thou again
Might love more fervent, being taught to woo,
And wooing do what Silk-worms use to do;
Who does surcease from labour now and then,
That after rest the better they might spin.
Spin then (my pretty Cobweb) let me see,
How well thy Bride likes thy activity.
That when she sees thy cunning, she may say;
"Why now I'm pleas'd for all my long delay;
"Play that stroke still, there's none that here can let thee,
"For none there is can better please thy Bettie.
"O there (my dear) I hope thou'll ne'er give o'er,
"Why might not this been done so well before?
"Nay faint not man, was Bettie so soon won,
"That her short pleasure should be so soon done?
"Nay then come up, are marriage joys so short,
"That Maidenheads are lost with such small sport?"
This if she say (as this she well may say)
Like a good Gamester hold her still out play.
First night at least wise, and it will be hard,
But she will love the better afterward.
Whence is the Proverb (as it hath been said)
Maidens love them that have their maidenhead:

Come then, my lad, of metal make resort,
Unto the throne of love thy Bettie's fort.
There plant thy Cannon, siege her round about.
Be sure (my Boy) she cannot long hold out.
Erect thy standard, let her tender breast,
Be thy pavilion: where thou takes thy rest.
Let her sweet-rosy Breath such joys bestow,
That in that vale of Paradise below,
Thou may collect thy joys to be far more,
Than any mortal ever had before.
Yet hear me friend, if thou secure wilt be,
Observe these rules which I prescribe to thee.
Be not horn jealous, it will make thee mad,
Women will have it if it may be had.
Nor can a jealous eye prevent their sport,
For if they lov't far will they venter for't.
Suppose her straying beauty should be led,
To the embraces of another's bed,
Wilt thou Acteon-like thy hour-glass spend,
In moaning that thou never canst amend?
No, my kind friend, if thou 'lt be ruled by me,
I'd have thee wink at that which thou dost see,
Shading thy wife's defects with patient mind,
Seeing, yet seeming to the world blind.
For tell me, friend, what harm is there in it?
If then being cloyd, another have a bit?

Which thou may spare, and she as freely give,
Believe me, friend, thou hast no cause to grieve.
For though another in thy saddle ride,
When he is gone, there's place for thee beside,
Which thou may use at pleasure, and it end,
Reserve a pretty morsel for thy friend.
Let not thy reason then be counter-bufft,
Nor think thy pillow with horn-shavings stuft,
If't be thy destiny to be a monster,
Thou must be one, if no, how ere men conster.
Thou may remain secure, exempt from shame,
Though meagre Envy aggravate the same.
For this has been my firm position still,
The husband's horns be in the woman's will.

Bessie Bell

BY RICHARD BRATHWAITE. FROM BARNABEE'S JOURNAL, 1638

DAMAETS. ELIZ-BELLA.

1.

DAM. My Bonny Bell. I love thee so well
I would thou wad scud a lang hether,
That we might here in a Cellar dwell,
And blend our bows together!
Deer a'rt to me as thy geere's to thee,
The World will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no eyes to detect us.

2.

BEL. Trust me Damaets, youth will not let us,
Yet to be sing'd with love's taper,
Bonny blith Swainlin intend thy Lambkin,
To requite both thy lays and thy labour.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me,
The yoke, I cannot approve it,
Than lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

3.

DAM. To lead apes in hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry and never to marry
Would bring it soon to desolation.
See my countenance is merry, cheeks red as cherry,
This Cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no eyes to detect us.

4.

BEL. 'Las, maidens must fain it, I love though I
lain it,
I would, but I will not confess it,
My years are consorting and fain would be sporting,
But bashfulness shames to express it.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me,
That yoke I cannot approve it,
Than lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

5.

DAM. My beauteous Bell, who stars dost excell
See mine eyes never dries but do wet me,
Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,
Come away, do not stay, I entreat thee.
Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,
This River will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no eyes to detect us.

6.

BEL. Come on Damaets, ripe age doth fit us,
Take aside thy naked Bride and enjoy her,
So thou coil thy sweeting, let flocks fall a bleeting,
My Maid's weed on thy meed I'll bestow there.
Thus love I thee, so be thou love me,
The yoke is so sweet I approve it,
To lie still with one is better than none,
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

Street Songs

BY BEAUMONT & FLETCHER. FROM THE LOYAL SUBJECT

ANCIENT. Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
I' th' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

1 *Soldier*. The wars are done and gone,
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come along,

For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;
  Powders for the head,
  And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny;
  As well in the night
  We soldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.

2 *Soldier*. I have fine potatoes,
    Ripe potatoes!

3 *Soldier*. Will ye buy any honesty? come away,
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forced light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye're rich men now: Come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

4 *Soldier*. Have ye any crack'd maidenheads, to new-
    leach or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
  Shall make 'em as good maids again,
  As ever they have been.

1 *Soldier*. If your daughters on their beds,
Have bowed or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.

A Song

BY BEAUMONT & FLETCHER. FROM VALENTINIAN

Now the lusty spring is seen;
  Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
  Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,

Roses blushing as they blow,
  And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
  Woodbines of sweet honey full:
    All love's emblems, and all cry,
    "Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath staid;
  Blushing red, and purest white,
  Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
  And inviting men to taste;
Apples even ripe below.
  Winding gently to the waist:
    All love's emblems, and all cry,
    "Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Hear ye, ladies that despise,
  What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
  Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing, on the stream
  To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
    Danæ in a brazen tower,
    Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
  What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
  The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
  Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
    Ilion, in a short hour, higher
    He can build, and once more fire.

Three Songs

BY BEAUMONT & FLETCHER. FROM THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

CYNTHIA, to thy power and thee,
  We obey.
Joy to this great company!
  And no day
Come to steal this night away,
  Till the rites of love are ended;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
  Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.

HOLD back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
The day will come too soon;
Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone:
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.
Hesperus be long a-shining.
Whilst those lovers are a-twining.

"Weep No More, Nor Sigh Nor Groan"

A SONG BY BEAUMONT & FLETCHER. FROM THE QUEEN OF CORINTH

WEEP no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company,
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep then no more, fool! A new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

An Elegy on the Lady Markham

BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT

As unthrifts groan in straw for their pawn'd beds,
As women weep for their lost maidenheads,
When both are without hope or remedy,
Such an untimely grief I have for thee.
I never saw thy face, nor did my heart
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilst thou wert;
But being lifted hence, that, which to thee
Was death's sad dart, proved Cupid's shaft to me.
Whoever thinks me foolish that the force
Of a report can make me love a corpse,
Know he that when with this I do compare
The love I do a living woman bear,
I find myself most happy: now I know
Where I can find my mistress, and can go
Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away
Her grass-green mantle, and her sheet display;
And touch her naked: and though th' envious mold
In which she lies uncover'd, moist, and cold,
Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide
With any art her blemishes to hide,
As many living do, and know their need;
Yet cannot they in sweetness her exceed,
But make a stink with all their art and skill,
Which their physicians warrant with a bill;
Nor at her door doth heaps of coaches stay,
Footmen and midwives to bar up my way;
Nor needs she any maid or page to keep,
To knock me early from my golden sleep,
With letters that her honour all is gone,
If I not right her cause on such a one.
Her heart is not so hard to make me pay
For every kiss a supper and a play;
Nor will she ever open her pure lips
To utter oaths, enough to drown our ships,
To bring a plague, a famine, or the sword,
Upon the land, though she should keep her word;
Yet, ere an hour be past, in some new vein
Break them, and swear them double o'er again.

Pardon me, that with thy blest memory
I mingle mine own former misery:
Yet dare I not excuse the fate that brought
These crosses on me, for then every thought
That tended to thy love was black and foul,
Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd soul:
For I protest, for all that I can see,
I would not lie one night in bed with thee;
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My foe to lie in quiet by thy side.
You worms, my rivals, whilst she was alive,
How many thousands were there that did strive
To have your freedom? for their sake forbear
Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear;
But if you must (as what worms can abstain
To taste her tender body?) yet refrain
With your disordered eatings to deface her,
But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.
First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair
Of holes, which, as the moist inclosed air
Turns into water, may the clean drops take,
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,
The touch whereof, in times past, would have been
Enough to have ransom'd many a thousand soul
Captive to love? If not, then upward roll
Your little bodies, where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her forehead grave:
"Living, she was young, fair, and full of wit;
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ."

Now Fye on Dreams

FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, 1620-50

Now fye on dreams and fond delights
  That occupy the mind!
'Tis worser for to dream by nights
  Than occupy by kind!
For if Cupid thy heart doth strike
  With lead or golden flight,
O then, O then, O then, in dreams
  Thy thoughts strange things do write!

Methought it was my Chance to Clip
  The Creature I loved best,
And all along the fields to trip,
  To move some sport or jest,
And then and then, my (suit) I 'gan to plead
  Unto that fairest maid;
But she, but she, would nought believe,
  Which made me sore afraid.

But yet by prayer and earnest suit
  I moved her at the Last;
Yet could I not enjoy the fruit
  That hath so pleasing taste.
But when, but when, that motion I betrayed;
  She still this answer said,
"O no! O no! O no! I will die
  Ere I loose my maiden-head!"

Yet did she give me leave to touch
  Her foot, her leg, her knee;
A little further was not much,
  The way I went was free.
"O fye! O fye! you are to blame!" she said,
  "Thus to undo a maid;
But yet, but yet, the time is so meet,
  (That I am not afraid).

Not Jove himself more jovial was
  When he bright Diana won;
Nor Hercules, that all men did pass,
  When he with distaff spun,
Than I, than I, all fears when I had past,
  And scaled the fort at Last,
And on, and on, and on the same
  My signs of victory placed.

But when Aurora, goddess bright,
  Appeared from the east,
And Morpheus, that drowsy wight,
  Withdrawn him to his rest;
O then, O then, my joys were altered clean!
  Which makes me still Complain;
For I awaked, for I awaked, for I awaked; and
    I fo (und)
  All this was but a dream!

Come Wanton Wenches

PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT [1620-50], PAGE 404 OF MS.

COME all you wanton wenches
  That long to be in trading,
Come learn of me, loves Mistress
  To keep your selves from Jadeing!
When you expose your faces,
  All baites for to entrap men,
Then have a care to husband your ware,
  That you prove not bankrout chapmen,
Be not at first too nice nor coy
  When gamesters you are courting,
  Nor forward to be sporting;
In speeches free, not in action be,
  For fear of less resorting.

Let not your outward gesture
  Betray your inward passion;
But seem to neglect, when most you do affect,
  In a cunning scornful fashion.
Be sparing of your favors
  When men's love grows most eager;
Yet keep good guard, or else all is marred.
  When they your fort beleagar;
Grant but a touch or a kiss for a taste,
  And seem not to be willing
  Always for to be billing.
With a touch or a pinch, or a nip or a wrench,
  Disappoint their hopes fulfilling.

If once you grow too lavish,
  And all your wealth discover,
You cast off hope; for then with too much scope
  You do dull your Eager lover.
Then order so your treasure,
  And so dispend your store,
That tho' men do taste, their loves may never waste,
  But they still may hope for more.
And if by chance, being wrapt in a trance,
  You yield them full fruition
  Won by strong opposition,
Yet nip and tear, and with pouting swear
  'Twas against your disposition.

Thus seeming much displeased
  With that did most content,
You whet desire, and daily add fire
  To a spirit almost spent.
Be sure at the next encounter
  You put your love to strive;
Yet be not rude, if need he will intrude,
  So shall your trading thrive,
So shall you still be freshly wooed,
  Like to a perfect maid.
  And do as I have said,
Your faining seems true,
And like Venus ever new,
  And your trading is not betrayed.

When Phœbus Addrest

PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT [C. 1620-50], PAGE 96 OF MS.; PROBABLY THE EARLIEST COPY KNOWN

WHEN Phœbus addrest himself to the west,
  And set up his rest below,
Cynthia agreed in her glittering weed
  Her beauty on me to bestow;

And walking alone, attended by none,
  By chance I heard one cry
"O do not, do not, kill me yet,
  For I am not prepared to die!"

With that I drew near to see and to hear,
  And strange did appear such a show;
The Moon it was bright, and gave such a light
  As fits not each wight to know:
A man and a maid, together were laid,
  And ever the maid she did cry,
"O do not, do not, kill me yet, I,
  For I am not resolved to die!"

The Youth was rough, he took up her stuff,
  And to blindman's buff they did go;
He kept such a coil, he gave her the foil,
  So great the broil it did grow.
But she was so young, and he was so strong,
  And he left her not till she did cry,
"O do not, do not, kill me yet,
  For I am not resolved to die!"

With that he gave o'er, and solemnly swore
  He would kill her no more that night,
But bade her adieu: full little he knew
  She would tempt him to more delight.
But when they should part, it went to her heart,
  And gave her more cause for to cry,
"O kill me, kill me, once again,
  For now I am willing to die!"

O Nay! O Nay! Not Yet

FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, 1620-50

A YOUNG man walking alone,
  Abroad to take the air,
It was his chance for him to meet
  A maiden passing fair.
Desiring her of courtesy
  Awhile with him down sit;
She answered him most modestly,
  "O nay! O nay! not yet!"

"Forty crowns I will give thee,
  Sweetheart, in good red gold,
If that I may thy favour have,
  Thy beauty to behold."
And then she spoke now readily
  And with a ready wit,
"I will not sell my honesty
  O nay! O nay! not yet!"

"Gold and money is but dross,
  And worldly vanity;
I do esteem more of the loss
  Of my virginity!
But dost thou think I am so mad,
  Or of so little wit
As for to sell my honesty?
  O nay! O nay! not yet!"

The way to win a woman's heart,
  Is quickly to be brief,
And give her that with-in few words
  That will soon ease her grief.
"O fye! O fye! away!" she'll cry,
  That loves a dainty bit,
"I will not yield to Cupid's laws!
  O nay! O nay! not yet!"

Blame Not a Woman

FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, PAGE 446 OF MS.

BLAME not a woman although she be lewd,
  And that her faults they have been known.
Although she do offend, yet in time she may amend;
  Then blame her not for using of her own,

But rather give them praise, as they deserve,
  When vice is banished quite, and virtue in them grown,
For that's their only treasure, and for to fly vain pleasure.
  Then blame them not for using of their own.

There is many now a days that women will dispraise:
  Out of a dru(n)ken humor when as their wits are flown,
Out of an idle brain, with speeches lewd and vain
  They'll blame them still for using of her own.

But if woman should not trade, how should the world increase?
  If women all were nice, what seed should then be sown?
If women all were coy, they would breed men's annoy;
  Then blame them not for using of their own.

If any take offence at this my song,
  I think that no good manners he hath known.
We all from women came: why should we women blame,
  And for a little using of their own?

Lie Alone

FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, PAGE 200 OF MS.

CAN any one tell what I ail?
  That I look so lean, so wan, so pale.
If I may be their Judge, I think there is none
  That can any longer lie alone.

Was ever woman's case like mine
  At fifteen years (I) began to pine;
So unto this plight now I am grown,
  I can, nor will, no longer lie alone.

If dreams be true, then Ride I can;
  I lack nothing but a man,
For 'tis only he can ease my moan.
  I can, nor will, &c.

When day is come, I wish for night;
  When night is come, I wish for light;
Thus all my time I sigh and moan.
  I can, nor will, &c.

To woo the first, ashamed am I;
  For and if he ask I will not deny;
For the case is such I must needs have one.
  I can, nor will, &c.

Therefore my prayer, it shall be still
  That I may have one that will work my will;
For it is only he can ease me anon,
  And therefore I'll no longer lie alone.

I Dreamed My Love

FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, 1620-50

I DREAMED my love lay in her bed:
  It was my Chance to take her:
Her legs and arms abroad were spread;
  She slept; I durst not wake her.
O pity it were, that one so fair
  Should Crown her love with willow;
The tresses of her golden hair
  Did kiss he(r) lovely pillow.

Methought her belly was a hill
  Much like a mount of pleasure,
Under whose height there grows a well;
  The depth no man can measure.

About the plea(s)ant mountain's top
  There grows a lovely thicket,
Wherein two beagles trampled,
  And raised a lively pricket.

They hunted there with pleasant noise
  About the pleasant mountain,
Till he by heat was forced to fly,
  And skip into the fountain.
The beagles followed to the brink,
  And there at him they barked;
He plunged about, but would not shrink;
  His Coming forth they waited.

Then forth he Came as one half lame,
  Were weary, faint, and tired;
And laid him down betwixt her legs,
  As help he had required.
The beagles being refresht again,
  My Love from sleep bereaved;
She dreamed she had me in her arms,
  And she was not deceived.

Do You Mean

FROM THE PERCY FOLIO MANUSCRIPT, 1620-50

Do you mean to overthrow me?
  Out! alas! I am betrayed!
What! is this the love you show me?
  To undo a silly Maid.
Alas! I die! my heart doth break!
I dare not cry, I cannot speak!
What! all alone? nay then I find
Men are too strong for women kind.

Out upon the maid that put me
  In this room to be alone!
Yet she was no fool to shut me
  Where I should be seen of None.
Hark! Hark! alack! what Noise is that?
O, now I see it is the Cat.
Come gentle puss, thou wilt not tell;
If all do so thou shalt not tell.

Silly fool! why doubts thou telling
  Where thou didst not doubt to trust?
If thy belly fall a swelling,
  There's no help, but out it must.
Alas the spite! alas the shame!
For then I quite lose my good name;
But yet the worst of Maids disgraced,
I am not first nor shall be last.

Once again to try your forces,
  Thus I dare thee to the field;
Time is lost that time divorces
  From the pleasures love doth yield.
Ah ha! fye, fye! it comes yet still!
It comes, I, I! do what you will!
My breath doth pass, my blood doth trickle?
Was ever lass in such a pickle?

My Days, My Months, My Years

FROM JOHN ATTEY'S FIRST BOOK OF AIRS, 1622

My days, my months, my years
  I spend about a moment's gain,
A joy that in th' enjoying ends,
  A fury quickly slain;

A frail delight, like that wasp's life
  Which now both frisks and flies,
And in a moment's wanton strife
  It faints, it pants, it dies.

And when I charge, my lance in rest,
  I triumph in delight,
And when I have the ring transpierced
  I languish in despite;

Or like one in a lukewarm bath,
  Light-wounded in a vein,
Spurts out the spirits of his life
  And fainteth without pain.

Yes, I Could Love If I Could Find

FROM MALONE MS. 16

Yes, I could love if I could find
A mistress fitting to my mind;
Whom neither pride nor gold could move
To buy her beauty, sell her love;
Were neat, yet cared not to be fine,
And loved me for myself, not mine;
Were rather comely than too fair,
White skinn'd and of a lovely hair;
Not ever-blushing, nor too bold;
Not ever-fond, nor yet too cold;
Not sullen-silent, nor all tongue;
Nor puling walk, nor manlike strong;
Modestly full of pleasing mirth,
Yet close as centre of the earth;

In whom you no passion see
But when she looks or speaks of me;
Who calls to bed with melting eyes;
As sweet and fresh as morn, doth rise:
If such a one you chance to find,
She is a mistress to my mind.

The Resolution

FROM RAWLINSON MS., POET. 94

NAY, Silvia, now you're cruel grown;
I'll swear you most unjustly frown.
I only asked (in vain) to taste
What you denied with mighty haste;
I asked—but I'm ashamed to tell
What 'twas you took so wondrous ill—
A kiss. But with a coy disdain
You view'd my sighings and my pain:
'Twas but a civil small request,
Yet with proud looks and hand on breast,
You cried "I'm not so eager to be kiss'd."
But case that I had loosed your gown,
And then by force had laid you down,
And with unruly hands had teased you,—
Too justly then I had displeased you.
Or had I (big with wanton joys)
Engaged you for a brace of boys,
Then basely left you full of nature,—
This would have been provoking matter.
But I, poor harmless civil I,
Begg'd for the meanest coolest joy,
And saw denial in your eye;
For with a squeamish glance you cried,
"I hate the nauseous bliss."
" 'Tis well," said I; "since I'm denied,
For rocks of diamonds I'll not kiss."

A Scene

FROM THE ANONYMOUS PLAY ENTITLED NERO, 1624

(*Enter Petronius*)

HERE waits Poppæa her Ninphidius' coming,
And hath this garden and green walks chose out
To bless them with more pleasures than their own.
Not only arras hangings and silk beds
Are guilty of the faults we blame them for:
Somewhat these arbours and yon trees do know,
Whilst your kind shades you to these night sports show.

Night sports? Faith, they are done in open day
And the sun seeth and envieth their play.
Hither have I love-sick Antonius brought
And thrust him on occasion so long sought;
Showed him the empress in a thicket by,
Her love's approach waiting with greedy eye;
And told him, if he ever meant to prove
The doubtful issue of his hopeful love,
This is the place and time wherein to try it;
Women will hear the suit that will deny it.
The suit's not hard that she comes for to take;
Who, hot in lust of men, doth difference make?
At last forth, willing, to her did he pace:
Arm him, Priapus, with thy powerful mace.
But see, they coming are; how they agree
Here will I harken; shroud me, gentle tree.

The Indifferent

BY JOHN DONNE. FROM POEMS, 1633

I CAN love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
O we art not, be not you so;
Let me—and do you—twenty know;
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel through you,
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true?

Break of Day

BY JOHN DONNE

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die
And perish in this infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.
Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
O that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

Epithalamion Made at Lincoln's Inn

BY JOHN DONNE

The sunbeams in the east are spread;
Leave, leave, fair bride, your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone;
It nurseth sadness, and your body's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
You, and your other you, meet there anon.
Put forth, put forth, that warm, balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came;
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which be
Our golden mines, and furnish'd treasury;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage days;
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel.
Make her for love fit fuel,
As gay as Flora and as rich as Ind;
So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolic patricians,
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans;
  Ye painted courtiers, barrels of other's wits;
Ye countrymen, who but your breasts love none;
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one,
  Of study and play made strange hermaphrodites,
  Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring.
Lo, in yon path which store of strew'd flowers graceth,
  The sober virgin paceth;
    Except my fight fail, 'tis no other thing;
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leaved gates, fair temple, unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
  Till mystically join'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
  Long after their own parents fatten thee.
  All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yielding to new loves, be far for ever,
  Which might these two dissever;
    Always, all th' other may each one possess;
For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To-day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
  Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes,
  But that the sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still.
Yet shadows turn; noon point he hath attain'd;
  His steeds will be restrain'd,
    But gallop lively down the western hill,
Thou shalt, when he hath run the heaven's half frame,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
  Herself in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians; and dancers take some trace
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
  As much weariness as perfection brings
  You, and not only you, but all toil'd beasts
Rest daily; at night all their toils are dispensed;
  But in their beds commenced
    Are other labours, and more dainty feasts,
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed, love's altar, lie
  A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
To adorn the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
  Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness.
  This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state, a cradle.
  Till now thou wast but able
    To be, what now thou art; then, that by thee
No more be said, "I may be," but "I am,"
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Even like a faithful man content,
That this life for a better should be spent,
  So she a mother's rich stile doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
  The priest comes on his knees, to embowel her.
  Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, O light
Of heaven, to-morrow rise thou hot, and early;
  This sun will love so dearly
    Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought, for she, which had no main,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

To His Mistress Going to Bed

BY JOHN DONNE

Come, madam, come, all rest my powers defy;
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe ofttimes, having the foe in sight,
Is tired with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate, which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopp'd there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowery meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with your wiry coronet, and show
The hairy diadems which on you do grow.
Off with your hose and shoes; then softly tread
In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels used to be
Revealed to men; thou, angel, bring'st with thee

A heaven-like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
  License my roving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
Oh, my America, my Newfoundland,
My kingdom, safest when with one man mann'd,
My mine of precious stones, my empery;
How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then, where my hand is set, my soul shall be.
  Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee;
As souls embodied, bodies unclothed must be
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's ball cast in men's views;
That, when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul might court that, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made
For laymen, are all women thus array'd.
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
—Whom their imputed grace will dignify—
Must see reveal'd. Then, since that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself; cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
There is no penance due to innocence:
To teach thee, I am naked first; why then,
What needst thou have more covering than a man?

A Love Song

FROM THE TRIUMPHS OF THE PRINCE D'AMOUR, 1635

UNARM, unarm! no more your fights
  Must cause the virgins tears,
But such as in the silent nights
  Spring rather from their fears.

"Such diff'rence as when doves do bill
  Must now be all your strife;
For all the blood that you shall spill
  Will usher in a life.

"And when your ladies, falsely coy,
  Shall timorous appear,
Believe they then would fain enjoy
  What they pretend to fear.

"Breathe then each other's breath, and kiss
  Your souls to union;
And whilst they shall enjoy this bliss,
  Your bodies, too, are one.

"To-morrow will the hasty sun
  Be feared more of each lover
For hind'ring to repeat what's done
  Than what it may discover."

A Dialogue Betwixt Castadorus and Arabella in Bed

FROM THOMAS JORDAN'S POETICAL VARIETIES, 1637

ARABELLA. Dear Castadorus, let me rise,
  Aurora 'gins to jeer me:
She tells me I do wantonise.

CASTADORUS. I prithee, sweet, lie near me.

Let red Aurora blush, my dear,
  And Phoebus laughing follow;
Thou only art Aurora here,
  Let me be thy Apollo.

It is to envy at our bliss
  That they do rise before us:
Is there such hurt in this or this?

ARABELLA. Nay, fie! why, Castadorus!

CASTADORUS. What, Arabella, can one night
  Of wanton dalliance tire you?
  I could be ever if I might:
One hour let me desire you.

ARABELLA. Fie, fie, you hurt me; let me go!
  If you so roughly use me,
  What can I say or think of you.

CASTADORUS. I prithee, Love, excuse me.

Thy beauty and my love defend
  I should ungently move thee:
'Tis kisses sweet that I intend:
  Is it not I that love thee?

ARABELLA. I do confess it is, but then—
  Since you do so importune
  That I should once lie down again—
  Vouchsafe to draw the curtain.

Aurora and Apollo, too,
  May visit silent fields;
By my consent they ne'er shall know
  The bliss our pleasure yields.

The Song of Lais

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD: FROM EARTH AND AGE: C. 1637

If any fables have been sung in praise
Of Prostitutes, what fame their shapes could raise;
I, the Corinthian Lais, choice and best,
Have been the crown and grace to all the rest.
My chin the ivory stained, lilies my brow,
To match mine eyes, the world knew not then how;
My neck was long and straight, and my veins blue,
Soft lips, in my clear cheeks fresh roses grew;
My nose was neither crooked, long nor flat,
My visage it became, it graced that:
My wanton paps like two round hillocks grew,
From which moist springs two milky rivers flow,
My belly comely swelled, for it became
Like a plump Peacock's, soft as the young lamb:
My stomach like the temperate turtles feeding;
Modest my diet and no surfeits breeding;
My arms much whiter than the lilies showing,
Or flowers, Alcinous, in thy garden growing.
Who that my leg did look upon, but did think
He burnt in flames, or in the seas did sink?
Or who my back parts did behold, but said,
O that I were a flea in Lais bed.
Or who my foot, but wished himself a stone,
With upturned eyes, for me to tread upon.
And yet this face, these cheeks, these lips, these eyes,
This neck, these hairs, these temples, legs and thighs,
This stomach, belly, back, arms, hands and feet
Are worms' meat now, and with corruption meet.
Learn, woman, then, that which we trust in most
Is dust and filth: In age are all things lost.

Proffered Love Rejected

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING. POEMS, 1638

It is not four years ago,
  I offered forty crowns
To lie with her a night or so:
  She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me
  Did whisper in my ear,
That she would at my service be,
  If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,
  And had no great desire;
But should be well content to go
  To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since or thereabout,
  She that so coy had been,
Bethought herself and found me out,
  And was content to sin.

I smiled at that, and told her I
  Did think it something late,
And that I'd not repentance buy
  At above half the rate.

This present morning early she
  Forsooth came to my bed,
And gratis there she offered me
  Her high-prized maidenhead.

I told her that I thought it then
  Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the forty crowns
  For one night's lodging bid.

His Dream

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING. POEMS, 1638

On a still, silent night, scarce could I number
One of the clock, but that a golden slumber
Had locked my senses fast, and carried me
Into a world of blest felicity,
I know not how: first to a garden, where
The apricot, the cherry, and the pear,
The strawberry and plum, were fairer far
Than that eye-pleasing fruit that caused the jar
Betwixt the goddesses, and tempted more
Than fair Atlanta's ball, though gilded o'er.
I gazed awhile on these, and presently
A silver stream ran softly gliding by,
Upon whose banks lilies more white than snow,
New fallen from heaven, with violets mixed, did grow;
Whose scent so chafed the neighbour-air, that you
Would softly swear that Arabic spices grew
Not far from thence, or that the place had been
With musk prepared, to entertain Love's queen.
Whilst I admired, the river passed away,
And up a grove did spring, green as in May
When April had been moist; upon whose bushes
The pretty robins, nightingales, and thrushes
Warbled their notes so sweetly, that my ears
Did judge at least the music of the spheres.
But here my gentle dream conveyed me
Into the place where I most longed to see,

My mistress' bed; who, some few blushes past
And smiling frowns, contented was at last
To let me touch her neck; I, not content
With that, slipped to her breast, thence lower went,
And then I—awaked.

A Song

BY SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT FROM THE DISTRESSES, 1639

NONE but myself my heart did keep,
When I on cowslips bed did sleep
Near to a pleasant bog:
Whilst you, my pretty rogue,
With knuckle knocking at my breast,
Did ask for my three-corner'd guest.
And whispering soft, as soft as voice could be,
Didst say come out thou little heart to me!

A thousand fiends as black as soot,
With all their dirty dams to boot,
Take thee, O take thee every day
For tempting my poor heart away.

This heart for joy, from me did leap,
And followed thee even step by step,
Till tired it asked to rest
A while within thy breast.
'Twas thick and fat, and plump before,
Weighing a full pound and more,
But now alas, 'tis wasted to the skin,
And grows no bigger than the head of pin.

A thousand fiends as black as soot,
With all their dirty dams to boot,
Take thee, O take thee every day
For tempting my poor heart away.

Secrecy Protested

FROM THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAREW. LONDON, 1640.
EDITED BY J. W. EBBSWORTH. LONDON, 1893

FEAR not, dear Love, that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry, what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our love, but we
As silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himself (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart),

Shall never know that we can tell
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell.
This only means may find it out:
If, when I die, physicians doubt

What caused my death, and there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,—
Rip up my heart, oh! then, I fear,
The world will see thy picture there.

A Rapture

FROM THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAREW, 1640. EDITED BY J. W. EBBSWORTH. LONDON, 1893

I WILL enjoy thee now, my Celia, come,
And fly with me to Love's Elysium,
The Giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a masquer, and the servile rout
Of baser subjects only bend in vain
To the vast Idol; whilst the nobler train
Of valiant Lovers daily sail between
The huge Colossus' legs, and pass unseen
Unto the blissful shore. Be bold and wise,
And we shall enter: the grim Swiss [1] denies
Only to fools a passage, that not know
He is but form, and only frights in show.

Let duller eyes that look from far, draw near,
And they shall scorn what they were wont to fear.
We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes
With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to those
That made and bear him: not, as we once thought,
The seed of gods, but a weak model, wrought
By greedy men, that seek to enclose the common,
And within private arms impale free Woman.

Come, then, and mounted on the wings of Love
We'll cut the fleeting air, and soar above
The Monster's head, and in the noblest seat
Of those blest shades quench and renew our heat.
There shall the Queens of Love and Innocence,
Beauty and Nature, banish all offence
From our close Ivy twines: there I'll behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold;

[1] Warder.

There my enfranchised hand on every side
Shall o'er thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawn;
But the rich Mine, to the enquiring eye
Exposed, shall ready still for mintage lie:
And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread,
Under the cooler shades of Cypress groves;
Our pillows, of the down of Venus' doves;
Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay,
In the faint respites of our amorous play:
That so our slumbers may in dreams have leisure
To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure,
  And so our souls—that cannot be embraced—
  Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.

  Meanwhile the babbling stream shall court the shore,
Th' enamour'd chirping Wood-choir shall adore
In varied tunes the Deity of Love;
The gentle blasts of Western wind shall move
The trembling leaves, and thro' the close boughs breathe
Still music, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade: till a soft murmur, sent
From souls entranced in amorous languishment,
  Rouse us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
  Till we in their sweet ecstasy expire.

  Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflow'ring the fresh virgins of the Spring—
So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
In thy delicious Paradise, and swell
My bag with honey, drawn forth by the power
Of fervent kisses from each spicy flower.
I'll seize the Rose-buds in their perfumed bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes spread
O'er all the garden; taste the ripened cherries,
The warm firm apple, tipp'd with coral berries.
Then will I visit with a wand'ring kiss
The Vale of lilies, and the Bower of bliss;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milky ways, my lip shall slide
Down those smooth alleys, wearing as they go
A track for lovers on the printed snow;
Then climing o'er the swelling Apennine,
Retire into the grove of Eglantine:
Where I will all those ravished sweets distil
Through Love's alembic, and with chymic skill
  From the mixed mass one sovereign balm derive,
  Then bring the great Elixir to thy hive.

Now in more subtle wreaths I will entwine
My sinewy limbs, my arms and legs, with thine.
Thou like a sea of milk shalt lie display'd,
Whilst I the smooth calm ocean will invade,
With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
Fell down on Danae in a stream of gold;
Yet my tall pinnace shall in the Cyprian strait
Ride safe at anchor, and unload her freight:
My rudder with thy bold hand, like a tried
And skilful pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide
My Bark into Love's channel, where it shall
Dance, as the bounding waves do rise or fall.

Then shall thy circling arms embrace and clip
My naked body, and thy balmy lip
Bathe me in juice of kisses, whose perfume
Like a religious incense shall consume,
And send up holy vapours to those powers
That bless our loves and crown our sportful hours:
That with such Halcyon calmness fix our souls
In steadfast peace, that no annoy controuls.
There no rude sounds fright us with sudden starts;
No jealous ears, when we unrip our hearts,
Suck our discourse in; no observing spies
This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our close meetings: nor are we betrayed
To rivals, by the bribed Chambermaid.
No wedlock bonds unwreath our twisted love;
We seek no midnight Arbour nor dark grove,
To hide our kisses: there the hated name
Of husband, wife, chaste, modest, lust or shame,
Are vain and empty words, whose very sound
Was never heard in the Elysian ground.
All things are lawful there, that may delight
Nature or unrestrained appetite:
Like and enjoy: to will and act is one:
We only sin when Love's rites are not done.

The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
Lectures of Love's great master, Aretine,
And knows as well as Lais how to move
Her pliant body in the act of love.
To quench the burning Ravisher,[1] she hurls
Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,
And studies artful postures, such as be
Carved on the bark of every neighbouring tree,
By learned hands, that so adorned the rind
Of those fair plants, which, as they lay entwined,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,[2]
That in her endless Web toil'd for a name,
As fruitless as her work, doth now display
Her self before the youth of Ithaca,

[1] Tarquin. [2] Penelope.

And th' amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer
Before dull dreams of the lost Traveller [1]
Daphne hath broke her bark, and that swift foot
Which th' angry Gods had fast'ned with a root
To the fix'd earth, doth now unfetter'd run
To meet th' embraces of the youthful Sun.[2]
She hangs upon him, like his Delphic Lyre;
Her kisses blow the old, and breathe new, fire;
Full of her God, she sings inspired lays,
Sweet Odes of love, such as deserve the Bays,
Which she herself was. Next her, Laura lies
In Petrarch's learned arms, drying those eyes
That did in such sweet smooth-paced numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
These, and ten thousand Beauties more, that died
Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarged deride
His cancell'd Laws, and for their time mis-spent
Pay unto Love's Exchequer double rent.

Come, then, my Celia, we'll no more for-bear
To taste our joys, struck with a Panic fear,
But will depose from his imperious sway
This proud Usurper, and walk free as they,
With necks unyoked; nor is it just that he
Should fetter your soft sex with chastity,
Whom Nature made unapt for abstinence;
When yet this false Impostor can dispense
With human Justice and with sacred Right,
And (maugre both their laws) command me fight
With Rivals, or when emulous Lovers dare
Equal with thine their Mistress' eyes or hair.
If thou complain'st of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill; or else he brands
With marks of infamy my coward hands.
And yet Religion bids from blood-shed fly,
And daunts me for that act. Then tell me why
This goblin "Honour," whom the world enshrined,
Should make men Atheists, and not women Kind?

The Second Rapture

BY THOMAS CAREW

No, worldling, no; 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, or a good wife,
That makes thee happy: these things be
But shadows of felicity.

[1] Ulysses.

[2] Phoebus.

Give me a wench above thirteen,
Already voted to the Queen
Of Love, and lovers; whose soft hair,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'er-spreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her veil and ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whose kisses, fast'ned to the mouth
Of three-score years and longer slouth,
Renew the age; and whose bright eye
Obscures those 'lesser lights' of sky;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all,)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Juno's jealousies;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite:
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myself to love, and die.
This is true bliss, and I confess
There is no other happiness.

Love's Compliment

FROM THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAREW, 1640

O MY Dearest, I shall grieve thee,
When I swear (yet, Sweet, believe me:)
By thine eyes, the tempting book
On which even crabbed old men look,—
I swear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers;
Though such cunning hath them spread,
None can part their white and red;
Love's golden arrows thence are shot:
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard:
Though from those lips a kiss being taken
Would Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest!
For that richest—for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder:
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

I do not love thee for those mountains
Hill'd with snow; whence milky fountains
(Sugar'd sweets, as sirup'd berries,)
Must one day run, through pipes of cherries:
O how much those breasts do move me!
Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as satin, soft as jelly;
Though within that crystal Mound
Heaps of treasure may be found,
So rich, that for the least of them
A king might leave his diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
Whose alabaster rocks do rise
So high and even, that they stand
Like sea-marks to some happy land:
Happy they, whose eyes have seen them,
But happier he that sails between them.

I love thee not for thy moist palm,
Though the dew thereof be balm;
Nor for thy pretty leg and foot,
Although it be the precious root
On which this goodly cedar grows:
Sweet, I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,
Whose substance no arithmetic
Can number down; nor for the charms
Thou makest with thy embracing arms:
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest, I would gladly die

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare,
Nor for thy speech, thy neck, nor breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest;
Nor for thy hand nor foot so small:
But, would'st thou know, dear sweet?—for All!

Love for Enjoying

BY JAMES SHIRLEY. FROM POEMS, ETC., 1646

FAIR lady, what's your face to me?
I was not only made to see;
Every silent stander-by
May thus enjoy so much as I.
That blooming nature on your cheek,
Is still inviting me to seek
For unknown wealth; within the ground
Are all the royal metals found.
Leave me to search; I have a thread
Through all the labyrinth shall lead,
And through every winding vein
Conduct me to the golden mine;
Which once enjoyed, will give me power
To make new Indies every hour.

Look on those jewels that abound
Upon your dress; that diamond
No flame, no lustre could impart,
Should not the lapidary's art
Contribute here and there a star;
And just such things ye women are,
Who do not in rude quarries shine,
But meeting us, you're made divine.
Come let us mix ourselves, and prove
That action is the soul of love.
Why do we coward-gazing stand,
Like armies in the Netherland:
Contracting fear at either's sight,
Till we both grow too weak to fight?
Let's charge for shame, and choose you whether
One shall fall, or both together.
This is love's war, whoever dies,
If the survivor be but wise,
He may reduce the spirit fled,
For t'other kiss will cure the dead.

Songs

FROM HESPERIDES, BY ROBERT HERRICK, 1648

TO PERENNA

WHEN I thy parts run o'er, I can't espy
In any one the least indecency;
But every line and limb diffused thence
A fair and unfamiliar excellence:
So that the more I look the more I prove
There's still more cause why I the more should love.

TO HIS MISTRESSES

HELP me! help me! now I call
To my pretty witchcrafts all;
Old I am, and cannot do
That I was accustomed to.
Bring your magics, spells, and charms,
To enflesh my thighs and arms;
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?
Aeson had, as poets feign,
Baths that made him young again:
Find that medicine, if you can,
For your dry, decrepit man
Who would fain his strength renew,
Were it but to pleasure you.

UPON JULIA'S FALL

JULIA was careless, and withal
She rather took than got a fall;
The wanton ambler chanc'd to see
Part of her legs' sincerity:
And ravish'd thus, it came to pass,
The nag (like to the prophet's ass)
Began to speak, and would have been
A-telling what rare sights he'd seen:
And had told all; but did refrain
Because his tongue was tied again.

THE VISION OF ELECTRA

I DREAMED we both were in a bed
Of roses, almost smothered:
The warmth and sweetness had me there
Made lovingly familiar;
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night will blush by day;
I kissed thee, panting, and I call
Night to the record! that was all.
But, ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

THE VISION

SITTING alone, as one forsook,
Close by a silver-shedding brook,
With hands held up to love, I wept;
And after sorrows spent I slept;

Then in a vision I did see
A glorious form appear to me:
A virgin's face she had; her dress
Was like a sprightly Spartaness.
A silver bow, with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung:
And as she stood, the wanton air
Dangled the ringlets of her hair.
Her legs were such Diana shows
When, tucked up, she a-hunting goes;
With buskins shortened to descry
The happy dawning of her thigh:
Which when I saw, I made access
To kiss that tempting nakedness:
But she forbade me with a wand
Of myrtle she had in her hand:
And, chiding me, said: Hence, remove,
Herrick, thou art too coarse to love.

AN EPITHALAMY TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL AND HIS LADY

I

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth
Promis'd should come to crown your youth
    Then, fair ones, do not wrong
    Your joys by staying long;
    Or let love's fire go out,
    By lingering thus in doubt;
    But learn that time once lost
    Is ne'er redeem'd by cost.
Then away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

II

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
Bridal rites go on so slowly?
    Dear, is it this you dread,
    The loss of maidenhead?
    Believe me, you will most
    Esteem it when 'tis lost;
    Then it no longer keep,
    Lest issue lie asleep.
Then, away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

III

There precious, pearly, purling tears
But spring from ceremonious fears.
    And 'tis but native shame
    That hides the loving flame,

And may a while control
The soft and am'rous soul;
But yet love's fire will waste
Such bashfulness at last.
Then, away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

IV

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind,
Yet not a maidenhead resign'd!
'Tis strange, ye will not fly
To love's sweet mystery.
Might yon full moon the sweets
Have, promised to your sheets
She soon would leave her sphere,
To be admitted there.
Then, away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

V

On, on devoutly, make no stay:
While Domiduca leads the way.
And Genius, who attends
The bed for lucky ends.
With Juno goes the Hours
And Graces strewing flowers.
And the boys with sweet tunes sing:
Hymen, O Hymen, bring
Home the turtles! Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

VI

Behold! how Hymen's taper-light
Shows you how much is spent of night.
See, see the bridegroom's torch
Half wasted in the porch.
And now those tapers five,
That show the womb shall thrive,
Their silv'ry flames advance,
To tell all prosp'rous chance
Still shall crown the happy life
Of the goodman and the wife.

VII

Move forward then your rosy feet,
And make whate'er they touch turn sweet.
May all, like flowery meads,
Smell where your soft foot treads;
And everything assume
To it the like perfume,

As Zephyrus when he 'spires
Through woodbine and sweetbriars.
Then, away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

VIII

And now the yellow veil at last
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.
Now seems she to express
A bashful willingness:
Showing a heart consenting,
As with a will repenting.
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion;
For that, matrons say, a measure
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

IX

You, you that be of her nearest kin,
Now o'er the threshold force her in.
But to avert the worst
Let her her fillets first
Knit to the posts, this point
Remembering, to anoint
The sides, for 'tis a charm
Strong against future harm;
And the evil deeds, the which
There was hidden by the witch.

X

O Venus! thou to whom is known
The best way how to loose the zone
Of virgins, tell the maid
She need not be afraid,
And bid the youth apply
Close kisses if she cry.
And charge he not forbears
Her though she woo with tears.
Tell them now they must adventure,
Since that love and night bid enter.

XI

No fatal owl the bedstead keeps,
With direful notes to fright your sleeps;
No furies here about
To put the tapers out,
Watch or did make the bed:
'Tis omen full of dread:
But all fair signs appear
Within the chamber here.
Juno here far off doth stand,
Cooing sleep with charming wand.

XII

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come when,
As she, so you'll be ripe for men.
Then grieve her not with saying
She must no more a-maying,
Or by rosebuds divine
Who'll be her valentine.
Nor name those wanton reaks
You've had at barley-breaks,
But now kiss her and thus say,
"Take time, lady, while ye may."

XIII

Now bar the doors; the bridegroom puts
The eager boys to gather nuts.
And now both love and time
To their full height do climb:
Oh! give them active heat
And moisture both complete:
Fit organs for increase,
To keep and to release
That which may the honour'd stem
Circle with a diadem.

XIV

And now, behold! the bed or couch
That ne'er knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
Feels in itself a fire;
And, tickled with desire,
Pants with a downy breast,
As with a heart possesst,
Shrugging as it did move
Even with the soul of love.
And, oh! had it but a tongue,
Doves, 't would say, ye bill too long.

XV

O enter then! but see ye shun
A sleep until the act be done.
Let kisses in their close
Breathe as the damask rose,
Or sweet as is that gum
Doth from Panchaia come.
Teach nature now to know
Lips can make cherries grow
Sooner than she ever yet
In her wisdom could beget.

XVI

On your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
Drop the fat blessing of the spheres.
    That good which heav'n can give
    To make you bravely live
    Fall like a spangling dew
    By day and night on you.
    May fortune's lily-hand
    Open at your command;
With all lucky birds to side
With the bridegroom and the bride.

XVII

Let bounteous Fate(s) your spindles full
Fill, and wind up with whitest wool.
    Let them not cut the thread
    Of life until ye bid.
    May death yet come at last,
    And not with desp'rate haste,
    But when ye both can say
    "Come, let us now away,"
Be ye to the barn then borne,
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COZEN US

Away with silks, away with lawn,
I'll have no scenes or curtains drawn;
Give me my mistress as she is,
Dress'd in her nak'd simplicities:
For as my heart e'en so mine eye
Is won with flesh, not drapery.

TO DIANEME

Show me thy feet: show me thy legs, thy thighs
Show me those fleshly principalities;
Show me that hill where smiling love doth sit,
Having a living fountain under it;
Show me thy waist, then let me therewithal,
By the assentation of thy lawn, see all.

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESS, BUT NOT TO MARRY

I do not love to wed,
Though I do like to woo;
And for a maidenhead
I'll beg and buy it too.

I'll praise and I'll approve
Those maids that never vary;
And fervently I'll love,
But yet I would not marry.

I'll hug, I'll kiss, I'll play,
And, cock-like, hens I'll tread,
And sport in any way
But in the bridal bed.

For why? that man is poor
Who hath but one of many,
But crown'd he is with store
That, single, may have any.

Why, then, say, what is he,
To freedom so unknown,
Who, having two or three,
Will be content with one?

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING

Whatsoever thing I see,
Rich or poor although it be;
'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair or brown,
Does she smile or does she frown,
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin;
When I touch I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
Locks incurl'd of other hair,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancy be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,
Be she sluttish, be she clean,
I'm a man for ev'ry scene.

TO ANTHEA

LET's call for Hymen, if agreed thou art;
Delays in love but crucify the heart.
Love's thorny tapers yet neglected lie:
Speak thou the word, they'll kindly by-and-bye.
The nimble hours woo us on to wed,
And Genius waits to have us both to bed.
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay
With maunds of roses for to strew the way:
Besides, the most religious prophet stands
Ready to join, as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroom and the bride.
Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of that we call a maidenhead?
Come, I'll instruct thee. Know, the vestal fire
Is not by marriage quench'd, but flames the higher.

THE VINE

I DREAM'D this mortal part of mine
Was Metamorphos'd to a Vine;
Which crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.
Me thought, her long small legs and thighs
I with my Tendrils did surprise;
Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waist
By my soft Nerv'leits were embrac'd:
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich clusters (hid among
The leaves) her temples I behung:
So that my Lucia seem'd to me
Young Bacchus ravisht by his tree.
My curles about her neck did crawl,
And arms and hands they did enthrall:
So that she could not freely stir,
(All parts there made one prisoner.)
But when I crept with leaves to hide
Those parts, which maids keep unespy'd,
Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
That with the fancy I awoke;
And found (Ah me!) this flesh of mine
More like a Stock, than like a Vine.

The Description of Woman

BY ROBERT HERRICK. RAWLINSON MS. 160 POET. FOLS. 105-6

WHOSE head befringed with bescattered tresses
Seems like Apollo's when the morn he blesses
Or like unto Aurora when she sets
Her long dishevel'd rose-crown'd tramaletts:
Her forehead smooth full polished bright and high
Bares in itself a graceful majesty.
Under the which two crawling eyebrows twine
Like to the tendrils of a flat'ring vine,
Under whose shade two starry sparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with fair fring'd canopies.
Her comely nose with uniformal grace
Like purest white stands in the middle place
Parting the pair, as we may well suppose
Each cheek resembling still a damask rose,
Which like a garden manifestly show
How roses, lilies and carnations grow,
Which sweetly mixed both with white and red
Like rose leaves, white and red seem mingled.
Then nature for a sweet allurement sets
Two smelling swelling (bashful) cherrylets,
The which with ruby redness being tipp'd,
Do speak a virgin merry cherry-lipp'd.
Over the which a neat sweet skin is drawn
Which makes them shew like roses under lawn.
These be the Ruby portals and divine
Which ope themselves to shew an holy shrine
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense
Smells like the burnt Sabæan frankincense
In which the tongue, though but a member small,
Stands guarded with rosy hilly wall,
And her white teeth which in the gums are set
Like pearl and gold make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin with dimpled beauty strive
For his plump white and smooth prerogative,
At whose fair top to please the sight there grows
The blessed Image of a blushing rose
Mov'd by the chin whose motion causeth this
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss;
Her ears, which like two Labyrinths are plac'd
On either side with rich rare Jewels grac'd,
Moving a question whether that by them
The gem is grac'd or they grac'd by the Gem?
But the foundation of this Architect
Is the swan-staining fair rare, stately neck
Which with ambitious humbleness stands under
Bearing aloft this rich round world of wonder.
In which the veins implanted seem to lie
Like loving vines hid under Ivory,

So full of claret that who so pricks a vine
May see it sprout forth streams of muscadine.
Her breast (a place for beauty's throne most fit)
Bears up two globes where love and pleasure sit,
Which headed with two rich round rubies show
Like wanton rose buds growing out of snow,
And in the milky valley that's between
Sits Cupid kissing of his mother Queen,
(Fing'ring) the paps that feel like sleeded silk
And prest a little they will weep new milk.
Then comes the belly seated next below
Like a fair mountain in Riphean snow,
Where nature in a whiteness without spot
Hath in the middle tied a Gordian knot
Or else that she on that white waxen hill
Hath seal'd the promise of her utmost skill.
But now my muse hath spy'd a dark descent
From this so peerless precious permanent,
A milky high way that direction yields
Unto the port mouth of th' Elysian fields,
A place desir'd of all but got by these
Whom love admits to this Hesperides.
Here's golden fruit that far exceeds all price
Growing in this love guarded paradise.
Above the entrance there is written this
This is the portal to the bower of bliss.
Through mid'st thereof a crystal stream there flows
Passing the sweet sweet of a musky rose.
Now love invites me to survey her thighs
Swelling in likeness like two crystal skies
With plump soft flesh of mettle pure and fine
Resembling shields both smooth and crystalline.
Hence rise those two ambitious hills that look
Into the middle (most) sight pleasing crook
Which for the better beautifying shrouds
Its humble self 'twixt two aspiring clouds,
Which to the knees by nature fastened on
Derive their overwell grac'd motion.
Her legs with two clear calves like silver tride
Kindly swell up with little pretty pride,
Leaving a distance for the beauteous small
To beautify the leg and foot withal.
Then lowly yet most lovely stand the feet,
Round short and clear, like pounded spices sweet
And whatsoever thing they tread upon
They make it scent like bruisèd Cinnamon.
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye
To see two tablets of pure Ivory
From which two arms like branches seem to spread
With tender rind and silver coloured,
With little hands and fingers long and small
To grace a Lute, a vial, Virginal.

In length each finger doth his next excel,
Each richly headed with a pearly shell
Richer than that fair precious virtuous horn
That arms the forehead of the Unicorn.
Thus every part in contrariety
Meets in the whole and makes a harmony
As divers strings do singly disagree
But form'd by number make sweet melody.
Unto the Idol of ye work divine
I consecrate this loving work of mine,
Bowing my lips unto ye stately root
Whence beauty springs, and thus I kiss thy foot.

"A Nymph When As the Summer's Beams"

FROM ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS, 1650; p. 197

A NYMPH when as the Summer's beams
  Made hot the colder air,
Into a fountain's Crystal streams,
  To bathe her did repair:
And by degrees she boldly did at length
  Those parts unhide:
Which to be bashful, nature made
  So curious to be spied.

Oft downward would she cast her head,
  And blushing look away;
Then twist her arms, and twine her thighs,
  As fearful to betray
Her self unto her fearful self:
  Thus frighted she at last,
Into the fountains swiftest streams,
  Her purest body cast.

The waves did proudly bear her up,
  And as she waded in the silver-brook,
Seem'd not to cleanse her as she swam,
  But from her purifying took.
And underneath the Crystal streams,
  As she did gliding pass,
She seemed like a Lily fair,
  That's sunk into a glass.

And as she did her dainty arms
  In sundry sort display,
Ofttimes she would Narcissus-like
  With her own shadow play.

Oft would she lie upon her back:
  With legs and arms both spread,
And imitate those wanton joys,
  That women use in bed.

Women their modesty forget
  And often lay aside;
This Nymph, that thought herself unseen,
  Was by a Shepherd spy'd:
Who ravished with the sight he saw,
  No longer staid to woo her,
But flung away his hook and scrip,
  And boldly stept unto her.
She shrieking dived, thought to have hid
  Herself, but all in vain,
The Waters to preserve her life,
  Did bear her up again;
The Shepherd caught her in his arms,
  And laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
  You know, or else may think.

"As I Travers'd To and Fro"

FROM THE ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS [c. 1650]

As I travers'd to and fro,
And in the fields was walking,
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters
That secretly were talking:
The younger to the elder said,
Prithee why do'st not marry?
In faith, quoth she, I'll tell to thee,
I mean not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen years of age,
Then I had suitors many:
But, I a wanton peevish wench
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woo me,
And, like a lad that was stark mad,
He swore he would undo me.
And then he lay down by my side
And spread his arms upon me,
And I, being 'twixt sleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me,
But he with all the power he had,
Did lie the harder on me.

And then he did so play with me,
As I was played with never;
The wanton boy so pleased me,
I would have slept forever.
And then methought the world turn'd round,
And Phoebus fell a-skipping,
And all the Nymphs and Goddesses
About us two were tripping.
Then seemed Neptune as he had pour'd
His Ocean streams upon us,
But Boreas with his blust'ring blasts
Did strive to keep him from us.
Limping Vulcan he came,
As if he had been jealous,
Venus follow'd after him,
And swore she'd blow the bellows.
Mars called Cupid Jackanapes,
And swore he would him smother,
Quoth Cupid, Said I so to thee
When thou lay'st with my mother?
Juno then, and Jupiter,
Came marching with Apollo;
Pan came in with Mercury,
And then began he hollo;
Cupid ran and hid himself,
And so of joys bereft me:
For suddenly I did awake,
And all these fancies left me.

The Enjoyment

BY THOMAS OTWAY

Clasped in the arms of her I love
In vain, alas! for life I strove:
My fluttering spirits, wrapped in fire
By Love's mysterious art,
Borne on the wings of fierce desire,
Flew from my flaming heart.

Thus lying in a trance for dead,
Her swelling breasts bore up my head;
When waking from a pleasant dream,
I saw her killing eyes,
Which did in fiery glances seem
To say, now, Celia dies.

Fainting, she pressed me in her arms,
And trembling lay, dissolved in charms;
When with a shivering voice she cried,
Must I alone, then die?
No, no, I languishing replied,
I'll bear thee company.

Melting our souls thus into one,
Swift joys our wishes did out-run;
Then launched in rolling seas of bliss,
We bid the world adieu;
Swearing by every charming kiss,
To be forever true.

The Coy Shepherdess

ROXBURGHE BALLADS, II. 85; 1641-74

Fair Phillis in a wanton posture lies,
Not thinking to be seen by mortal eyes
Till accidentally Amintas came,
And seen her lie, which made her blush for shame;
He cast himself down by her on the Hay,
And won her love before he went away.

PHILLIS on the new made hay
On a pleasant Summer's day
She in a wanton posture lay
Thinking no Shepherd nigh her
Till Amintas came that way
And threw himself down by her.

At the first she was amaz'd
And with blushes on him gaz'd
Her beauty bright did him invite
Her shape he did admire,
Her wanton dress could do no less,
Then set his heart on fire.

Then Amintas mildly said,
Phillis, be not now afraid
But entertain thy shepherd swain,
Now we are met together,
Then I shall prize thy sparkling eyes
That did invite me hither.

I have rang'd the Plains about
For to find my Phillis out
My flocks I left, of joys bereft,
Whilst I for thee did languish;
'Tis in thy will my heart to fill
With joy, or else with anguish.

Then fair Phillis frowning said,
My privacy thou hast betrayed;
Therefore be gone, let me alone,
Do not disturb my pleasure,
Nor do not move thy suit of Love,
But leave me to my leisure.

Never yet did Shepherd Swain
On this smooth Sicilian plain
Once dare to move my deep disdain
  By such like bold intrusion,
Then cease thy suit, 'tis but in vain,
  I scorn such fond delusion.

When Amintas sees her frown
Hoping still his joys to crown
Quoth he, "My dear, as I am here
  I like not this behaviour;
'Tis lover's bliss, to toy and kiss,
  It wins a Maiden's favour.

Let us like the Ivy twine
And our loves in one combine
Grim Pluto lovèd Proserpine
  Her beauty did him fetter;
When thou art mine, and I am thine,
  I'll please thee ten times better."

"Fie! for shame, fond boy," she said,
"I'm resolv'd to live a Maid,
Thou art too young, to do me wrong
  Be not so bold to venture,"
Whilst he poor youth, to speak the truth,
  Still aimèd at the center.

Phillis blushed as red as blood
When his mind she understood
His bold intent for to prevent,
  She used her best endeavour,
His resolution it was bent
  For he was loath to leave her.

Hotly he pursued the Game,
Whilst his Heart was on a flame
She cry'd Pish nay fie for shame
  In faith you shall not do it
But the youth her overcame
  And eagerly fell to it.

Thus she strived all in vain
Whilst she felt a pleasing pain,
Yet he by no means would refrain
  But kindly did embrace her,
He kissed his love and told her plain
  He never would disgrace her.

In great rage she flung away
Tumbling o'er the new-made hay
Whilst he ashamed and breathless lay

Although he then displeas'd her;
He rallied and renewed the fray,
And manfully appeased her.

Thus they spent this crystal day
In such wanton sports and play,
Amintas there, embrac'd his Dear,
And bid her be lighthearted;
But night being come they hasted home,
And kindly kissed and parted.

The Green-Sickness Beauty

BY LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, 1608-1644

THOUGH the pale white within your cheeks compos'd,
And doubtful light unto your eye confin'd,
Though your short breath not from itself unloosed,
And careless motions of your equal mind,
Argue your beauties are not all disclosed.

Yet as a rising beam, when first 'tis shown,
Points fairer, than when it ascends more red,
Or as a budding rose, when first 'tis blown,
Smells sweeter far, than when it is more spread,
As all things best by principles are known,

So in your green and flourishing estate
A beauty is discern'd more worthy love
Than that which further doth itself dilate,
And those degrees of variation prove,
Our vulgar wits so much do celebrate.

Thus though your eyes dart not that piercing blaze,
Which doth in busy Lovers' looks appear,
It is because you do not need to gaze
On other objects than your proper sphere,
Nor wander further than to run that maze.

So, if you want that blood which must succeed,
And give at last a tincture to your skin,
It is, because neither in outward deed,
Nor inward thought, you yet admit that sin,
For which your cheeks a guilty blush should need.

So if your breath do not so freely flow,
It is because you love not to consume
That vital treasure, which you do bestow
As well to vegetate as to perfume
Your Virgin leaves, as fast as they do grow.

Yet stay not here. Love for his right will call:
You were not born to serve your only will,
Nor can your beauty be perpetual.
'Tis your perfection for to ripen still,
And to be gathered, rather than to fall.

A Description

BY LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

I SING her worth and praises, I,
Of whom a Poet cannot lie.
The little World, the Great shall blaze,
Sea, Earth, her Body; Heaven, her Face,
Her Hair, Sunbeams, whose every part
Lightens, inflames each Lover's Heart,
That thus you prove the Axiom true,
Whilst the Sun helped Nature in you.
Her Front, the white and azure sky
In Light and Glory raised high,
Being o'ercast by a cloudy frown,
All Hearts and Eyes dejecteth down;
Her each Brow, a celestial Bow
Which through this Sky her Light doth show,
Which doubled, if it strange appear
The Sun's likewise is doubled there;
Her either Cheek, a blushing Morn,
Which, on the Wings of Beauty born,
Doth never set, but only fair
Shineth exalted in her hair;
Within her Mouth Heaven's Heav'n reside;
Her words the souls there Glorifi'd;
Her Nose, th' Equator of this Globe,
Where Nakedness, Beauty's best Robe,
Presents a form all Hearts to win!
Last Nature made that Dainty Chin,
Which that it might in every fashion
Answer the rest, a Constellation
Like to a Desk, She there did place
To write the Wonders of her Face.
In this Celestial Frontispiece,
Where Happiness eternal lies,
First arranged stand three Senses,—
This Heaven's Intelligences,
Whose several Motions sweet combined
Come from the first Move, her Mind.
The weight of this Harmonique Sphere
The Atlas of her Neck doth bear,
Whose favours Day to Us imparts
When Frowns make Night in Lovers' Hearts.

Two foaming Billows are her Breasts,
That carry rais'd upon their Crests
The Tyrian Fish: More white's their Foam
Then that whence Venus once did come.
Here take her by the Hand, my Muse,
With that Sweet Foe, to make my Truce,
To compact Manna best compar'd,
Whose dewy inside's not full hard.
Her Waist's an envers'd Pyramis
Upon whose Cone Love's Trophy is.
Her Belly is that Magazine
At whose peep Nature did resign
That precious Mould by which alone
There can be framed such a One:
At th' entrance of which hidden Treasure,
Happy making above measure,
Two Alabaster Pillars stand,
To warn all passage from that Land,
At foot whereof engraved is
The sad Non Ultra of Man's Bliss.
The back of this most precious Frame
Holds up in Majesty the Same;
Where to make Music of her parts.
Though all this Beauty's Temple be
There's known within no Deity
Save Virtues shrin'd within her Will.
As I began, so say I still,
I sing her Worth and Praises, I,
Of whom a Poet cannot lie.

The Dainty Damsel's Dream

BY LAURENCE PRICE [C. 1654]; ROX. BALLADS, III, 226

The Maid saw such strange Visions in her sleep,
When she awaked it forced her for to weep:
She dreaming lay, and thought her Love lay by,
But he alas! was not at that time nigh.
Then list and you shall hear the Damsel's Dream,
And afterwards what followed the same.

PART ONE

As I lay on my lovely bed, I fell into a dream,
God Cupid he attended me, and straight upon the same,
The Chamber where I lodged in, methought was all on fire,
Then Mars and Jupiter came in, with wrath and furious ire.

After came Venus with her train of Nymphs most fair and bright,
And prickt my heart in every vein, much like to kill me quite;
I knew no reason why their rage and anger should be so,
"Why then," quoth Venus, "to thyself, thou art a mortal foe.

"There is a young man loves thee dear, and now is like to die,
Because for him thou dost not care; that is the reason why,
That thou art punished so sore, here in thy naked bed,
And if thou wilt not yield to love, we mean to kill thee dead."

"Fair Queen," quoth I, "grant me this boon I may so happy be,
For to present him to my view that I the man may see:
And if that I can fancy him, there is no more to do,
But I will yield to be his love, and kiss and hug him too."

With that the flames all quenched was, and all the coast was clear,
And then a proper handsome youth did in my sight appear;
Like young Adonis in his prime this gallant seem'd to be,
Of courage bold, and valour brave, and fortitude was he.

PART TWO

His face like an Angel's was, his eyes like stars did shine,
In every part from top to toe, he seemed a Saint divine,
His sweet perfumèd honied breath did bear so rare a smell,
The richest odours in the world for scent it did excel.

With courtly words and compliments he did me kindly greet,
Crossing my lips ten thousand times with Kisses soft and sweet;
In his right hand a purse of gold he had, and did me give,
And told me I should never want such Coin whilst I did live.

It ravished my senses all, and set my heart on fire,
His countenance for to behold it made me to admire!
So that I much desired then to have his company,
His comely person to embrace as I in bed did lie.

His hose and doublet he stript off, and came into my bed,
Saying that he must master be, and have my maidenhead;
Good lack; how willing then was I his love to entertain:
The thought of action moved me in every limb and vein.

When all my vitals thus were rais'd, and ready for the sport,
Cupid and Venus stole away and so broke up the sport,
Even so departed all the Nymphs, and straight upon the same
I wak'd and wept, because I saw all things were but a dream.

Fie upon dreams, and fond delights, which thus disturb the mind!
'Tis better far to be awaked, and exercise by kind.
When as I dreamed, I had a love, and gold, and pleasure store;
But when I waked, I saw none such, which makes me grieve the more.

To His Mistress Desirous to Go to Bed

FROM JOHN COTGRAVE'S WIT'S INTERPRETER, 1655

SLEEPY, my dear? yes, yes, I see
Morpheus is fallen in love with thee;
Morpheus, my worst of rivals, tries
To draw the curtains of thine eyes,
And fans them with his wing asleep;
Makes drowsy love to play bo-peep.
How prettily his feathers blow
Those fleshy shuttings to and fro!
O how he makes me tantalise
With those fair apples of thine eyes!
Equivocates and cheats me still,
Opening and shutting at his will,
Now both, now one! the doting god
Plays with thine eyes at even or odd.
My stammering tongue doubts which it might
Bid thee, good-morrow or good-night.
So thy eyes twinkle brighter far
Than the bright trembling evening star;
So a wax taper, burnt within
The socket, plays at out and in.
  Thus doth Morpheus court thine eye,
Meaning there all night to lie:
Cupid and he play Whoop, All-Hid!
The eye, their bed and coverlid.
Fairest, let me thy night-clothes air;
  Come, I'll unlace thy stomacher.
Make me thy maiden chamber-man,
Or let me be thy warming-pan.
O that I might but lay my head
At thy bed's feet i'th trundle-bed.

Be Not Afraid

ANONYMOUS. C. 1650. FROM PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV

BE not afraid thou fairest, thou rarest
  that ever was made! deny me not a kiss;
Then thou shalt see the Measure of pleasure
  that I will have from thee. What hurts there
  in this?
Then let's embrace, and let pleasure be free,
  The world shall ne'er take notice how delightful
  (we be.)

"I see that spies, both peeping and creeping,
  in each corner lies to hinder all our joys;
But Cupid shall see, and find them, and blind them
  that hindrance will be to the getting of Boys.
Then let's, etc.:

"Venus, Jupiter, fair nature, Dame creature,
  Made thee for delight, but yet for none but I;
Then let's embrace, and rifle and trifle,
  leave a jewel in the place, but kept till you die.
Then let's, etc.

"Nay pish! nay fie! you'll venture to enter!
  a trespass so high, you'll wish t'were undone;
Should any spie, they'll wonder, look yonder;
  but you'll not fly the place you have begun.
Then let's, etc.

"Now you have enjoyed the Measure of pleasure,
  indeed I'm destroyed if you speak of it again;
For women do prove neglected, rejected,
  when freedom of love is known to other men.
Now you have enjoyed me, and all things be free,
In faith you'll undo me if a telltale you be.

"Then here's my heart! I'll ever endeavour
  that we will never part till death assigns the time.
Were it not you, believe me it would grieve me
  to do what I do; that love should be a crime;
But it is a fault of so sweet a degree,
That sure I am persuaded, court nor country be
  free."

A Creature for Feature

ANONYMOUS. BEFORE 1650. FROM PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV

A CREATURE, for feature I never saw fairer,
So witty, so pretty, I never knew a rarer;
She so kind, and I so blind,
That I may say another day
"I did complain, and I met a swain,
But he knew not how to woo me nor do me,
He was so dull conceited.
I gave a smile him to beguile,
I made a show to make him know,
I pincht his cheek to make him seek
And find some further pleasure, whose treasure
  needs not to be Expected.
"I staid him, and prayed him, and proffered him a
  favour;
He kist me, and wisht me to bear with his be-
  haviour;
But hie tro lolly lolly, lo silly willy could not doe.
All content with him was spent
When he had clipt and kist me, and mist me,
And could not wiss . . . kiss me . . . (*line cut off*)

Then thought I, and thought no lie,
Perhaps his pipe is not yet ripe;
Yet an hour may have the power
To make it grow in full length and full strength;
But fools are led in blindness.

"But woe me, and woe me! alas, I could not raise!
It would not, nor could not, doe all I could to please.
His ink was run, his pen was done.
Jack! art thou dead? hold up thy head!
I will litter thee and water thee,
And feed thee with my neet,
And better, if thou wilt lie beside me.
But all in vain I did complain,
His Jack was tired, he'd not be hired
For all my prayers and all my tears."

Of a Puritan

ANONYMOUS. C. 1600. FROM PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV

It was a puritanical lad
  that was called Mathyas,
And he would go to Amsterdam
  to speak with Ananyas.
He had not gone past half a mile,
  but he met his holy sister;
He laid his bible under her breech,
  and merrily he kist her.

"Alas! what would they wicked say?"
  quoth she, "if they had seen it!
My buttocks they lye too low: I wisht
  apocrypha were in it!"
"But peace, Sweetheart, or ere we part,—
  I speak it out of pure devotion.—
By yea and nay I'll not away
  till thou feel my spirit's motion."

They huft and puft with many hues,
  till that they both were tired,
"Alas!" quoth she, "you'll spoil the leaves;
  my petticoats all Mired!
If we professors should be known
  to the English congregation
Either at Leyden or Amsterdam,
  it would disgrace our nation;

"But since it is, that part we must,
  thou I am much unwilling,
Good brother, let's have the t'other thrust,
  and take thee this fine shilling

To bear thy charges as thou goes,
  and passage o'er the ocean."
Then down she Laid, and since 'tis said,
  she quencht his spirit's motion.

Walking in a Meadow Green

ANONYMOUS. C. 1660. FROM PERCY'S FOLIO MSS. VOL. IV

WALKING in a meadowe greene,
  fayre flowers for to gather,
where primrose rankes did stand on bankes
  to welcome comers thither,
I heard a voice which made a Noise,
  which caused me to attend it,
I heard a lasse say to a Ladd,
  "Once more, & none can mend it."

They lay soe close together,
  they made me much to wonder;
I know not which was wether,
  until I saw her under.
then off her came, & blusht for shame
  soe soone that he had endit;
yet still she lyes, & to him cryes,
  "Once more, & none can mend it."

His lookes were dull & very sad,
  his courage she had tamed;
she bade him play the lusty lad
  or else he quite was shamed;
"then stiffly thrust, he hit me just,
  fear not, but freely spend it,
& play about at in & out;
  once more, & none can mend it."

And then he thought to venter her,
  thinking the fit was on him;
but when he came to enter her,
  the point turned back upon him.
Yet she said, "stay! go not away
  although the point he bended!
but toot again, & hit the vaine!
  once more, & none can Mend it."

Then in her Armes she did him fold,
  & oftentimes she kist him,
yet still his courage was but cold
  for all the good she wisht him;
yet with her hand she made it stand
  so stiff she could not bend it,
& then anon she cries "come on
  once more, & none can mend it!"

"Adieu, adieu, sweet heart," quoth he,
  "for in faith I must be gone."
"Nay, then you do me wrong," quoth she,
  "to leave me thus alone."
Away he went when all was spent,
  whereat she was offended;
Like a Trojan true she made a vow
  she would have one should mend it.

In Praise of a Deformed Woman

ANONYMOUS. FROM CHOYCE DROLLERY, 1656

1

I LOVE thee for thy curled hair,
  As red as any Fox,
Our forefathers did still commend
  The lovely golden locks.
Venus her self might comelier be,
  Yet hath no such variety.

2

I love thee for thy squinting eyes,
  It breeds no jealousie,
But when thou do'st on others look,
  Methinks thou look'st on me,
    Venus her self, etc.

3

I love thee for thy copper nose,
  Thy fortune's ne'er the worse,
If shews the metal in thy face
  Thou shouldst have in thy purse,
    Venus her self, etc.

4

I love thee for thy chestnut skin,
  Thy inside's white to me,
That colour should be most approved,
  That will least changèd be,
    Venus her self, etc.

5

I love thee for thy splay mouth,
  For on that amorous close
There's room on either side to kiss,
  And ne'er offend the nose.
    Venus her self, etc.

6

I love thee for thy rotten gums,
In good time it may hap,
When other wives are costly fed,
I'll keep thy chaps on pap.
Venus her self, etc.

7

I love thee for thy blobber lips,
'Tis good thrift I suppose,
They're dripping-pans unto thy eyes,
And save-alls to thy nose.
Venus her self, etc.

8

I love thee for thy hunchèd back,
'Tis bowed although not broken,
For I believe the gods did send
Me to Thee for a Token.
Venus her self, etc.

9

I love thee for thy pudding waist,
If a Taylor thou do'st lack,
Thou need'st not send to France for one,
I'll fit thee with a sack,
Venus her self, etc.

10

I love thee for thy lusty thighs
For tressels thou must boast,
Sweet-heart, thou hast a water-mill,
And these are the mill-posts.
Venus her self, etc.

11

I love thee for thy splay feet,
They're fools that thee deride,
Women are always most esteemed,
When their feet are most wide,
Venus her self may comelier be, etc.

A Sonnet

ANONYMOUS. FROM CHOYCE DROLLERY, 1656

WHAT ill luck had I, silly Maid that I am,
To be tied to a lasting vow;
Or ere to be laid by the side of a man,
That wooed, and cannot tell how;

Down diddle down, down diddle me.
Oh that I had a Clown that he might down diddle me,
  With a courage to take mine down.

What punishment is that man worthy to have,
  That thus will presume to wed,
He deserves to be laid alive in his grave,
  That wooed and cannot in bed;
Down diddle down, down diddle me.
Oh that I had a Lad that he might down diddle me
  For I fear I shall run mad.

The Insatiate Lover

ANONYMOUS. FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1661

Come hither my own sweet duck,
  And sit upon my knee,
That thou and I may truck
  For thy Commodity,
If you wilt be my honey,
  Then I will be thine own,
Thou shalt not want for money
  If thou wilt make it known;
With hey ho my honey,
  My heart shall never rue,
For I have been spending money
  And amongst the jovial Crew.

I prithee leave thy scorning,
  Which our true love beguiles,
Thy eyes are bright as morning,
  The Sun shines in thy smiles,
Thy gesture is so prudent,
  Thy language is so free,
That he is the best Student
  Which can study thee;
With hey, ho, etc.

The Merchant would refuse
  His Indies and his Gold
If he thy love might chuse,
  And have thy love in hold:
Thy beauty yields more pleasure
  Than rich men keep in store,
And he that hath such treasure
  Never can be poor;
With hey ho, etc.

The Lawyer would forsake
  His wit and pleading strong;
The Ruler and Judge would take
  Thy part wer't right or wrong;
Should men thy beauty see
  Amongst the learnèd throngs
Thy very eyes would be
  Too hard for all their tongues;
With hey ho, etc.

Thy kisses to thy friend
  The Surgeon's skill out-strips,
For nothing can transcend
  The balsam of thy Lips,
There is such vital power
Contained in thy breath,
That at the latter hour
  'Twould raise a man from death;
With hey ho, etc.

Astronomers would not
  Lie gazing in the skies
Had they thy beauty got,
  No Stars shine like thine eyes:
For he that may importune
  Thy love to an embrace,
Can read no better fortune
  Than what is in thy face.
With hey ho, etc.

The Soldier would throw down
  His Pistols and Carbine,
And freely would be bound
  To wear no arms but thine:
If thou wert but engaged
  To meet him in the field,
Though never so much enraged
  Though couldst make him yield,
With hey ho, etc.

The seaman would reject
  To sail upon the Sea,
And his good ship neglect
  To be aboard of thee:
When thou liest on thy pillows
  He surely could not fail
To make thy breast his billows,
  And to hoist up sail;
With hey ho, etc.

The greatest Kings alive
  Would wish thou wert their own,
And every one would strive
  To make thy Lap their Throne,

For thou hast all the merit
  That love and liking brings;
Besides a nobler spirit,
  Which may conquer Kings;
With hey ho, etc.

Were Rosamond on earth
  I surely would abhor her,
Though ne'er so great by birth
  I should not change thee for her;
Though Kings and Queens are gallant,
  And bear a royal sway,
The poor man hath his Talent,
  And loves as well as they,
With hey ho, etc.

Then prithee come and kiss me,
  And say thou art mine own,
I vow I would not miss thee
  Not for a Prince's Throne;
Let Love and I persuade thee
  My gentle suit to hear:
If thou wilt be my Lady,
  Then I will be thy dear;
With hey ho, etc.

I never will deceive thee,
  But ever will be true,
Till death I shall not leave thee,
  Or change thee for a new;
We'll live as mild as may be,
  If thou wilt but agree,
And get a pretty baby
  With a face like thee.
With hey ho, etc.

Let these persuasions move thee
  Kindly to comply,
There's no man that can love thee
  With so much zeal as I;
Do thou but yield me pleasure,
  And take from me this pain,
I'll give thee all the Treasure
  Horse and man can gain;
With hey ho, etc.

I'll fight in forty duels
  To obtain thy grace,
I'll give thee precious jewels
  Shall adorn thy face;

E'er thou for want of money
  Be to destruction hurl'd,
For to support my honey
  I'll plunder all the world;
With hey ho, etc.

That smile doth show consenting,
  Then prithee let's be gone,
There shall be no repenting
  When the deed is done;
My blood and my affection,
  My spirits strongly move,
Then let us for this action
  Fly to yonder grove,
With hey ho, etc.

Let us lie down by those bushes
  That are grown so high,
Where I will hide thy blushes;
  Here's no standers by
This seventh day of July,
  Upon this bank we'll lie,
Would all were, that love truly,
  As close as thou and I;
With hey ho, my honey,
  My heart shall never rue.
For I have been spending money
  Amongst the jovial Crew.

"Down in a Garden Sat My Dearest Love"

FROM JOHN COTGRAVE'S WIT'S INTERPRETER, 1655

Down in a garden sat my dearest love,
Her skin more soft than down of swan,
More tender-hearted than the turtle dove
And far more kind than bleeding pelican.
I courted her; she rose and blushing said,
"Why was I born to live and die a maid?"
With that I plucked a pretty marigold,
Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done:
"Sweeting," I said, "arise, look and behold,
A pretty riddle I'll to thee unfold:
These leaves shut in as close as cloistered nun,
Yet will they open when they see the sun."
"What mean you by this riddle, sir?" she said;
"I pray expound it." Then I thus begun:
"Are not men made for maids and maids for men?"
With that she changed her colour and grew wan.
"Since that this riddle you so well unfold,
Be you the sun, I'll be the marigold."

"Hark, My Flora! Love Doth Call Us"

FROM SPORTIVE WIT: THE MUSES' MERRIMENT, 1656

HARK, my Flora! Love doth call us
To that strife that must befall us.
He has robb'd his mother's myrtles
And hath pull'd her downy turtles.
See, our genial posts are crown'd,
And our beds like billows rise:
Softer combat's nowhere found,
And who loses wins the prize.

Let not dark nor shadows fright thee;
Thy limbs of lustre they will light thee.
Fear not any can surprise us,
Love himself doth now disguise us.
From thy waist the girdle throw:
Night and darkness both dwell here:
Words or actions who can know,
Where there's neither eye nor ear?

Shew thy bosom and then hide it;
License touching and then chide it;
Give a grant and then forbear it,
Offer something and forswear it;
Ask where all our shame is gone;
Call us wicked wanton men;
Do as turtles, kiss and groan;
Say "We ne'er shall meet again."

I can hear thee curse, yet chase thee;
Drink they tears, yet still embrace thee;
Easy riches is no treasure;
She that's willing spoils the pleasure.
Love bids learn the wrestlers' fight;
Pull and struggle whilst ye twine;
Let me use my force to-night,
The next conquest shall be thine.

Cloris, Now Thou Art Fled Away

FROM SPORTIVE WIT: THE MUSES' MERRIMENT, 1656

CLORIS, since thou art gone astray,
Amyntas Shepherd's fled away;
And all the joys he wont to spy
I' th' pretty babies of thine eye,
Are gone; and she hath none to say
But who can help what will away, will away?

The Green on which it was his chance
To have her hand first in a dance,
Among the merry Maiden-crew,
Now making her nought but sigh and rue
The time she ere had cause to say
Ah, who can help what will away, will away?

The Lawn with which she wont to deck
And circle in her whiter neck;
Her Apron lies behind the door;
The strings won't reach now as before:
Which makes her oft cry well-a-day:
But who can help what will away?

He often swore that he would leave me,
Ere of my heart he could bereave me:
But when the Sign was in the tail,
He knew poor Maiden-flesh was frail;
And laughs now I have nought to say,
But who can help what will away?

But let the blame upon me lie,
I had no heart him to deny:
Had I another Maidenhead,
I'd lose it ere I went to bed:
For what can all the world more say,
Than who can help what will away?

She Lay All Naked in Her Bed

WIT AND DROLLERY, 1656; MERRY DROLLERY, 1661

SHE lay all naked in her bed,
  And I myself lay by;
No Veil but Curtains about her spread,
  No covering but I:
Her head upon her shoulders seeks
  To hang in careless wise,
All full of blushes was her cheeks,
  And of wishes were her eyes.

Her blood still fresh into her face,
  As on a message came,
To say that in another place
  It meant another game;
Her cherry Lip moist, plump, and fair,
  Millions of Kisses crown,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
  And weigh the branches down.

Her Breasts, that swell'd so plump and high,
  Bred pleasant pain in me,
For all the world I do defile
  The like felicity;
Her thighs and belly, soft and fair,
  To me were only shown:
To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
  Would have angered any stone.

Her knees lay upward gently bent,
  And all lay hollow under,
As if on easy terms they meant
  To fall unforc'd asunder;
Just so the Cyprian Queen did lie,
  Expecting in her bower;
When too long stay had kept the boy
  Beyond his promis'd hour.

"Dull clown," quoth she, "why dost delay
  Such proffered bliss to take?
Canst thou find out no other way
  Similitudes to make?"
Mad with delight I thundering
  Threw my Arms about her,
But pox upon 't 'twas but a dream.
  And so I lay without her.

Aldobrandino, a Fat Cardinal

FROM CHOICE DROLLERY, 1656

NEVER was human soul so overgrown,
With an unreasonable Cargazon
Of flesh, as Aldobrandino, whom to pack,
No girdle serv'd less than the zodiac:
So thick a Giant, that he now was come
To be accounted an eighth hill in Rome,
And as the learn'd Tostatus kept his age,
Writing for every day he liv'd a page;
So he no less voluminous than that
Added each day a leaf, but 'twas of fat.
  The choicest beauty that had been devised
By Nature was by her parents sacrificed
Up to this Monster, upon whom to try,
If as increase, he could, too, multiply.
  Oh, how I tremble lest the tender maid
Should die like a young infant over-laid!
For when this Chaos would pretend to move
And arch his back for the strong act of Love,
He falls as soon o'erthrown with his own weight,
  And with his ruins doth the Princess fright.
She lovely Martyr there lies stew'd and pressed,

Like flesh under the tarred saddle dressed,
And seems to those that look on them in bed,
Larded with him, rather than married.
  Oft did he cry, but still in vain, to force
His fatness, powerfuller than a divorce;
No herbs, no midwives profit here, nor can
Of his great belly free the teeming man.
What though he drink the vinegars most fine,
They do not waste his fleshy Apennine;
His paunch like some huge Isthmus runs between
The amorous Seas, and lets them not be seen;
Yet a new Dedalus invented how
This Bull with his Pasiphae might plow.
  Have you those artificial torments known,
With which long sunken Galeos are thrown
Again on Sea, or the dead Galia
Was rais'd that once behind St. Peters lay:
By the same rules he this time engine made,
With silken cords in nimble pullies laid;
And when his Genius prompteth his slow part
To works of Nature, which he helps with Art:
First he intangles in those woven bands,
His groveling weight, and ready to commands,
The sworn Prinadas of his bed, the Aids
Of Love's Camp, necessary Chambermaids;
Each runs to her known tackling, hastes to hoise,
And in just distance of the urging voice,
Exhorts the labour till he smiling rise
To the bed's roof, and wonders how he flies.
  Thence as the eager Falcon having spied
Fowl at the brook, or by the River's side,
Hangs in the middle Region of the air,
So hovers he, and plains above his fair:
  Blest Icarus first melted at those beams,
That he might after fall into those streams,
And there allaying his delicious flame,
In that sweet Ocean propagate his name,
  Unable longer to delay, he calls
To be let down, and in short measure falls
Toward his Mistress, that without her smock
Lies naked as Andromeda at the Rock,
And through the Skies see her wingèd Perseus strike
Though for his bulk, more that sea-monster like.
  Meantime the Nurse, who as the most discreet,
Stood governing the motions at the feet,
And balanc'd his descent, lest that amiss
He fell too fast, or that way more than this;
Steers the Prow of the pensile Galleys,
Right on Love's Harbour the Nymph lets him pass
Over the Chains, and 'tween the double Fort
Of her encastled knees, which guard the Port.

The Burs as she had learnt still diligent,
Now girt him backwards, now him forwards bent;
Like those that levelled in tough Cordage, teach
The mural Ram, and guide it to the Breach.

A Maiden's Denial

FROM SPORTIVE WIT; THE MUSES' MERRIMENT, 1656

Nay, pish; nay, phew! nay, faith and will you? fie!
A gentleman and use me thus! I'll cry.
Nay, God's body, what means this? Nay, fie for shame,
Nay, faith, away! Nay, fie, you are to blame.
Hark! somebody comes! hands off, I pray!
I'll pinch, I'll scratch, I'll spurn, I'll run away.
Nay, faith, you strive in vain, you shall not speed
You mar my ruff, you hurt my back, I bleed.
Look how the door stands ope, somebody sees!
Your buttons scratch, in faith you hurt my knees.
What will men say? Lord, what a coil is here!
You make me sweat; i' faith, here's goodly gear.
Nay, faith, let me entreat you, if you list;
You mar my clothes, you tear my smock, but, had I wist
So much before, I would have shut you out.
Is it a proper thing you go about?
I did not think you would have used me this,
But now I see I took my aim amiss.
A little thing would make me not be friends:
You've used me well! I hope you'll make amends.
Hold still, I'll wipe your face, you sweat amain:
You have got a goodly thing with all your pain.
Alas! how hot am I! what will you drink?
If you go sweating down what will men think?
Remember, sir, how you have used me now;
Doubtless ere long I will be meet with you.
If any man but you had used me so,
Would I have put it up? in faith, sir, no.
Nay, go not yet; stay here and sup with me,
And then at cards we better shall agree.

To Cytherea

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1628-1687

The transient reason let's improve,
That human life allots to love;
Youth soon, my Cynthia! flies away,
And age assumes its frozen sway;
With elegance and neatness dressed,
Come there, in beauty's bloom confessed,
And in my fond embrace be blest!

Faint strugglings but inflame desire,
And serve to fan the lover's fire;
Then yield not all at once your charms,
But with reluctance fill my arms:
My arms! that shall, with eager haste,
Encircle now your slender waist;
Now round your neck be careless hung,
And now o'er all your frame be flung:
About your limbs my limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing cheek to mine:
Close to my broader, manlier chest,
I'll press thy firm, proud-swelling breast,
Now rising high, now falling low,
As passion's tide shall ebb, or flow:
My murmuring tongue shall speak my bliss,
Shall court your yielding lips to kiss;
Each kiss with thousands I'll repay,
And almost suck your breath away:
A thousand more you then shall give,
And then a thousand more receive;
In transport half-dissolved we'll lie,
Venting our wishes in a sigh.
Quick-starting from me, now display
Your loose and discomposed array:
Your hair shall o'er your polished brow,
In sweetly-wild disorder flow,
And those long tresses from behind,
You used in artful braids to bind,
Shall down your snowy bosom spread
Redundant, in a softened shade;
And from your wishful eyes shall stream
The dewy light of passion's flame:
While now and then a look shall glance,
Your senses lost in amorous trance;
That fain my rudeness would remove,
Yet plainly tells how strong you love;
The roses heightened on your cheek,
Shall the fierce tide of rapture speak;
And on your lips a warmer glow
The deepened ruby then shall show:
Your breast, replete with youthful fire,
Shall heave with tumults of desire;
Shall heave at thoughts of wished-for bliss,
Springing as though 'twould meet my kiss:
Down on that heaven I'll sink quite spent,
And lie in tender languishment;
But soon your charms' reviving power,
Shall to my frame new life restore:
With love I'll then my pains assuage,
With kisses cool my wanton rage,
Hang o'er thy beauties till I cloy,
Then cease, and then renew my joy.

"Was Ever Man of Nature's Framing"

BY CHARLES COTTON, 1630-1687

Was ever man of Nature's framing
  So given o'er to roving,
Who have been twenty years a-taming
By ways that are not worth the naming,
  And now must die of loving?

Hell take me if she ben't so winning
  That now I love her mainly!
And though in jest at the beginning,
Yet now I'd wondrous fain be sinning,
  And so have told her plainly.

At which she cries I do not love her,
  And tells me of her honour;
Then have I no way to disprove her,
And my true passion to discover,
  But straight to fall upon her.

Which done, forsooth, she talks of wedding,
  But what will that avail her?
For though I am old dog at bedding,
I'm yet a man of so much reading
  That there I sure shall fail her.

No, hang me if I ever marry
  Till womankind grow stauncher!
I do delight delights to vary,
And love not in one hulk to tarry,
  But only trim and launch her.

A Puritan

FROM MERRY DROLLERY (1661) FOL. 2

A PURITAN of late,
And eke a holy Sister,
A Catechizing sate,
And fain he would have kist her
  For his Mate.

But she a Babe of grace,
A Child of reformation
Thought kissing a disgrace,
A Limb of profanation
  In that place.

He swore by yea and nay
He would have no denial,
The spirit would it so,
She should endure a trial
  Ere she go.

Why swear you so, quoth she?
Indeed, my holy Brother,
You might have forsworn be
Had it been to another,
Not to me.

He laid her on the ground,
His Spirits fell a ferking,
Her Zeal was in a sound,
He edified her Merkin
Upside down.

And when their leave they took,
And parted were asunder
My Muse did then awake,
And I turn'd Ballad-monger.
For their sake.

"Riding to London, on Dunstable Way"

A SONG FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1661

RIDING to London, on Dunstable way
I met with a Maid on Midsummer day,
Her Eyes they did sparkle like Stars in the sky,
Her face it was fair, and her forehead was high:
The more I came to her, the more I did view her,
The better I lik'd her pretty sweet face,
I could not forbear her, but still I drew near her,
And then I began to tell her my case:

Whither walk'st thou, my pretty sweet soul?
She modestly answer'd to Hockley-i'th'-hole,
I ask'd her her business; she had a red cheek,
She told me, she went a poor service to seek;
I said, it was pity she should leave the City,
And settle herself in a Country Town;
She said it was certain it was her hard fortune
To go up a maiden, and so to come down.

With that I alighted, and to her I stept,
I took her by th' hand, and this pretty maid wept;
Sweet, weep not, quoth I: I kissed her soft lip;
I wrung her by the hand, and my finger she nipped;

So long there I wooed her, such reasons I shewed her,
That she my speeches could not control,
But curtsied finely, and got up behind me,
And back she rode with me to Hockley-i'th'-hole.

When I came to Hockley at the sign of the Cock,
By a lighting I chanced to see her white smock,
It lay so alluring upon her round knee,
I called for a Chamber immediately;
I hugged her, I tugged her, I kissed her, I smugged her,
And gently I laid her down on a bed,
With nodding and pinking, with sighing and winking,
She told me a tale of her Maidenhead.

While she to me this story did tell,
I could not forbear, but on her I fell;
I tasted the pleasure of sweetest delight,
We took up our lodging, and lay there all night;
With soft arms she rouled me, and ofttimes told me,
She loved me dearly, even as her own soul:
But on the next morrow we parted with sorrow,
And so I lay with her at Hockley-i'th'-hole.

The Maid a Bathing

MERRY DROLLERY COMPLEAT; MUSIC IN DANCING MASTER, 1650-65

Upon a Summer's day,
'Bout middle of the morn,
I spy'd a Lass that lay
Stark nak'd as she was born;
'Twas by a running Pool,
Within a meadow green,
And there she lay to cool,
Not thinking to be seen.

Then did she by degrees
Wash every part in rank,
Her Arms, her breasts, her thighs,
Her Belly, and her Flank;
Her legs she opened wide,
My eyes I let down steal,
Until that I espied
Dame nature's privy Seal.

I stripped me to the skin,
And boldly stepped unto her,
Thinking her love to win,
I thus began to woo her:
Sweetheart, be not so coy,
Time's sweet in pleasures spent,
She frowned, and cried, away.
Yet smiling, gave consent.

Then blushing, down she slid,
Seeming to be amazed,
But heaving up her head,
Again she on me gazed;

I seeing that, lay down,
  And boldly 'gan to kiss,
And she did smile, and frown,
  And so fell to our bliss.

Then lay she on the ground
  As though she had been sped,
As women in a swoon,
  Yield up, and yet not dead:
So did this lively maid,
  When hot blood fill'd her vein,
And coming to herself she said,
  I thank you for your pain.

Maiden's Delight

FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1661

A YOUNG man of late, that lacked a mate,
And courting came unto her,
With Cap, and Kiss, and sweet Mistress,
But little could he do her;
Quoth she, my friend, let kissing end,
Wherewith you do me smother,
And run at Ring with t'other thing;
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

Too much of ought is good for nought,
Then leave this idle kissing;
Your barren suit will yield no fruit
If the other thing be missing:
As much as this a man may kiss
His sister or his mother;
He that will speed must give with need
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

Who bids a Guest unto a feast,
To sit by divers dishes,
They please their mind until they find
Change, please each creature wishes;
With beak and bill I have my fill,
With measure running over;
The Lover's dish I now do wish,
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

To gull me thus, like Tantalus,
To make me pine with plenty,
With shadows store, and nothing more,
Your substance is so dainty;
A fruitless tree is like to thee,
Being but a kissing lover,
With leaves join fruit, or else be mute;
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

Sharp join'd with flat, no mirth to that;
A low note and a higher,
Where Mean and Base keeps time and place,
Such music maids desire:
All of one string doth loathing bring,
Change is true Music's Mother,
Then leave my face, and sound the base,
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

The golden mine lies just between
The high way and the lower;
He that wants wit that way to hit
Alas! hath little power;
You'll miss the clout if that you shoot
Much higher, or much lower:
Shoot just between, your arrows keen,
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

No smoke desire without a fire,
No wax without a Writing:
If right you deal give Deeds to Seal,
And straight fall to inditing;
Thus do I take these lines I make,
As to a faithful Lover,
In order he'll first write, then seal,
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

Thus while she stayed the young man played
Not high, but low defending;
Each stroke he strook so well she took,
She swore it was past mending;
Let swaggering boys that think by toys
Their Lovers to fetch over,
Lip-labour save for the maids must have
  A little o' th' one with t'other.

There Was Three Birds

FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1661

THERE was three birds that built very low,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her toe,
The third went merrily in and in, in,
And the third went merrily in;
  O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
  With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
  With so little knocking in.

There was three birds (that) built on a pin,
The first and second cry'd, have at her shin,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
The third he went merrily in;
  O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
  With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
  With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built on a tree,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her knee,
And the third he went merrily in and in, in,
And the third he went merrily in;
  O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
  With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
  With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built very high,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her thigh,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
The third he went merrily in;
  O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
  With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
  With so little knocking in.

There was three birds that built on a stump,
The first and the second cry'd, have at her rump,
The third he went merrily in and in, in,
The third he went merrily in;
  O never went Wimble in timber more nimble
  With so little screwing and knocking on't in,
  With so little knocking in.

Maidenhead

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY. FROM THE MISTRESS, 1668

1

Thou worst estate even of the sex that's worst;
  Therefore by Nature made at first,
  T' attend the weakness of our birth!
Sight, outward Curtain to the Nuptial Bed!
Thou Case to buildings not yet finished!
  Who like the Center of the Earth,
  Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though Thou a point imaginary be.

2

A thing God thought for Mankind so unfit,
  That his first Blessing ruin't it.
  Cold frozen Nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Africk sand,
(A sterile, and a wild unlovely Land)
  Art always scorched with hot desires,
  Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and Serpents forth thy self to sting.

3

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
  Like a close Conj'urer in his Cell
  And fear'st the days discovering Eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be

Such tedious and unpleasant Company,
  Who liv'st so Melancholily!
  Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,
Which Women lose, and yet no Man can find.

4

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
  Yet I'm resolved to search for thee;
  The search itself rewards the pains.
So, though the Chymick his great secret miss,
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
  Yet things well worth his toyle he gains:
  And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way.

5

Say what thou wilt, Chastity is no more
  Thee, than a Porter is his Door.
  In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with Ramparts and with Walls,
Them only fame the truly valiant calls,
  Who can an open breach defend.
  Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so Hated, and so Lov'd without.

A Dream

FROM PLAYFORD'S TREASURY OF MUSICK, C. 1669

I LAID me down on a pillow soft,
And dream'd I clipt and kissed my mistress oft;
She cry'd, Fie, fie, away, you are too bold.
I pray'd her be content, tho' she were cold,
My veins did burn with flames of hot desire,
And must not leave till she had quench'd my fire.

Well, since (said she) I may not from you fly,
Do what you please, I give you liberty,
With that I waked, but found I was deceived;
For which I storm'd like one of sense bereaved.

The Imperfect Enjoyment

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER, 1648-1680

FRUITION was the question in debate,
Which like so hot a casuist I state,
That she my freedom urged as my offense
To teach my reason to subdue my sense;
But yet this angry cloud, that did proclaim
Volleys of thunder, melted into rain;

And this adult'rate stamp of seeming nice,
Made feigned virtue but a bawd to vice;
For, by a compliment that's seldom known,
She thrusts me out, and yet invites me home;
And these denials but advance delight,
As prohibition sharpens appetite;
For the kind curtain raising my esteem,
To wonder as the opening of the scene,
When of her breast her hands the guardians were,
Yet I salute each sullen officer:
Tho' like the flaming sword before my eyes,
They block the passage to my paradise;
Nor could those tyrant lands so guard the coin,
But love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin:
For tho' her breasts are hid, her lips are prize,
To make me rich beyond my avarice;
Yet my ambition my affection fed,
To conquer both the white rose and the red.
The event proved true, for on the bed she sate
And seemed to court, what she had seemed to hate;
Heat of resistance had increased her fire,
And weak defense is turned to strong desire.
What unkind influence could interpose,
When two such stars did in conjunction close?
Only too hasty zeal my hopes did foil,
Pressing to feed her lamp, I spilt my oil;
And that which most reproach upon me hurled,
Was dead to her, gives life to all the world,
Nature's chief prop, and motion's primest source,
In one lost both their figure and their force.
Sad conquest; When it is the victor's fate,
To die at the entrance of the opening gate:
Like prudent corporations had we laid
A common stock by, we had improved our trade;
But as a prodigal heir, I spent bye-the-bye,
What, home directed, would serve her and I.
When next in such assaults I chance to be,
Give me less vigour, more activity;
For love turns impotent, when strained too high;
His very cordials make him sooner die,
Evaporates in fume, the fire too great;
Love's chemistry thrives best in equal heat.

1

The Lucky Minute

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER; PUBLISHED C. 1670

As Chloris full of harmless thought,
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

She blushed to be encountered so,
  And chid the am'rous Swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
  He pulled her down again.

A sudden Passion seized her Heart,
  In spite of her Disdain;
She felt a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
  And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Oh Youth! said she, what Charms are these,
  That conquer and surprise?
Oh! let me—for, unless you please,
  I have no Power to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
  For fear he should comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
  And gave her Tongue the Lie.

Thus she, who Princes had denied,
  With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute tried,
  And yielded to the Swain.

The Fall. A Song

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

1

How blest was the Created State
Of Man and Woman ere they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate;
We need not fear another Hell!

2

Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,
Enjoyment waited on Desire:
Each Member did their Wills obey,
Nor could a Wish set Pleasure higher.

3

But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
Are never of our Joys secure:
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

4

Then, Chloris, while I Duty pay,
The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not You so severe to say,
You love me for a frailer Part.

A Song. To Cloris

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

1

Fair Cloris in a Pig-Sty lay,
Her tender Herd lay by her:
She slept, in murmuring Gruntlings they,
Complaining of the scorching Day,
Her Slumbers thus inspire.

2

She dreamt, while she with careful Pains,
Her snowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains,
Thus hasting to her cry'd:

3

Fly, Nymph, oh! fly, ere 'tis too late,
A dear-lov'd Life to save:
Rescue your Bosom Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

4

My self had try'd to set him free,
Rather than brought the News:
But I am so abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

5

Struck with the News, as quick she flies
As Blushes to her face:
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half so swift a pace.

6

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
Had laid against her Honour:
Which not one God took care to save,
For he pursues her to the Cave,
And throws himself upon her.

7

Now piercèd is her Virgin Zone,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken amorous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Just in the happy Minute.

Song

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

Against the Charms our Passions have,
How weak all humane skill is!
Since they can make a Man a Slave,
To such a Wretch as Phillis.

Whom that I may describe throughout,
Assist me, Loving Pow'rs,
I'll write upon a double Clout,
And dip my Pen in Show'rs.

Her Look's demurely impudent,
Ungainly Beautiful,
Her Modesty is insolent,
Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A Prostitute to all the Town,
And yet with no Man Friends,
She rails and scolds when she lyes down,
And Curses loud she sends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,
Ill-natur'd and a Whore,
No part of her ought good affords,
She's all a Common-shore.

The Mock Song

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

I wench as well as others do,
I'm young, nor yet deform'd,
My tender Heart, sincere and true,
Deserves not to be scorn'd.
Why Phillis then, why will you Trade
With forty Lovers more?
Can I (said she) with Nature strive,
Alas I am, alas I am a Whore.

Were all my Body larded o'er,
With Darts of Love so thick,
That you might find in ev'ry Pore,
A Dart of Love did stick.

Whilst yet alone my Eyes were free,
My Heart would never doubt,
In Am'rous Rage and Extasie,
To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes put out.

The Imperfect Enjoyment

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

NAKED she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,
Both equally inspir'd, with eager fire,
Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;
With Arms, Legs, Lips close clinging to embrace,
She clips me to her Breast, and sucks me to her Face.
The nimble Tongue (Love's lesser Lightning) plaid
Within my Mouth, and to my thoughts convey'd
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw,
The All-dissolving Thunderbolt below.
My flutt'ring Soul, sprung with the pointed Kiss,
Hangs hov'ring o'er her balmy Limbs of Bliss.
But whilst her busie hand wou'd guide that part,
Which shou'd convey my Soul up to her Heart,
In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o'er,
Melting in Love, such Joys ne'er felt before.
A touch from any part of her had don't,
Her Hand, her Foot, her very locks had charms upon't.
Smiling, she chides in a soft murmuring Noise,
And sighs to feel the too too hasty Joys;
When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring O're
My panting Breast, and is there then no more?
She cries: All this to Love, and Raptures due,
Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?
But I the most forlorne, lost Man alive,
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,
I sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot drive.
Eager desires, confound my first intent,
Succeeding Shame, does more success prevent,
And Rage, at last, confirms me impotent.

Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid Heat return
To frozen Age, and make cold Hermits burn,
Apply'd to my dead Cinder, warms no more,
Than Fire to Ashes, cou'd past Flames restore.
Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly,
This Dart of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd
With Virgin Blood, a hundred Maids has dy'd.
Which Nature still directed with such Art,
That it through ev'ry Port, reacht ev'ry Heart.
Stiffly resolv'd, turn'd careless I invade,
Where it essay'd, nor ought its fury staid,
Where e'er it pierc'd, entrance it found or made.
Now languid lies, in this unhappy hour,
Shrunk up, and Sapless, like a wither'd Flow'r.
Thou treacherous, base, deserter of my flame,
False to my passion, fatal to my Fame.

By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove,
So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?
What Oyster, Cinder, Beggar, common Whore,
Didst thou e'er fail in all thy Life before?
When Vice, Disease and Scandal lead the way,
With what officious haste didst thou obey?
Like a Rude-roaring Hector, in the Streets,
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;
But if his King or Country, claim his Aid,
The Rascal Villain shrinks and hides his Head:
E'en so is thy Brutal Valor displaid
Breaks ev'ry Stews, and does each small Crack invade,
But if great Love, the onset does command,
Base recreant to thy Prince, thou dost not stand.
Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
Through all the Town, the common rubbing Post;
On whom each wretch relieves her lustful want,
As Hogs, on Goats, do rub themselves and grunt,
May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
Or in consuming Weepings waste away.
May Stranguries, and Stone thy Dayes attend.
May'st thou not Piss, who didst so much offend,
When all my joyes, did on false thee depend.
And may ten thousand abler Men agree,
To do the wrong'd Corinna right for thee.

Signior Dildoe

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER, 1678

I

You Ladies all of merry England,
Who have been to kiss the Dutchess's Hand
Pray, did you not lately observe in the show
A noble Italian, call'd Signior Dildoe?

II

This Signior was of the Dutchesses Train,
And help'd to conduct her over the Main;
But now she cries out to the Duke, I will go,
I have no more need for Signior Dildoe.

III

At the Sign of the Cross in Saint James's Street
When next you go thither to make your selves sweet,
By buying of Powder, Gloves, Essence or so,
You may chance to get a sight of Signior Dildoe.

IV

You would take him at first for no Person of Note,
Because he appears in plain Leather Coat;
But when you his vertuous Abilities know,
You would fall down and worship Signior Dildoe.

V

My Lady (Southesk), Heaven prosper her for't,
First clothed him in Sattin, then brought him to Court;
But his Head in the Circle he scarcely durst show,
So modest a Youth was Signior Dildoe.

VI

The good Lady Suffolk thinking no harm,
Had got this poor Stranger hid under her Arm:
Lady Betty by chance came the Secret to know,
And from her own Mother stole Signior Dildoe.

VII

The Countess of Falmouth of whom People tell,
Her Footmen wore Shirts of a Guinea an Ell,
Might save that Expence, if she did know
How lusty a Swinger is Signior Dildoe.

VIII

By the help of this Gallant the Countess of Rafe,
Against the fierce Harris preserv'd her self safe;
She stifled him almost beneath her Pillow,
So closely she embraced Signior Dildoe.

IX

The Pattern of Vertue her Grace of Cl(eve)land,
Has swallow'd more P——s than the Nation has Land;
But by rubbing and scrubbing so wide it does grow,
It is fit for just nothing but Signior Dildoe.

X

Our dainty fine Dutchess having got a Trick,
To dote on a Fool for the sake of his ———
The Fops were undone, did their Graces but know,
The Discretion and Vigour of Signior Dildoe.

XI

The Dutchess of M(ode)na, tho' she looks so high,
With such a Gallant is content to lie,
And lest the English her Secrets should know,
For her Gentleman Usher took Signior Dildoe.

XII

The Countess of the Cockpit (who knows not her Name?)
She's famous in Story for a killing Dame;
When all her old Lovers forsake her, I trow,
She'll then be contented with Signior Dildoe.

XIII

Red Howard, red Sheldon, and Temple so tall,
Complain of his Absence so long from Whitehall;
Signior Barnard has promis'd a Journey to go,
And bring back his Country-man Signior Dildoe.

XIV

Moll Howard no longer with his Highness must range,
And therefore is proffered this Civil Exchange;
Her Teeth being rotten, she smells best below,
And needs must be fitted for Signior Dildoe.

XV

Saint Albans with Wrinkles and Smiles in his Face,
Whose Kindness to Strangers becomes his high place;
In his Coach and six Horses is gone to pergo,
To take the fresh Air with Signior Dildoe.

XVI

Were this Signior but known to the Citizen Fops
He'd keep their fine Wives from the Foremen of their Shops;
But the Rascals deserve their Horns should still grow,
For burning the Pope and his Nephew Dildoe.

XVII

Tom Killigrew's Wife, that Holland fine Flower,
At the sight of this Signior did fart and belch four;
And her Dutch breeding the further to show,
Says, Welcome to England Myne Heer Van Dildoe.

XVIII

He civilly came to the Cockpit one night,
And proffer'd his Service to fair Madam Knight;
Quoth she, I intreague with Captain Cazzo,
Your nose in mine A——— good Signior Dildoe.

XIX

This Signior is sound, safe, ready and dumb,
As ever was Candle, Carrot, or your Thumb;
Then away with the nasty Devices, and show
How you rate the just Merit of Signior Dildoe.

XX

Count Cazzo, who carries his Nose very high,
In Passion he swore his Rival should die,
Then shut himself up to let the World know,
Flesh and Blood could not bear it from Signior Dildoe.

XXI

A Rabble of P————s who were welcome before,
Now finding the Porter denied them the Door,
Maliciously waited his coming below,
And inhumanly fell on Signior Dildoe.

XXII

Nigh wearied out, the poor Stranger did fly,
And along the Pall Mall they followed full Cry;
The Women concern'd, from every Window
Cry'd, for Heaven's sake, save Signior Dildoe.

XXIII

The good Lady Sands burst into a Laughter,
To see how the B————ks came wobbling after;
And had not their weight retarded the Foe,
Indeed it had gone hard with Signior Dildoe.

Song

ANONYMOUS. PRINTED IN 1670

He that will court a Wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peevish and antic,
Let him be careless to sport and toy,
And as peevish as she is frantic:
  Laugh at her and slight her,
  Flatter her, spight her,
  Rail and commend her again.
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
    Such Girls will love such men.

He that will court a Wench that is mild,
That is soft and kind of behaviour;
  Let him kindly woo her,
  Nor roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour.
  Give her kisses plenty:
  She'll take them were they twenty,
  Stroke her and kiss her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
  Such Girls do love soft men.

He that will court a Wench that is mad,
That will squeak and cry out if you handle her,
  Let him kick and fling,
  Till he make the house ring,

'Tis the only way to tame her:
  Take her up and touze her,
  Salute her and rouze her
Then kiss her, and please her again:
It is the way to woo her
If that you mean to come close to her,
  Mad Girls do love mad men.

Love's Fancy

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM AN EVENING'S LOVE, 1671

After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
When a day and a night I have sighed all in vain,
Ah what a pleasure it is to discover,
In her eyes pity who causes my pain.

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah what a pleasure to touch it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture,
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,
Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing!
Ah, what a Joy to hear, Shall we again!

Calm Was the Evening, and Clear Was the Sky

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM AN EVENING'S LOVE, 1671

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky,
And the new budding Flowers did spring,
When all alone went Amyntas and I
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing.
I sate, and he laid him down by me,
And scarcely his breath he could draw,
  But when with a fear,
  He began to draw near,
  He was dash'd with A ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for awhile,
And his modesty curb'd his desire,
But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
Which added new flames to his fire,
O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe,
Then once more he prest
With his hands to my breast,
But was dash'd with A ha, ha, ha.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his case,
I whisper'd him softly, there's nobody here,
And laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A shepherd came by us and saw,
And just as our bliss
We began with a Kiss;
He burst out with a Ha, Ha, ha, Ha.

Celamina of My Heart

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM AN EVENING'S LOVE

DAMON. Celamina, of my heart,
None shall e'er bereave you:
If by your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day
I will never leave you.

CELAMINA. Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting;
Damon, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

DAMON. Love as dull and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

CELAMINA. Love by Quarrels to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physician's wit,
Who to cure an ague fit,
Puts me in a Fervour.

DAMON. Anger rouseth Love to fight,
And his only bait is,
'Tis the spur to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite
When desire at height is.

CELAMINA. If such drops of heat can fall,
In our wooing weather,
If such drops of heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM CONQUEST OF GRANADA, 1671

BENEATH a Myrtle shade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought.
Undressed she came, my flames to meet,
While Love strow'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

From the bright Vision's head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white Temples fell her shady hair,
Like cloudy sun-shine, not too brown nor fair,
Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
Her every Grace my heart did fire.
But most her eyes, which languish with desire.

Ah charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By nature and by Love this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made
Silence and shades with Love agree.
Both shelter you and favour me:
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid.
Faintly methought she spoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then die, said I: She still denied,
And is it thus, thus she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid, and so she died.

I wak'd and straight I knew
I loved so well, it made my dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
Whilst I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep or waking, you must ease my pain.

Epithalamium

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM AMBOYNA, 1673

THE day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,
That Golden day they wished so long,
Love pick'd it out midst the throng;
He destin'd to himself this Sun,
And took the Reins and drove him on;
In his own Beams he drest him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past,
One minute more and night will hide,
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed does go;
Take care, oh Youth, she rise not so;
She pants and trembles at her doom,
And fears and wishes thou would'st come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She shrinks away, He close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats, at once does use,
She softly sighing begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away,
Now out aloud for help she cries,
And now despairing shuts her eyes.

Song

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM THE SPANISH FRIAR

FAREWELL, ungrateful Traitor,
  Farewell, my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd creature
  Believe a Man again.
The Pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing!
But 'tis too short a Blessing,
  And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
  In Pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us,
  To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no Bliss beside it,
But she who once has try'd it,
  Will never love again.

The Passion you pretended,
  Was only to obtain;
But now the Charm is ended,
  The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure,
'Till we have lost our Treasure;
But dying is a Pleasure,
  When living is a Pain.

"Whilst Alexis Lay Prest"

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE, 1673

WHIL'ST Alexis lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her neck,
And his head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When Celia saw this,
With a sigh, and a kiss,
She cry'd, Oh my dear, I am robb'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

The Youth, though in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity died slowly, while she died more fast;
Till at length she cry'd, Now, my dear, let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they died; but the more they did so,
The Nymph died more quick, and the Shepherd more
  slow.

"Make Ready, Fair Lady, To-night"

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL

HE: Make ready, fair Lady, to-night;
  Come down to the door below;
    For I will be there
    To receive you with care,
  And with your true Love you shall go.

SHE: And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep;
To my Love I will fly,
E'er the Jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

Song

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM MISCELLANY POEMS, 1685

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guessed
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast:
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cry'd, ah! for a languishing maid
In a country of Christians to die without aid
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson or Catholic priest
To instruct a young virgin that is at a loss
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear;
When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Rondelay

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM MISCELLANY POEMS, 1693

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in Tears, upon the plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up, before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

Song for a Girl

BY JOHN DRYDEN. FROM LOVE TRIUMPHANT

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love; and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my soul disguise;
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Cou'd I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a jaunty mien
I should long to be fifteen.

"Do Not Ask Me, Charming Phillis"

FROM THE NEW ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS, 1671

Do not ask me, charming Phillis,
  Why I lead you here alone
By this bank of pinks and lilies
  And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
  Of those flowers that crown the spring,
'Tis to—but I know my duty
  And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying:
  Why should I thus fearful be?
Every minute, gently flying,
  Smiles and says "Make use of me."

What the sun does to those roses
  While the beams play sweetly in,
I would—but my fear opposes
  And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it:
  Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither dare reveal it,
  Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
  Might I speak what I would do,
I would—with my lovely Phillis—
  I would—I would—ah, would you?

Wert Thou But Half So Wise As Thou Art Fair

A SONG FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES, 1671-2

WERT thou but half so wise as thou art fair,
  Thou would'st not need such courting,
'Twill prove a loss you'll ne'er repair,
  Should you still defer your sporting.
This peevish shall I, shall I, you'll repent,
  When your spring is over,
Beauty's after-math—no kind friends hath
  To gratify a Lover!

Perhaps you may think 'tis a sin to deal,
  Till Hymen doth authorize you:
Though the gods themselves sweet pleasure steal,
  That to coyness thus advise you.

Pox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
  I'll kiss, although not have you,
'Twas an Eunuch wrote all the Text that you quote,
  And the Ethics that enslave you.

I am sure you have heard of that sprightly Dame
  That with Mars so often traded,
Had the God but thought she had been to blame,
  She had surely been degraded.
Nor is blind Cupid less esteemed
  For the sly tricks on his Mother,
For men do adore that Son of a Whore,
  As much as any other.

'Tis plain antiquity doth lie
  Which made Lucretia squeamish;
For that which you call Chastity,
  Upon her left a blemish:
For when her Paramour grew weak,
  Her passion waxed stronger,
For the Lecherous Drab her self did stab
  'Cause Tarquin staid no longer.

Then away with this Bugbear Vice,
  You are lost if that you fly me,
In Elysium (if you here are nice)
  You never shall come nigh me:
Hell for Vestals is a Cloister
  I don't run doting thither,
For the pleasant shades are for her that trades:
  Let's truck and go together.

Silvia

FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES, 1671-2

SILVIA, tell me how long it will be
  Before you will grant my desire:
Is there no end of your cruelty,
  But must I consume in this fire?
You'll not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,
  But take pleasure in seeing me languish.
Ah, Silvia, pity my desperate state,
  For you are the cause of my anguish:

HER ANSWER

Damon, I tell thee I never shall be
  In a humour to grant thy desire;
Nor can I be taxed with cruelty,
  Having one that I more do admire.

For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
  Yet I find you fain would be doing;
No, Damon, you never shall be my Mate,
  Then prithee, Friend, leave off thy wooing:

HIS REPLY

Silvia, know I never shall more
  Be a Suitor to pride and disdaining,
Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
  Being now in the time of their waning:
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
  Then prithee take it for a warning,
Whenever you meet with another mate,
  Faith, Silvia, leave off your scorning.

On a Gentleman

FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES, 1671-72

Poor Cloris wept, and from her eyes
  The liquid tears came trickling down;
Such wealthy drops may well suffice,
  To be the ransom of a Crown:
And as she wept, she sigh'd, and said,
  Alas for me, unhappy Maid,
  That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.

When first these eyes, unhappy eyes,
  Met with the author of my woe,
Methough our Souls did sympathize,
  And it was death to say him no.
He sued, I granted; O then befel
  My shame which I'm afraid to tell!
  Ay me, that I had never lov'd so well.

O had I been so wise as not
  To have yielded up my Virgin-Fort,
My life had been without a blot,
  And dar'd the envy of Report;
But now my guilt hath made me be
  A scorn for time to point at me,
  As at the Butt and Mark of Misery.

Here now in sorrow do I sit,
  And pensive thoughts possess my breast!
My silly heart with cares is split,
  And grief denies me wonted rest:
Come then black night and screen me round,
  That I may never more be found,
  Unless in tears, in tears of sorrow drown'd.

The Imperfect Enjoyment

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE, 1634-1691

After a pretty amorous discourse,
She does resist my love with pleasing force;
Moved not with anger, but with modesty,
Against her will she is my enemy.
Her eyes the rudeness of her arms excuse,
Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse;
To ease my passion and to make me blest
The obliging smock falls from her whiter breast.
Then with her lovely hands she does conceal
Those wonders chance so kindly did reveal.
In vain, alas; her nimble fingers strove
To shield her beauties from my greedy love:
Guarding her breasts, her lips she did expose,
To save a lily she must lose a rose.
So many charms she has in every place,
A hundred hands cannot defend each grace.
Sighing at length her force she does recall,
For since I must have part she'll give me all.
Her arms the joyful conqueror embrace,
And seem to guide me to the sought-for place:
Her love is in her sparkling eyes express'd,
She falls o' the bed for pleasure more than rest.
But oh, strange passion! oh, abortive joy!
My zeal does my devotion quite destroy:
Come to the temple where I should adore
My saint, I worship at the sacred door;
Oh, cruel chance! the town which did oppose
My strength so long, now yields to my dispose;
When overjoy'd with victory I fall
Dead at the foot of the surrender'd wall,
Without the usual ceremony, we
Have both fulfill'd the amorous mystery;
The action which we should have jointly done,
Each has unluckily perform'd alone;
The union which our bodies should enjoy,
The union of our eager souls destroy.
Our flames are punish'd by their own excess,
We'd had more pleasure had our loves been less.
She blush'd and frown'd, perceiving we had done
The sport she thought we scarce had yet begun.
Alas, said I, condemn yourself, not me,
This is th' effect of too much modesty.
Hence with that peevish virtue, the delight
Of both our victories was lost i' the fight;
Yet from my shame your glory does arise,
My weakness proves the vigour of your eyes:

They did consume the victim ere it came
Unto the altar, with a purer flame:
Phyllis, let then this comfort ease your care,
You'd been more happy had you been less fair.

The Forsaken Mistress

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE

PHYLLIS

TELL me, gentle Strephon, why
You from my embraces fly?
Does my love thy love destroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.
Stay, oh, stay! and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) disdain;
But, lest I too unkind appear,
For every frown I'll shed a tear.
And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine at least thy pity move:
Ah! while I scorn vouchsafe to woo;
Methinks you may dissemble too.

STREPHON

Ah, Phyllis! that you would contrive
A way to keep my love alive!
But all your other charms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas! no less than you I grieve,
My dying flame has no reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Should all the nymphs I court be kind,
One beauty able to renew
Those pleasures I enjoy'd in you,
When love and youth did both conspire
To fill our breasts and veins with fire.
'Tis true some other nymph may gain
That heart which merits your disdain;
But second love has still allay,
The joys grow aged and decay.
Then blame me not for losing more
Than love and beauty can restore;
And let this truth thy comfort prove,
I would, but can no longer love.

Ephelia's Lamentation

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. IV.

How far are they deceived, who hope in vain
A lasting lease of joys from love t' obtain!
All the dear sweets we promise or expect,
After enjoyment turn to cold neglect.

Could love a constant happiness have known,
The mighty wonder had in me been shown;
Our passions are so favoured by fate,
As if she meant them an eternal date.
So kind you look'd, such tender words you spoke,
'Twas past belief such vows should e'er be broke.
Fix'd on my eyes, how often did you say
You could with pleasure gaze an age away?
When thoughts too great for words had made you mute,
In kisses you would tell my hand your suit.
So great your passions were, so far above
The common gallantries that pass for love,
At worst, I thought, if you unkind should prove,
Your ebbing passion would be kinder far
Than the first transports of all others are.
Nor was my love or fondness less than yours,
In you I centered all my hopes of cures;
For you my duty to my friends forgot,
For you I lost—alas! what lost I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of life,
To meet your love by a less name than wife;
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When you lay panting on my tender breast,
Acting such things as ne'er can be express'd!
Thousand fresh looks you gave me every hour,
Whilst greedily I did those looks devour;
Till quite o'ercome with charms I trembling lay,
At every look you gave, melted away.
I was so highly happy in your love,
Methough I pitied them that dwelt above.
Think then, thou greatest, loveliest, falsest man!
How you have vow'd, how I have loved, and then,
My faithless dear! be cruel if you can.
How have I loved I cannot, need not tell;
For every act has shown I loved too well.
Since first I saw you I ne'er had a thought
Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
My virgin innocence and freely made
My love and offering to your noble bed.
Since when you've been the star by which I steer'd,
And nothing else but you I loved or fear'd.
Your smiles I only live by; and I must,
Whene'er you frown, be shatter'd into dust.
Oh! can the coldness which you show me now,
Suit with the generous heat you once did show?
I cannot live on pity or respect:
A thought so mean would my whole love infect;
Less than your love I scorn, sir, to expect.
Let me not live in dull indifferency,
But give me rage enough to make me die:
For if from you I needs must meet my fate,
Before your pity I would choose your hate.

To Little or No Purpose Have I Spent All My Days

A SONG BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE IN SHE WOULD IF SHE COULD

To little or no purpose have I spent all my days
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the Plays,
Yet ne'er in my Ramble till now did I prove
So happy, to meet with the man I could love.
But, O how I'm pleased when I think of the man
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever, when I should be well:
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it.
But, O how I sigh, when I think, should he woo me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me!

A Song

FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES, 1671-72

Of all the brisk dames my Selina for me,
For I love not a woman unless she be free;
The affection that I to my Mistress do pay
Grows weary, unless she does meet me half way:
There can be no pleasure 'till humours do hit,
Then Jumping's as good in affection as wit.

No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon,
No sooner I asked, but she granted my boon;
And without a preamble, a portion or Jointer,
She promised to meet me, where e'er I'd appoint her;
So we struck up a match, and embraced each other
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy,
Let her ends be the pleasure that we do enjoy,
Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night:
I believe my Selina, who shows they're all mad,
To feed on dry bones, when flesh may be had.

The Amorous Girl

FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES, 1671-72

There's none so pretty,
As my sweet Betty,
She bears away the Bell;
For sweetness and neatness,
And all completeness,
All other Girls doth excel.

When ever we meet,
She'll lovingly greet
  Me still with a how dee' do;
Well, I thank you, quoth I,
Then she will reply,
  So am I, Sir, the better for you.

I asked her how,
She told me, not now,
  For walls had ears and eyes;
Nay she bid me take heed,
What ever I did,
  For 'tis good to be merry and wise.

Then I took her by the hand,
Which she did not understand,
  And I gave her a smirking kiss;
She gave me another
Just like t'other;
  Quoth I, what comfort is this?

This put me in heart
To play o'er my part
  That I had intended before;
But she bid me to hold,
And not be too bold,
  Until she had fastened the door.

Then she went to the Hatch,
To see that the Latch
  And crannies were all cocksure,
And when she had done,
She bid me come on,
  For now we were both secure.

And what we did there,
I dare not declare,
  But think that silence is best;
And if you will know,
Why I kissed her, or so,
  But I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

Since We Poor Slavish Women Know

BY WILLIAM WYCHERLEY IN GENTLEMAN DANCING MASTER, 1672

Since we poor slavish women know
  Our men we cannot pick and choose;
To him we like, why say we no?
  We both our time and labour lose:
By our put-offs, and fond delays,
  A Lover's Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stays,
  His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient Amorous guest
  Unknown to us away may steal,
And rather than stay for a feast
  Take up with some course ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
  Let prudent women be so too;
And if a man be to her mind,
  Till, till,—she must not let him go.

The match soon made is happy still,
  For only love, 'tis best to do
For none should marry 'gainst their will,
  But stand off when their Parents woo,
And only to their Suits be coy;
  For she whom Jointures can obtain
To let a Fop her bed enjoy,
  Is but a lawful wench for gain.

Epilogue

BY WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, IN THE COUNTRY WIFE

Now you the vigorous, who daily here
O'er vizard-mask in public domineer,
And what you'd do to her, if in place where:
Nay, have the confidence to cry, Come out!
Yet, when she say, Lead on! you are not stout;
But to your well-dress'd brother straight turn round,
And cry, Pox on her, Ned, she can't be sound!
Then slink away, a fresh one to engage,
With so much seeming heat and loving rage,
You'd frighten listening actress on the stage;
Till she at last has seen you puffing come,
And talk of keeping in the tiring-room,
Yet cannot be provoked to lead her home.
Next, you Falstaffs of fifty, who beset
Your buckram maidenheads, which your friends get;
And whilst to them you of achievements boast,
They share the booty, and laugh at your cost.
In fine, you essenced boys, both old and young,
Who would be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,
Yet do the ladies, not their husbands wrong;
Whose purses for your manhood make excuse,
And keep your Flander's mares for show not use;
Encouraged by our woman's man to-day,
A Horner's part may vainly think to play:
And may intrigues so bashfully disown,
That they may doubted be by few or none;
May kiss the cards at picquet, ombre, too,
And so be taught to kiss the lady too;
But, gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.

The world, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And men may still believe you vigorous,
But then we women—there's no cozening us.

Under the Willow Shades

FROM THE WINDSOR DROLLERY, 1672

UNDER the willow shades they were
  Free from the eye-sight of the sun,
For no intruding beam could there
  Peep through to spy what things were done:
    Thus sheltered they unseen did lie,
    Surfeiting on each other's eye;
Defended by the willow shades alone,
The sun's heat they defied and cool'd their own.

Whilst they did embrace unspied,
  The conscious willow seem'd to smile,
That them with privacy supplied,
  Holding the door, as 'twere, the while;
    And when their dalliances were o'er,
    The willows, to oblige them more,
Bowing, did seem to say, as they withdrew,
"We can supply you with a cradle too."

John and Jone

FROM MERRY DROLLERIE, 1661

IF you will give ear,
And hearken a while what I shall tell,
I think I must come near,
Or else you cannot hear me well:
It was a maid, as I heard say,
That in her Master's Chamber lay,
For maidens must it not refuse,
In Yeoman's houses they it use
In a truckle bed to lie,
Or in a bed that stands thereby,
Her Master and Her Dame
Would have the maid do the same.

This maid she could not sleep
When as she heard the bedstead creak,
When Captain Standish stout
Made his Dame cry out you hurt my back,
Fie, she said, you do me wrong,
You lie so sure my breast upon.

But you are such another man,
You'd have me do more than I can;
Fie Master, then quoth honest Jone,
I pray you let my Dame alone;
Fie, quoth she, what a coyl you keep,
I cannot take no rest nor sleep.

This was enough to make
A Maiden sick and full of pain,
For she did fling and kick,
And swore she'd tear her smock in twain;
But now to let you understand,
They kept a man whose name was John,
To whom this Maiden went anon,
And unto him she made her moan:
Tell me John, tell me the same,
What doth my Master to my Dame?
Tell me John, and do not lie,
What ails my Dame to squeak and cry?

Quoth John, your Master he
Doth give your Dame a steel at night,
And though she finds such fault,
It is her only heart's delight:
And you Jone, for your part,
You would have one with all your heart;
Yes indeed, quoth honest Jone,
Therefore to thee I make my moan;
But John if I may be so bold,
Where is there any to be sold?
At London then quoth honest John,
Next market day I'll bring thee one.

What is the price, quoth Jone,
If I should chance to stand in need?
Why twenty shillings, then quoth John
For twenty shillings you may speed;
The Maid then went unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him twenty shillings just:
There John, quoth she, here is the Coyn,
And prethee have me in thy mind,
And, honest John, out of my store
I'll give thee two odd shillings more.

To market then went John,
When he had the money in his purse,
He domineer'd and swore,
And was as stout as any horse:
Some he spent in Wine and Beer,
And some in Cakes and other good Cheer,

And some he carried home again
To serve his turn another time;
O John, quoth she, thou't welcome home;
God-a-mercy, quoth he, gentle Jone;
But prethee John, do let me feel
Hast thou brought me home a steel?

Yes that I have, quoth John,
And then he took her by the hand,
He led her straight into a room
Where she could see nor Sun nor Moon,
The door to him he straight did clap,
He put the steel into her lap,
And then the Maid began to feel,
Cods foot, quoth she, 'tis a goodey steel:
But tell me, John, and do not lie,
What makes these two things hangs here by?
O Jone, to let thee understand
They're the two odd shillings thou putst in my hand
(If I had known so much before
I would have given thee two shillings more.)

Cuckold's Haven

ANONYMOUS. FROM ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. I, 1871

Come, neighbours, follow me, that cuckolized be,
That all the town may see our slavish misery:
Let every man who keeps a bride
Take heed he be not hornified.

Though narrowly I do watch,
And use lock, bolt and latch,
My wife will me o'er match,
My forehead I may scratch:
For though I want both time and tide,
I often times am hornified.

For now the times so grown,
Men cannot keep their own,
But every slave, unknown,
Will reap what we have sown:
Yea, though we keep them by our side,
We now and then are hornified.

They have so many ways
By nights or else by days,
That though our wealth decays,
Yet they our horns will raise:
And many of them take a pride
To keep their husbands hornified.

Oh what a case is this! oh, what a grief it is!
My wife hath learned to kiss
And thinks it not amiss:
She often times doth me deride,
And tells me, I am hornified.

What ever I do say,
She will have her own way;
She scorneth to obey;
She'll take time while she may;
And if I beat her back and side
In spite, I shall be hornified.

Now you would little think
How they will friendly link,
And how'll they sit and drink
Till they begin to wink:
And then, if Vulcan will but ride,
Some cuckold shall be hornified.

A woman that will be drunk
Will easily play the punk;
For when her wits are sunk
All keys will fit her trunk:
Then by experience oft is tried,
Poor men that may be hornified.

Thus honest men must bear
And 'tis in vain to fear
For we are ne'er the near
Our hearts with grief to tear
For, while we mourn, it is their pride
The more to keep us hornified.

And be we great or small
He must be at their call;
How e'er the cards do fall
We men must suffer all:
Do what we can, we must abide
The Pain of being hornified.

If once they bid us go,
We dare not twice say "no,"
Although too well we know
'Tis to our grief and woe:
Nay, we are glad their faults to hide,
Though often we are hornified.

If I my wife provoke
With words in anger spoke,
She swears she'll make all smoke,
And I must be her cloak:
Her baseness and my wrongs I hide,
And patiently am hornified.

When these good gossips meet
In alley, lane or street,
(Poor man, we do not see it!)
With wine and sugar sweet
They arm themselves, and then, beside
Their husbands must be hornified.

Not your Italian locks
(Which seems a paradox)
Can keep these hens from cocks,
Till they are paid with a pox:
So long as they can go or ride,
They'll have their husbands hornified.

For if we them do blame
Or tell them of their shame,—
Although the men we name
With whom they did the same
They'll swear whoever spoke it lied:
Thus still poor men are hornified.

The Witty Western Lass

BY ROBERT GUY. FROM ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. III

You maids, that with your friends whole nights have spent,
Beware back fallings, for fear of the event.

Sweet Lucinda, lend me thy aid,
  Thou art my helper and no other;
Pity the state of a teeming maid,
  That never was a wife, yet must be a mother:
By my presage, it should be a boy
  That thus lies tumbling in my belly;
Yield me some ease, to cure my annoy;
  And list to the grief I now shall tell ye.

I was beloved everywhere,
  And much admired for my beauty;
Young men thought they happy were
  Who best to me could show their duty:
But now, alack! pains in my back,
  And cruel gripings in my belly,
Do force me to cry, O sick am I,
  I fear I shall die, alack, and welly!

Instead of mirth, now may I weep,
  And sadly for to sit lamenting,
Since he I loved no faith doth keep,
  Nor seek no means for my contenting:
But all regardless of my moan,
  Or what lies tumbling in my belly,
He into Sweden now is gone,
  And left me to cry, alack, and welly!

It doth the proverb verify—
  Folly it were for to complain me—
Those that desired my company
  Scornfully now they disdain me:
Wanting his sight who was my delight,
  And cruel grippings in my belly,
Do force me to cry, O sick am I,
  I fear I shall die, alack, and welly!

Thus am I to the world a scorn,
  My dearest friends will not come nigh me;
Shall I then for his absence mourn
  That for his dearest doth deny me?
No, no, no, I will not do so,
  With patience I my grief will smother,
And, as he hath cozened me,
  So will I, by cunning gull another.

Incontinent to Troynovant,
  For my content, I'll thither hie me,
Where privately from company
  Obscurely I'll lie, where none shall descry me:
And when I'm eased of my pain
  And cruel grippings in my belly,
I for a maid will pass again,
  And need not to cry, alack, and welly!

Some tradesman there I will deceive
  By my modesty and carriage,
And I will so myself behave
  As by some trick to get a marriage:
And when I'm married, I will so carry it,
  As none shall know it by my belly
That ever I have formerly
  Had cause to cry, alack, and welly!

And if he be a husband kind,
  I'll true and constant be unto him;
Obedient still he shall me find,
  With good respect I'll duty owe him;
But if he crabbèd be and cross,
  And basely beat me, back and belly,
As Vulcan's Knight, I'll fit him right,
  And scorn to cry, alack, and welly!

A secret friend I'll keep in store
  For my content and delectation,
And now and then in the tavern roar
  With jovial gallants, men of fashion:
Sack, or claret, I will call for it,
  I'll scorn to want, or pinch my belly,
But merry will be, in company:
  No more will I cry, alack, and welly!

And if I cannot to my mind
  A husband get that will maintain me,
I'll show myself to each man kind,
  In hope that it some love will gain me;
But yet so wary I will be,
  I'll shun from ought may wrong my belly.
Through misery to cause me cry,
  As formerly, alack, and welly!

Had he I loved but constant proved,
  And not have been to me deceitful,
No subtle Sinon should have moved
  Me to those odious courses hateful;
But since that he proves false to me,
  Not pitying what is in my belly,
No more I will grieve, but merry will be,
  And cry no more, alack, and welly!

With resolutions firmly bent,
  I'll cast off care and melancholy,
Sorrow and grief and discontent,
  To fret and vex, it is but a folly;
Or seek by woe to overthrow,
  Or wrong the first fruits of my belly:
No, no, no, no, I'll not say so.
  No more will I cry, alack, and welly!

Come to It at Last

ANONYMOUS. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. III

"Tell me, Jenny, tell me roundly,
  When you will your heart surrender;
Faith and troth I'll love you soundly,
  'Tis I that was the first Pretender.
Ne'er say nay, nor delay,
  Here's my heart, and here's my hand too;
All that's mine shall be thine,
  Body and goods at your command too."

"Ah! how many maids," quoth Jenny,
  "Have you promised to be true to?
Fie! I think the devil's in you
  To kiss a body so as you do!
What d'ye do? let me go,
  I can't abide such foolish doing;
Get you gone, you naughty man,
  Fie! Is this your way of wooing?"

"Prithee, Jenny, don't deny me;
  Whence this coyness? Why these blushes?
Sure you use them but to try me,
  And they suit not with your wishes:
Do not frown, but sit down
  On this primrose bed, my sweeting,
And, my love, this shall prove
  To thee and me a happy meeting."

"How many maids that have believed
  This," quoth Jenny, "as your meaning?
Have you heretofore deceived?
  Yet you think it is no sinning.
Fie! I say, stand away!
  Naughty man, I hate such fooling!
Fie! O sad! I think you're mad
  To rumple a body thus with pulling."

" 'Tis unkind you thus deny me,
  When I tell you that I love ye;
Sit you down, and do but try me,
  And you better will approve me.
Come, my Jenny, best of any,
  In your true love's arms I'll place you;
Sigh not thus, but let's buss,
  Love and Hymen both shall grace you."

"This," quoth Jenny, "is but your saying,
  You men are false, 'tis often proved so;
Poor maids you long to be betraying;
  Oh fie! I won't be loved so,
What d'ye do? let me go;
  Fie! naughty man! fie! let me loose:
Oh! bless me, how you press me,
  I think you're wild to hug one thus."

"In your eyes I see a yielding,
  I prithee do not thus dissemble;
Nor your heart with doubt be shielding,
  But the Queen of Love resemble,
See, my arms wait your charms;
  And I must have no denial;
Say not nay, nor delay
  But of my passion made a trial."

"What is it you would be doing?
  Pish, I can no longer tarry;
Nay, forbear, is this your wooing?
  Avads, I would not till I marry!
Nay, I won't! pray now, don't!
  Oh me! fie! nay 'tis evil!
Oh! What's this? I profess
  You grow more and more uncivil."

"The God of Love gives commission,
  And these pleasant shades invite us;
Nay, you must grant my kind petition,
  Since to love all things incite us.
My dear heart, do not start,
  Joys attend you, transports seize you;
Still to you I'll be true,
  In your arms, thus ever please you."

"Oh, you hurt me; nay, forbear now;
  What d'ye do? you have betrayed me;
Oh, I'm ruined!—and I fear now
  You're about for to un-maid me,
Take your course, use your force,
  Kill me, kill me, if you please;
Nay, I'll die willingly,
  In this sweet death I find such ease."

A Pleasant New Ballad

Being a pleasant discourse between a country lass and a young tailor

ANONYMOUS. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. III

In harvest-time I walked
  hard by a corn-close side;
I hearing people talk,
  I looked about, and spied
A young man and a maid,
  together they did lie;
When you hear it told,
  You'll laugh full heartily.

She was as buxom a lass
  as any in our town;
She will not let you pass,
  but she'll call you to sit down.
A tailor passing by,
  she hit him on the heel;
"You are very welcome, Sir,
  to sit you down and feel:

"What money's in my purse
  at your command shall be,
If you will go along
  to Marston Wake with me."
He hearing her say so,
  And seeing her to smile,
Was charmed with her, so
  he sat him down a while.

And having groped her purse,
  and taken all her money,
He groped again, and missed,
  and caught her by the coney.
"Where am I now?" quoth he,
  "another have I found;"
"It's not the same," quoth she,
  "for this is tufted round.

"If it be tufted round," quoth she,
  "there is good reason for it,
Therein such treasure lies
  will make a tailor sport."
He hearing her say so,
  being a frolicsome lad,
Was willing for to know
  more of the fringed bag.

With that he eagerly,
  to feel put forth his hand.
"Nay, hold, good sir," said she,
  "go not before you stand:
Except you take your yard
  the depth of it to measure,
You'll find the purse so deep,
  You'll hardly come to the treasure."

He hearing her say so,
  it put him to a stand;
She seeing him dismayed,
  she took his yard in hand;
"Is this your yard," quoth she,
  "is this your tailor's measure?
It is too short for me,
  it is not standard measure."

The tailor being abashed,
  she told him that it was
More fitter for a man,
  than such a puny ass.
She bids him now be gone,
  since he could make no sport,
And said, "thou art too dull
  to enter such a fort."

Then looking fiercely at him,
  she said, "thou sneaking fool,
Go straight away to Vulcan
  and let him mend thy tool.
And tell him that Dame Venus
  at him is almost mad,
For sending to her school
  such an unfit lad."

You tailors that attempt
  fringed bags to measure,
Be sure your yards be sealed,
  and of full Standard Measure.

The New-Married Couple

ANONYMOUS. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. IV

"Dear Jill, I ne'er thought until last night,
  That Cupid hath yielded such sweet delight;
But when thy soft arms with mine are twined,
  The Ivy the Oak did not closer bind;
Thou gav'st me sweet kisses, that might invite
  E'en in old shepherds a new delight;
Young Colin did ne'er with Myrtilla so bright,
  Enjoy such a sweet, such a pleasing night."

"My Ned," (quoth she) "since I have thee here,
  I will be a part for to please my dear:
And in the soft circuit of my pale,
  Feed either upon the high hill or dale.
Graze on my soft lips, if those hills be dry
  Stray further down where fountains lie:
Thy doe, thy fair breeder, will always be nigh,
  To please her young wanton with Art and Eye."

"Thou shalt be a banquet to my taste,
  On which I will always delight to feast;
As sweet as young Colley the farmer's cow,
  As sweet as the hay in his barn, I vow:
As sweet as young roses that all admire,
  Or as May blossoms upon the briar:
As sweet as blind midnight, with maiden's desire;
  As sweet as sack-posset by sea-coal fire."

"Ods Boars," quoth Ned, "I'll forsake my thumps,
  And briskly bestir my old hob-nail stumps;
The lasses shall foot it, the lads shall sing,
  And echoes all round with our joys shall ring.
Doll shall leave dairy, and James brown cow,
  And so shall brisk Roger his cart and plough,
To meet us young Nancy and William come now:
  We shall have rare dances and jigs enow.

"Though Bachelors may live merry lives,
  Yet we will not change that have buxom wives.
Upon the soft pillow of their breast
  We love-sick lie warm in Cupid's nest.
What though there be cuckolds, we need not fear,
  Of wives, we always will take such care,
Although the brows bud, we, the horns shan't wear,
  To make us look noble and like the deer.

"If Jill should within the curtains chide,
  My antlers and head in the sheets I'll hide;
And when my good housewife's pot boils o'er,
  To cool her hot broth I'll attempt no more.
It is, I confess, the depth of skill
  To lead silly woman by their own will;
But while her tongue gallops my tongue shall lie still,
  And thus I'll endeavour to please Jill, Jill."

"Dear Neddy," quoth Jill, "name not things so soon,
  With us 'tis but yet our honey-moon.
Come, let us to please each other strive,
  And gather like bees within our hives.
Thou must not be like a dull idle drone,
  Nor mind about horns, for thou shalt have none:
But follow thy plow by *Dobbin* and *Roan,*
  And to my milking I'll go with Joan."

"Dear Jill, there are many old complaints;
  All wives that look fair don't prove all saints;
For many men's wives are like the moon,
  That alters each morning, each night and noon.
Yet for my own part, I will never fear,
  But shall try always to please my dear.
If I can, my wife will hold almost a year:
  This riddle, in riddle nine months will clear."

The Beggar Wench Turned Into a Devil

ANONYMOUS, 1688. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. IV

A COUNTRY gentleman came up to town
  To taste the delights of the city
Who had for his servant a jocular clown,
  Accounted to be very witty:
His master one night got drunk as a rat,
  And swore he would turn him away, sir,
Unless he would get him a bit for his cat
  And into his chamber convey her.

Some jolly game he was willing to have,
  And gave to his Bumpkin a guinea,
Who had the wit not to give it, but save
  The far better part of the money:
To find out a punck, he walked in the street,
  And backwards and forwards kept trudging;
At last a young beggar-wench he did meet,
  Who was in great want of a lodging.

"Sweetheart," said he, "if thou'lt give thy consent
  To go home, and lie with my master,
I'll give thee half a crown for thy content,
  And save thee from any disaster."

It being late, she was fearing the watch,
  Besides it was very cold weather,
So that they quickly both made up the match,
  And trudged to his master together.

Bumpkin was arch, as he homewards did come,
  He gave her a bout by the way, sir;
Then to his master he carried her home,
  Who in a dark chamber lay, sir:
He bid her be sure let his master not know,
  By any means, she was a number;
But bid her to rise before daylight, and go,
  Or, Adswounds! He would heartily thump her.

Bumpkin his Trull to the chamber he led,
  And then to his bed took his way, sir;
She quickly undressed and groped into bed
  And close to the gentleman lay, sir;
Eager of joy, he gave her a kiss,
  And hugged her with flaming desire;
The gentleman swore that she smelt so of cheese,
  He could not endure to lie by her.

He bid her get up to a place in the room
  Where a bottle stood of a rose-water,
And wash her face to take away the fume,
  Then come into bed again after.
A bottle of ink there happened to stand,
  And for the Rosewater she took it,
Pouring a spoonful out in her hand
  And over her face did she stroke it.

Then to their joys they eagerly fell,
  Till at last it began to be light, sir;
Then, looking, he thought her the devil of hell,
  And ran out of bed in a fright, sir,
Crying, "The devil, the devil was there;"
  She, being affrighted, ran after,
In a tattered old smock, crying, "where is he, where?"
  Which put the whole street in a laughter.

The Deluded Lass's Lamentation

ANONYMOUS. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. IV

He. Is she gone? let her go. I do not care,
Though she has a dainty thing, I had my share;
She has more land than I, by one whole acre,
I plowed in her ground, he who will may take her.

She. Did you not promise me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me: can you deny me?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Bring in your witness for now I defy thee.

She. Did you not swear by the powers above,
That you would marry, if I'd grant your love?

He. Of all fair lasses I thought the bonniest,
And would have married thee hadst thou kept honest.

She. 'Twas your deluding tongue made me miscarry.
Because you promised with me for to marry.

He. Had not you yielded so soon to lie by me,
Then to have married I had not denied thee.

She. I never with man, except it were you,
Not thinking you would have proved so untrue.

He. If to lie by me thou then hadst refused,
Then I thy person sure ne'er had abused.

She. You with the art of a vigorous lover,
Told me you pleasure and joys could discover;
But your false pleasure did last but a moment,
And for that pleasure I suffer more torment.

He. Sweet, fair, charming Beauty you then had in store,
Had virtue been added, there needed no more;
But if you had not been as willing as I,
You had not yielded with me for to lie.

She. Your promise made me to let you lie by me,
I thought you constant, and could not deny thee:
But had I known the intent of your passion,
Thus for to grieve there had been no occasion.

He. Thou fond and foolish girl, leave thy lamenting,
When thou art wiser, then I'll be relenting;
When thou again art a virgin I'll wed thee,
And then with license I boldly may bed thee.

She. You pleasure take to rail at my misfortune,
Whilst my poor heart does ache to think of parting:
But since that you are resolved to fly me;
I hope no other lass will ere lie by thee.

Farewell, thou perjured youth, false and deceitful!
I ne'er thought you would have proved so ungrateful;
First by deluding words thus to deceive me,
Having obtained your ends, scornfully leave me.

Do but remember, now, when you came to me,
Every solemn vow made to undo me;
By your alluring charms I was invited,
You for my present harms may be requited.

Being the worst of men, first to defile me
And this no sooner done, but straight revile me;
From which I perfectly now do discover
You were no more, at best, but a false lover.

Let Lasses young and fair, that hear this story,
Of a false lover beware, blast not your glory;
For many young men will strive to deceive you,
And when they have their will, straightway will leave you.

Love's Power

ANONYMOUS. ROXBURGHE BALLADS. VOL. VII

"Two lovers by chance they did meet, possessed with a mutual flame,
And now you shall hear how they greet, for I will declare the same:
Quoth he, "Thou hast sparks in thine eyes, that do kindle in me such a fire,
I comforts shall clearly despise, *if you do not grant me my desire.*"

"O Sir," quoth this pretty young maid. "Let me know what 'tis you would have?
For you need not at all be afraid, I will grant what in reason you crave:
For I ne'er in my life would deny, what a man did in justice require;
But you and I soon shall comply, *and I'll warrant I'll quench thy love's fire.*"

With that he began to draw nearer, and gave her an amorous kiss:
He said, he loved dearer, and dearer, and longed to taste of the bliss:
Quoth he, " 'Tis the Babes in thine eyes, that set my poor heart all on fire,
Then do not thy lover despise, *but grant me my wish and desire.*"

"If thou art so earnest to dally, come make use of time while you may,
Thy skill I will not undervalue, then prithee, Love, let's to the play:
Methinks thou art somewhat too tedious, 'tis time we should have been nigher,
To linger it seems to be grievous, *I'll warrant I'll quench thy love's fire.*"

The young man supposing her greedy, fell eagerly unto the sport,
He found she was wanting and needy, and needless it was for to court.
But as they were hugging together, she cried, "O come nigher and nigher."
His heart was as light as a feather, *and he had both his wish and desire.*

The Damsel was mightily pleased, and kissed him a thousand times o'er,
Quoth she, "Now my sorrows are eased, but I must have a little touch more:
O lie down for a while to rest thee, that I may enjoy my desire,
I hope that the fates they will bless thee; *I quench, but thou kindlest my fire."*

No longer he stood there delaying, but stoutly he fell to it again,
Where he gave a prod at their playing, the damsel returned him ten:
For she grew more eager and eager, her eyes they did sparkle like fire,
Quoth he, "I do own I'm the weaker, *but still I enjoy my desire."*

Quoth she, "Now how should I be served, if thou should'st have got me with child?
But 'tis no more than I deserved, for I was a little too wild;
I thought long till I did begin it, and burnt with a fervent desire:
What pleasure I felt one minute, *adds fuel to amorous fire."*

The young man began for to tire, and his cudgel began to lay down,
Which made the young damsel admire, and straight she began for to frown:
Quoth he, "I have done what is fit, no reason can more require;"
But her brows upon him then she knit, *and she still did want her desire.*

Then, young men, provide and be lusty, when you do come to be tried;
For maidens look sour and crusty, when their wants cannot be supplied;
But 'twas an old Proverb I heard, though men burst with amorous ire,
That Damsels, when once they come near, *could quench their most vigorous fire.*

The First Love of Adam and Eve

BY JOHN MILTON. FROM PARADISE LOST, 1674

THUS talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chosen by the sov'reign Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than the stone
Of costliest emblem: Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espousèd Eve decked first her nuptial bed
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endowed with all their gifts, and, O! too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent; and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake
And when we seek, as now, the gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and eased the putting off
Those troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turned, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else!
By thee adult'rous love was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think the unbefitting holiest place
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used!
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition: nor in court amours
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These lulled by nightingales embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,
Blest pair! and, O! yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more!

The Unfortunate Miller

ANONYMOUS. 1685. BAGFORD BALLADS. PT. III

All you that desire to hear of a jest,
Come listen awhile, and it shall be exprest;
It is of a Miller that lived very near,
The like of this ditty you never did hear,
A handsome young Damsel she came to his mill,
To have her corn ground with a ready good will,

As soon as he saw her fair beauty so bright,
He caused this young Damsel to tarry all night.
Said he, my dear jewel, it will be near morn,
Before my man Lawrence can grind my dear's corn,
And therefore if thou wilt be ruled by me,
At home in my parlour thy lodging shall be,
For I am enflamed with thy amorous charms,
And therefore this night thou shalt sleep in my arms,
I swear it, and therefore it needs must be so,
It is but in vain for to answer me no.

At this the young Damsel so blushing did stand,
But straightways the master took her by the hand,
And leading her home to young Gillian his wife,
Said he, my sweet honey, the joy of my life,
Be kind to this maid, for her father I know,
And let her lie here in the parlour below,
Stout Lawrence my servant, and I, we shall stay
All night in the mill till the dawning of day.

To what he desired she straightways agreed,
And then to the mill he did hasten with speed,
He ready was there to leap out of his skin,
To think of the bed which he meant to lie in;
Now when he was gone, the maid told his intent
To Gillian, and they a new project invent,
By which they well fitted this crafty young blade;
The miller by Lawrence a cuckold was made.

The maid and his wife they changed bed for that night,
So that when the miller came for his delight,
Straightway to the parlour bed he did repair,
Instead of the Damsel, wife Gillian was there,
Which he did imagine had been the young lass,
When after some hours in pleasure they past,
He rose, and returned to the mill like one wild,
For fear he hath got the young Damsel with child.

Then to his man Lawrence the miller did say,
I have a young damsel both bonny and gay,
Her eyes are like diamonds, her cheeks sweet and fair,
They may with the Rose and the Lily compare,
Her lips they are like the rich coral for red,
This lass is at home in my parlour in bed,
And if you go home you may freely enjoy
With her the sweet pleasure, for she is not coy.

His master's kind proffer he did not refuse,
But was brisk and airy, and pleased with the news,
But said, to yourself much beholding I am,
But for a requital I'll give you my ram;
This done, lusty Lawrence, away home he goes,
And stript off his coat, breeches, likewise shoes and hose.
And went into bed with young Gillian his dame;
Yet Lawrence for that was not worthy of blame.

He little imagined his dame was in bed,
And therefore his heart was the freer from dread,
The minutes in pastime and pleasure they spent,
Unknown to them both, she enjoyed true content,
Now after a while he his dame had embraced,
He rose and returned to the mill in all haste,
Telling his master of all the delight,
Which he had enjoyed with that damsel this night.

Next morning the maid to the mill did repair,
The miller and Lawrence his servant was there,
His master then whispered this word in her ear,
"How like you to lie with a miller, my dear?"
At this the young damsel then laughing out right;
And said, I changed beds with young Gillian last night:
If you enjoyed any it was your sweet wife,
For my part, I ne'er lay with a man in my life.

At this he began for to rave, stamp and stare,
Both scratching his elbows and pulling his hair,
And like one distracted about he did run,
And often times crying, Ha! what have I done,
Was ever poor miller so finely betrayed,
By Lawrence, my man, I am a cuckold made.
The Damsel she laughed and was pleased in her mind,
And said he was very well served in his kind.

The Hasty Bridegroom: Or

The rarest sport that hath been try'd
Between a lusty bridegroom and his bride

FROM ROXBURGHE BALLADS, 1674-81, II. 208

COME from the Temple, away to the Bed,
As the Merchant transports home his Treasure;
Be not so coy, Lady, since we are wed,
'Tis no Sin to taste of the Pleasure:
Then come let us be blithe, merry and free,
Upon my life all the waiters are gone;
And 'tis so, that they know where you go, say not so,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

What is it to me, though our Hands joined be,
If our Bodies are still kept asunder:
It shall not be said, there goes a marry'd Maid,
Indeed we will have no such wonder:
Therefore let's embrace, there's none sees thy face,
The Bride-Maids that waited are gone;
None can spy how you lie, ne'er deny but say I,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us Kiss, and taste of that bliss,
Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd;
If Maidens should be of the humour of thee,
Generations would soon be destroy'd:
Then where were those Joys, the Girls and the Boys,
Would'st live in the World all alone;
Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not Coy for a Toy,
For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

Sweet Love, do not frown, but put off thy gown,
'Tis a Garment unfit for the Night;
Some say that Black hath a relishing smack,
I had rather be dealing in White:
Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd.
Since we two are together alone;
I invite you this Night, to do right, my delight
Is forthwith to make use of my own.

Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin,
For my Honour I cannot prevent it;
You are straight lac'd, and your Georgette's so fast,
Undo it, or I straight will rend it:
Or to end all the strife, I'll cut it a Knife,
'Tis too long to stay 'til it's undone;
Let thy Waist be unlac'd, and in haste be embrac'd,
For I do long to make bold with my own.

Feel with your hand how you make me to stand,
Even ready to starve in the cold,
Oh, why shouldst thou be, so hard-hearted to me,
That loves thee more dear than gold:
And as thou hast been, like fair Venus the Queen,
Most pleasant in thy parts every one,
Let me find that thy mind is inclin'd to be kind,
So that I may make bold with my own.

As thou art fair, and more sweet than the air,
That dallies on July's brave Roses;
Now let me be to that Garden a Key,
That the Flowers of Virgins incloses:
And I will not be too rough unto thee,
For my Nature unto boldness is prone;
Do no less than undress, and unlace all apace,
For this Night I'll make use with my own.

When I have found thee temperate and sound,
Thy sweet breast I will make for my pillow
'Tis pity that we which newly married be,
Should be forced to wear the green willow;
We shall be blest and live sweetly at rest,
Now we are united in one:
With content and consent I am bent, my intent
Is this Night to make use of my own.

Welcome, dear love, all the powers above,
  Are well pleased of our happy meeting
The Heavens have decreed, and the Earth's agreed
  That I should embrace my own sweeting.
    At bed and at board both in deed and in word
  My affection to thee shall be shown:
      Thou art mine, I am thine, let us join, and combine,
  I'll not bar thee from what is thy own.

Our Bride-beds made, thou shalt be my comrade
  For to lodge in my arms all the night,
Where thou shalt enjoy, being free from annoy
  All the sports wherein love takes delight.
      Our mirth shall be crown'd, and our triumph renown'd,
  Then sweetheart let thy valor be shown,
      Take thy fill, do thy will, use thy skill, welcome still,
  Why should'st thou not make bold with thy own?

The Bridegroom and Bride, with much joy on each side
  Then together to bed they did go,
But what they did there, I did neither see nor hear,
  Nor do I desire not to know,
      But by Cupid's aid, they being well laid,
  They made sport by themselves all alone,
      Being plac'd, and unlac'd, He uncas'd, she embrac'd,
  Then he stoutly made use of his own.

The Surprising Lover

FROM WIT AT A VENTURE: OR CLIO'S PRIVY GARDEN, 1674

Love, in rambling once astray,
Was benighted in his way;
With cold and tiresome cares opprest,
He creeps in fair Lucina's breast
To shelter there and take his rest.
The nymph, not dreaming of her fate,
And of an unexpected guess
Much less,
To come so late,
Slept on: the youth, recov'ring heat,
Prepares his arms to try a feat.
The deed scarce done, the nymph awakes
And in the act the youngster takes,
Strangely surprised, yet well contented too
That she enjoyed so sweet a bed-fellow.
Then, viewing well her guess all o'er,
She liked his presence more and more;

Telling him, rather than he should begone,
She'd nurse and keep him as her own;
And if he'd vow ne'er to depart,
She'd find him lodging next her heart.

Amyntas

FROM BRISTOL DROLLERY, 1674

After long service, and a thousand vows
To her glad Lover, she more kindness shows:
Oft had Amyntas with her tresses played,
When the Sun's vigour drove 'em to a shade;
And many a time he had given her a green Gown;
And oft he kist her when he had her down.
With signs and motions he to her made known
What fain he wou'd have done, then with a frown
She would forbid him till the minute came
That she no longer could conceal her flame.

The Amorous Shepherd forward to espie
Love's yielding motions triumph in her eye.
With eager transport, strait himself addrest,
To taste the pleasure of so rich a feast,
When with resistance, and a seeming flight,
As 'twere to increase her Lover's appetite;
Unto a place where flowers thicker grew.
Out of his arms, as swift as air she flew:
Daphne ne'er run so light and fast as she,
When from the God's she fled, and turn'd to a Tree.

The Youth pursu'd, nor needs he run amain,
Since she intended to be overta'en,
He drop't no Apple, nor no golden ball,
To stay her flight, for she herself did fall.
Where, 'mongst the Flowers, like Flora's self she lay,
To gain more breath, that she might lose it in play:
She pluckt a Flower, and at Amyntas threw,
When he addrest to crop a flower too.
Then a faint strife she seemed to renew,
She smil'd, she frown'd, she wou'd, and wou'd not do.

At length o'ercome, she suffers with a sigh,
Her ravish'd Lover use his Victory:
And gave him leave to punish her delay,
With double vigour in the Amorous fray.
And then, alas! soon ended the delight,
For too much Love had hast'ned its flight;
And ev'ry ravisht sense too soon awake,
Rap't up in bliss it did but now partake:
Which left the lovers in a state to prove,
Long were the pains, but short the joys of Love.

As I Walked in the Woods

BY T. SHADWELL IN THE MISER, 1672

As I walked in the woods one evening of late,
A Lass was deploring her hapless estate,
She sighed, and she sobbed, Ah, wretched, she said;
Will no youth come to succour a languishing Maid?
Shall I still sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,
And languish for ever for want of a man?

At first when I saw a young man in the place,
My color would fade, and then flush in my face,
My breath would grow short, and I shivered all o'er;
I thought 'twas an Ague, but Alas it was more,
For e'er since I've sighed, and do what I can,
I find I must languish for want of a man.

When in bed all the night I weep on my Pillow,
To see others happy, while I wear the Willow;
I revenge myself on the innocent sheet,
Where in rage I have often times made my Teeth meet:
But all this won't serve, let me do what I can,
I find I must languish for want of a man.

Now all my fresh colour deserted my face,
And let a pale greenness succeed in the place,
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,
And nothing but Chalk, Lime, or Oatmeal, can eat:
But in my despair I'll die if I can,
And languish no longer for want of a man.

"Come Phillis, Let's Play"

FROM WINDSOR DROLLERY

Come Phillis, let's play,
  What though it be day,
There's something we have yet to do,
  Shall make thee confess
  There's no end to our bliss,
But ever our pleasures renew.

Thou hast so much treasure
  Exceeding all measure.
And here I've been so long a stranger,
  On this Snowy white hill
  I shall ne'er have my fill,
But o'er it cou'd still be a ranger.

Oh, here's such a Waste
  A smock that is lac'd.
And a Bosom much whiter is seen;
  Below which there lies
  Such delicate Thighs,
And that shall be nameless between.

But above all a Face,
  And a Head in a Lace
O'er which such a glory does shine;
  That in pleasure I swim
  On a bright Cherubim,
For my Phillis is sure as divine.

Ere all thy sweets be enjoyed,
  Or I shall be cloyed,
An age will be past, and time shall away;
  Whil'st our Play does go on
  With the rise of each Sun,
And night shall begin but the sports of the Day.

"Alas How Long Shall I and My Maidenhead Lie"

FROM WINDSOR DROLLERY, 1672

ALAS how long shall I and my maidenhead lie:
  In a cold bed all the night long!
I cannot abide it, yet away cannot chide it,
  Though I find that it does me some wrong.

Can any one tell where this fine thing doth dwell,
  That carries neither form nor fashion?
It both heats and cools, 'tis a Bauble for fools,
  Yet catched at in every Nation.

Say a Maid were so crost, as to see this Toy lost,
  Would not Hue and Cry fetch it again?
'Las no; for 'tis gone ere well thought upon;
  And when found, 'tis lost even then.

"When Flora Had On Her New Gown"

FROM BRISTOL DROLLERY, 1674

WHEN Flora had on her new Gown a,
And each pretty flower was blown a,
  Ere the Scythe cut the grass,
  I met a pretty Lass,
And I gave her a dainty green Gown a.

She got up again, and did frown a,
And call'd me both Coxcomb and Clown a,
  'Cause I kiss'd lip and cheek,
  T'other thing did not seek,
When I had her so featly there down a.

'Twixt anger and shame then a blush a,
Came over my face with a flush a;
  But what I lost on the grass,
  Like a good natur'd Lass,
She afforded me under a Bush a.

"I'd Have You, Quoth He"

FROM WINDSOR DROLLERY

I'D have you, quoth he,
Wou'd you have me, quoth she,
  O where, Sir?

In my Chamber, quoth he,
In your Chamber, quoth she,
  Why there, Sir?

To kiss you, quoth he,
To kiss me, quoth she,
  O why, Sir?

'Cause I love it, quoth he,
Do you love it, quoth she?
  So do I, Sir.

"Methinks the Poor Town Has Been Troubled Too Long"

BY THE EARL OF DORSET. MUSIC IN PLAYFORD'S CHOICE AYRES, 1676

METHINKS the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With Phillis and Chloris in every Song;
By Fools who at once, can both Love and Despair,
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair:
Which justly provokes me in Rhyme to express,
The truth that I know of my Bonny black Bess.

This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Waist,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embraced:
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the Best.

The Plow-man, and Squire, the Erranter Clown,
At home she subdued in her Paragon Gown,
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forced to submit:
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord ——'s Drums;

But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to soften her Charms
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learned how to Lisp, and trip in her pace:
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if she would Die.

"At Noon in a Sultry Summer's Day"

BY THE EARL OF DORSET, C. 1682

At Noon in a sultry Summer's Day,
The brightest Lady of the May,
Young Chloris Innocent and Gay,
  Sat Knitting in a shade:
Each slender Finger play'd its part,
With such activity and Art;
As wou'd inflame a Youthful Heart,
  And warm the most decayed.

Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by;
She had him quickly in her Eye,
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
  She would have seemed afraid,
She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
And hurled away the twisted Ball;
Then gave her Strephon such a call,
  As would have waked the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By so much Trust and Modesty,
  No nymph was e'er betrayed,
Come lean thy Head upon my lap,
While thy soft Cheeks I stroke and clap;
Thou may'st securely take a Nap,
  Which he, poor Fool, obeyed.

She saw him Yawn, and heard him Snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er;
She Sighed—and could no more,
  But starting up she said,
Such Virtue should rewarded be,
For this thy dull Fidelity;
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,
  Pursue thy Grazing Trade.

Go milk thy Goats, and Shear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks, to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lulled asleep,
By me, mistaken Maid.

A Song

BY THE EARL OF DORSET, 1704

PHYLLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
Yet fiercer than a dragon.
Phyllis, that scorned the powdered beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
Since while she kept her legs so close,
Her breach had scarce a rag on.

Compelled by want, this wretched maid,
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin
To pity such a lazy jade,
That would neither kiss nor spin.

An Epilogue

BY JOHN CROWNE. FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

How! is the gallant British nation here?
Nay then in spite of Titus I'll appear,
And make this brave assembly judge my cause;
Would you forsake your loves for fear of laws?
You are as brave, where love is in the case.
Men fear no danger, women no disgrace,
A confidant is out of fashion grown,
Or any common friend will serve for one.
Who, madam, pays your eyes their tribute due?
—'Tis my Lord such a one:—and, is he true?—
—Oh! very true, and worthy my esteem,—
—And, madam, had you pretty Miss by him?—
—Yes, madam;—oh! we lead a pleasant life,
Lord how we laugh at his poor nauseous wife!—
—I thought you were adored by such a one:—
—I lov'd him first, but that intrigue is done,—
—Why did you part?—He was a younger brother;
Besides, we grew weary of each other.
Thus brave are you, nor can you well forbear;
Your women charming, men most gallant are,
With this small beauty I might servants have,
Now I am free; but I your pardon crave,
I never more will any friendships make,
For my unkind, unconstant lover's sake.

No!—you love as Gauls do in the field,
Charge fierce, subdue, but soon your conquests yield;
Never keep long the beauties which you take,
But first dismantle them, then give them back.
Then to all new intrigues a long farewell;
But woman-like though I dissemble well,
I love to talk of my first lover oft;
And if the passions I have sighed be soft,
And such as may unhappy beauties please,
All you forsaken slighted mistresses,
In mind, to hear your own complainings come;
'Tis better than to mope alone at home,
Or in the rooms, where first your hearts were won
Or private lodgings, where you were—undone.
Come, all of you! Cut in the half resort,
Queen Berenice will have a crowded court.

Young Phaon

FROM CHOICE AYRES & SONGS [JOHN PLAYFORD], II. 1679

YOUNG Phaon strove the Bliss to taste;
  But Sappho still deny'd;
She struggled long, the youth at last,
  Lay panting by her side.
Useless he lay, Love would not wait,
  'Till they could both agree;
They idly languish'd in debate,
  When they should active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
  And then there fell a Tear:
I'll in thy Breast my Blushes hide,
  Do all that Virgins fear.
Oh, that age could love's Rites perform,
  We make Old Men obey;
They court us long, Youth does but storm,
  And plunder and away.

To a Young Lady Leaning Out of Her Window

BY CAPTAIN JOHN AYLOFFE, C. 1680

WHEN Venus naked from the sea arose,
She did not half so many charms expose,
Nor when for the decisive fruit she strove,
Showed Paris half so rich a view of love:
Nay, when she clasped Adonis in her arms,
The melting Goddess had not half your charms:

Less firm her snowy breasts, her skin less white,
Her lovely limbs less tempting to delight.
How then shall we express those charms below,
Which you and nature both forbear to show?
So fair an hostess, and so fair a sign,
Would force a trade, and recommend bad wine.
Water from such a spring is sweeter far,
Than all the clusters of the vintage are.
Let Bacchanalians and the empty beaux,
Hunt out Champagne, Burgundy, and Bordeaux.
To fetch some drops from that dear shady well,
Would all the nectar of the gods excel.
Your eyes assure us that you can dispense,
Peculiar joys for each peculiar sense:
Then having let us see, pray let us taste
Those dear concealed delights below the waist.
'Twere madness to expect to keep one's heart,
When Cupid lies entrenched in every part.
How shall we guard our freedom from surprise,
When your last charms are in your conquering eyes?

"Sawney Was Tall and of Noble Race"

BY T. DURFEY. FROM THE VIRTUOUS WIFE, 1680

SAWNEY was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any eane;
But now he ligs by another Lass,
And Sawney will ne'er be my love agen:
I gave him fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand;
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love again.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
And nosegays made to give Sawney one;
He kiss'd my Breast and feign would do more,
Geud feth me thought he was a bonny one:
He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
And sigh'd and languish'd to lig by me,
Yet now he wo'not be my Love again.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt-face,
He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown;
But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
Of some lewd Quean of London Town:
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Whilst I poor Soul sit sighing at heam,
And near joy Sawney unless in a Dream,
For now he ne'er will be my Love again.

To His Coy Mistress

BY ANDREW MARVELL, 1681

HAD we but world enough and time
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Should rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart;
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
Thy long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust;
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The Willing Mida

FROM MS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, C. 1682

MIDA, the glory of whose beauties' rays
Gain'd heaven's high wonder, and earth's best praise
She, Thirsis met, both faire and lovely too;
He liked her well, but knew not how to woo.

They, arm in arm, into the garden walked,
Where endless riddles all the day they talked;
Her speech and motion wisely had an end,
Yet knew he not whereto they did attend.

She, grieved to see his youth no better taught,
To gather him a posy he her besought:
With that, her light say gown she then up tuckt,
And "May" for him, and "Tyme" for her, she pluckt.

Which, when she brought, he took her by the middle,
And kist her oft, but could not read the riddle:
"Oh, fool!" quoth she, and so burst into laughter,
Blusht, ran away, and scorn'd him ever after.

Charming Celia Lies Upon Her Bridal Bed

CATCH IN WIT AND MIRTH, 1682

SEE how Charming Celia lies upon her Bridal
bed;
There's no such beauty at Court
She's fit for the sport;
And she looks so lovely white and red,
After the first and second time.
The Bridegroom 'gins to slack his pace,
But the cry's come, come, come to me;
And lay thy Cheek close to my face.
Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the Bell to the Bed,
Whilst common time they keep:
With a parting kiss
They end their bliss,
And so retire to sleep.

The Rapture

FROM DURFEY'S SONGS [1683]; SET BY MR. THOS. FARMER

As on Serena's panting Breast
The happy Strephon lay,
With Love and Beauty doubly blest
He past the hours away:

Fierce Raptures of transporting Love,
  And pleasure struck him dumb,
He envied not the pow'rs above,
  Nor all the joys to come.
As painful Bees far off do rove,
  To bring their Treasure home,
So Strephon ranged the Field of Love,
  To make his honey Comb;
Her Ruby lips he sucked and pressed,
  From whence all sweets derive,
Then buzzing round her snowy Breast;
  Soon crept into the hive.

The Prospect and Bower of Bliss

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN. POEMS, 1683

'Tis all eternal spring around,
  And all the trees with fragrant flowers are crown'd;
No clouds, no misty showers obscure the light,
  But all is calm, serene and gay.
The heavens are drest with a perpetual bright,
And all the earth with everlasting May.
Each minute blows the Rose and Jesamine,
  And twines with new-born Eglantine,
Each minute new discoveries bring;
Of something sweet, of something ravishing.

Fountains, wandering brooks, soft rills,
  That o'er the wanton pebbles play;
And all the woods with tender murmuring fills,
  Inspiring love, inciting joy;
  (The sole, the solemn business of the day)
Through all the groves, the glades and thickets run,
And nothing see but love on all their banks along;
A thousand flowers of different kinds,
  The neighbouring meads adorn;
Whose sweetness snatcht by flying winds,
  O'er all the Bow'r of Bliss is born;
Whether all things in nature strive to bring,
All that is soft, all that is ravishing.

The verdant banks no other prints retain,
But where young lovers, and young loves have lain.
  For love has nothing here to do,
  But to be wanton, soft and gay,
  And give a lavish loose to joy.
  His emptied quiver, and his bow,
In flow'ry wreaths and rosy garlands crown'd,
  In myrtle shades are hung,
As conquerors when the Victories won,
Dispose their glorious trophies all around.

Soft winds and Echoes that do haunt each grove,
Still whisper, and repeat no other Songs than love.
Which round about the sacred bower they sing,
Where every thing arrives that's sweet and ravishing.

A thousand gloomy walks the bower contains,
  Sacred all to mighty love;
A thousand winding turns where pleasure reigns;
  Obscur'd from day by twining boughs above,
  Where Love invents a thousand plays,
  Where lovers act ten thousand joys:
  Nature has taught each little bird,
  A soft example to afford;
  They bill and look, and sing and love,
  And charm the air, and charm the grove;
Whilst underneath the ravisht swain is lying,
Gazing, sighing, pressing, dying;
Still with new desire warm'd,
Still with new joy, new rapture charm'd;
Amongst the green soft rivulets do pass,
In winding streams half hid in flowers and grass,
Who purl and murmur as they glide along,
And mix their music with the shepherd's pipe and song
Which echo's through the sacred bower repeat,
Where every thing arrives that's ravishing and sweet.

  The virgin here shows no disdain,
  Nor does the shepherd sigh in vain,
  This knows no cruelty, nor that no pain:
No youth complains upon his rigorous fair;
No injur'd maid upon her perjured dear,
'Tis only love, fond love finds entrance here;
  The notes of birds, the murmuring boughs,
When gentle winds glide through the glades,
  Soft sighs of love, and soft breath'd vows,
The tender whisperings of the yielding maids,
  Dashing fountains, purling springs,
The short breath'd cries from faint resistance sent,
  (Cries which no aid desires or brings)
The soft effects of fear and languishment;
  The little struggling of the fair,
The trembling force of the young conqueror,
  The tender arguments he brings,
The pretty nonsense with which she assails,
Which as she speaks, she hopes it naught prevails
But yielding owns her love above her reasonings,
Is all is heard; silence and shade the rest.
Which best with love, which best with joys consist,
All which young Echo's through the bower does sing
Where every thing is heard, that's sweet and ravishing

Recesses dark, and grottos all conspire,
To favour love and soft desire;

Shades, springs, and fountains flow'ry beds,
To joys invites, to pleasure leads,
To pleasure which all humane thought exceeds.
Heav'n, earth, and sea, here all combine,
To propagate love's great design,
And render the Appointments all Divine.
After long toil, 'tis here the lover reaps
Transporting softnesses beyond his hopes;
'Tis here fair eyes, all languishing impart
The secrets of the fond inclining heart;
Fine hands and arms for tender pressings made,
In Love's dear business always are employ'd:
  The soft enchantments of the tongue,
That does all other eloquence control,
  Is breath'd with broken sighs among,
  Into the ravish'd shepherd's soul,
Whilst all is taken, all is given,
  That can complete lover's heaven:
And Io paeans through the woods do ring,
From new fletched God, in songs all ravishing.

A Song

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN. FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERY, 1671

THAT beauty I ador'd before,
  I now as much despise:
'Tis money only makes the whore:
  She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaste: But that's the whore that kisses for prize.

Let Jove with gold his Danae woo,
  It shall be no rule for me:
Nay, 't may be I may do so too,
  When I'm as old as he.
Till then I'll never hire the thing that's free.

If coin must your affection imp,
  Pray get some other friend:
My pocket ne'er shall be my pimp,
  I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too, if I see they mend.

Since loving was a liberal art,
  How canst thou trade for gain?
'Tis pleasure is on your part,
  'Tis we men take the pain:
And being so, must Women have the gain?

No, no, I'll never farm your bed,
  Nor your Smock-tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
  You shall not let your love to me:
I court a Mistris, not a Landlady.

A Pox take him that first set up,
  The Exercise of flesh and skin:
And since it will no better be,
  Let's both to kiss begin;
To kiss freely: if not, you may go spin.

A Song

RS. APHRA BEHN. FROM GILDON'S CHORUS POETARUM

THE gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad eyes on thee,
With thy bright rays his senses cheers,
And drinks with ever thirsty ears,
The charming music of thy tongue
Does ever hear and ever long,
That sees with more than humane grace
Sweet smiles adorn thy angel face.

So when with kinder beams you shine,
And so appear much more divine,
My feebled sense and dazzled sight
No more support the glorious light,
And the fierce torrent of delight.
O then I feel my life decay,
My ravish'd soul then flies away;
Then faintness does my limbs surprise,
And darkness swims before my eyes.

Then my tongue fails, and from my brow
The liquid drops in silence flow;
Then wand'ring fires run thro' my blood,
Then cold binds up the languid flood;
All pale and breathless then I lie,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

A Song

MRS. APHRA BEHN. FROM THE BANISHED CAVALIER

WHEN Damon first began to love,
He languisht in a soft desire,
And knew not how the gods do move,
To lessen or increase his fire,
For Celia in her charming eyes
Wore all love's Sweet, and all his cruelties.

But as beneath a shade he lay,
Weaving of flowers for Celia's hair,
She chanced to lead her flock that way,
And saw the amorous shepherd there.
She gazed around upon the place,
And saw the grove (resembling night)
To all the joys of love invite,

Whilst guilty smiles and blushes drest her face,
At this the bashful youth all transport grew,
And with kind force he taught the virgin how
To yield what all his sighs could never do.

O What Pleasure 'Tis to Find a Coy Heart

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN

O WHAT pleasure 'tis to find
  A coy heart melt by slow degrees
When to yielding 'tis inclined,
  Yet her fear a ruin sees;
When her tears do kindly flow
And her sighs do come and go!

O how charming 'tis to meet
  Soft resistance from the fair,
When her pride and wishes meet
  And by turns increase her care;
O how charming 'tis to know
She would yield but can't tell how!

O how pretty is her scorn
  When, confused 'twixt love and shame,
Still refusing, tho' she burn,
  The soft pressures of my flame!
Her pride in her denial lies
And mine is in my victories.

"Beneath a Cool Shade"

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN, 1697

BENEATH a cool shade, where some here have been,
Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green,
Alexis and Cloris lay pressing soft Flowers,
She close in his Arms with her head on his breast,
And fainting with pleasure; you guess at the rest:
She blusht and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,
All ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure.

But while thus in Transports extended they lay,
A Handsome young Shepherd was passing that way.
She saw him and cry'd . . . oh, Alexis, betray'd!
Oh what have you done . . . you have ruin'd a Maid;
But the Shepherd, being modest, discreetly past by,
And left 'em again at their leisure to die.
And often they Languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
All Ravished with Billing and dying with Pleasure.

The Willing Mistress

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN, POEMS, 1697

AMYNTAS led me to a Grove,
  Where all the Trees did shade us;
The Sun itself, though it had Strove,
  It could not have betray'd us:
The place secur'd from humane Eyes,
  No other fear allows,
But when the Winds that gently rise,
  Do Kiss the yielding Boughs.

Down there we sat upon the Moss,
  And did begin to play
A Thousand Amorous Tricks, to pass
  The heat of all the day.
A many Kisses he did give:
  And I return'd the same
Which made me willing to receive
  That which I dare not name.

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd
  To tell their softening Tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
  'Twas Easy to prevail.
He did but Kiss and Clasp me round,
  Whilst those his thoughts Expressed:
And lay'd me gently on the Ground;
  Ah! who can guess the rest?

The Disappointment[1]

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

ONE day the Amorous Lysander,
By an impatient Passion swayed,
Surprised fair Cloris, that lovèd Maid,
Who could defend herself no longer.

[1] This poem has also been attributed to Mrs. Aphra Behn.

All things did with his Love conspire;
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the World,
But what from Cloris Brighter Eyes was hurled.

In a lone Thicket made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids Consent,
She with a Charming Languishment,
Permits his Force, yet gently strove;
Her Hands his Bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back designed,
Rather to draw 'em on inclined:
Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet,
Resistance 'tis in vain to show;
She wants the pow'r to say—Ah! what d'ye do?

Her Bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh vigour to Lysander give;
And breathing faintly in his Ear,
She cry'd—Cease, Cease—your vain Desire,
Or I'll call out—What would you do?
My Dearer Honour even to You
I cannot, must not give—Retire,
Or take this Life, whose chiefest part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

But he as much unused to Fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed minutes to improve,
Kisses her Mouth, her Neck, her Hair;
Each Touch her new Desire Alarms,
His burning trembling Hand he prest
Upon her swelling Snowy Breast,
While she lay panting in his Arms,
All her unguarded Beauties lie
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

And now without Respect or Fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows,
(His Love no Modesty allows)
His swift degrees advancing—where
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice:
That awful Throne, the Paradise
Where Rage is calm'd, and Anger pleas'd;
That Fountain where Delight still flows,
And gives the Universal World Repose.

Her Balmy Lips encountering his,
Their Bodies, as their Souls, are joined;
Where both in Transports Unconfined
Extend themselves upon the Moss.

Cloris half dead and breathless lay;
Her soft Eyes cast a Humid Light,
Such as divides the Day and Night;
Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay:
And now no sign of Life she shows,
But what in short-breathed sighs returns and goes.

He saw how at her Length she lay;
He saw her rising Bosom bare;
Her loose thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play;
Abandoned by her Pride and Shame,
She does her softest joys dispense,
Offering her Virgin-Innocence
A Victim to Love's Sacred Flame;
While the o'er-Ravish'd Shepherd lies
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
The too transported hapless Swain
Found the vast Pleasure turned to Pain;
Pleasure which too much Love destroys:
The willing Garments by he laid,
And Heaven all opened to his view,
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the Defenceless Lovely Maid.
But Oh what envy God conspires
To snatch his Power, yet leaves him the Desire.

Nature's Support (without whose Aid
She can no Human Being give)
Itself now wants the Art to live;
Faintness its slackened Nerves invade:
In vain th' enraged Youth essayed
To call its fleeting Vigour back,
No motion 'twill from Motion take;
Excess of Love his love betrayed:
In vain he toils, in vain Commands;
The insensible fell weeping in his Hand.

In this so Amorous Cruel Strife,
Where Love and Fate were too severe,
The poor Lysander in dispair
Renounc'd his Reason with his Life:
Now all the brisk and active fire
That should the nobler parts inflame,
Serv'd to increase his Rage and Shame,
And left no spark for New Desire;
Not all her Naked Charms cou'd move
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

Cloris returning from the Trance
Which Love and Soft Desire had bred,
Her timorous Hand she gently laid
(Or guided by Design or Chance)

Upon that Famous Priapas,
That Potent God, as Poets feign;
But never did young Shepherdess,
Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain,
More nimbly draw her Fingers back.
Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake.

Then Cloris her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his Awful Fires,
And Cold as Flow'rs bathed in the Morning Dew.
Who can the Nymph's Confusion guess?
The Blood forsook the hinder Place,
And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
Which both Disdain, and Shame exprest:
And from Lysander's Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the Gloomy Bed.

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
Or Daphne from the Delphic God,
No Print upon the grassy Road
She leaves, t'instruct Pursuing Eyes.
The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
And with her Ruffled Garments played,
Discover'd in the Flying Maid
All that the God e'er made, if Fair.
So Venus, when her Love was slain,
With Fear and Haste flew o'er the Fatal Plain.

The Nymph's resentment none but I
Can well Imagine or Condole:
But none can guess Lysander's Soul,
But those who sway'd his Destiny.
His silent Griefs swell up to Storms,
And not one God his Fury spares;
He curs'd his Birth, his Fate, his Stars;
But more the Shepherdess's Charms,
Whose soft bewitching Influence
Had Damn'd him to the Hell of Impotence.

The Northern Ditty

BY T. DURFEY. ROXBURGHE BALLADS, II. 374

Cold and Raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the Trees were hid with Snow,
Cover'd with Winter's yearly:
As I came riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter;
Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
Geud Faith made my mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
  Meaning to shew my breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
  Her Visage far exceeding;
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
  And long'd to begin a Parley;
She told me into the next Market-Town,
  A purpose to sell her Barley.

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,
  Twenty pound lies fairly,
Seek no farther one to buy,
  For I'll take all thy Barley;
Twenty more shall purchase delight,
  Thy Person I love so dearly,
If thou wilt lie by me all night,
  And gang home in the morning early.

If Forty pound would buy the Globe,
  This I'd not do, Sir:
Or were my Friends as poor as Job,
  I'd never raise 'em so, Sir:
For shou'd you prove tonight, my Friend,
  We'd get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone ere nine Months end,
  And where should I find the Father?

Pray what would my Parents say,
  If I should be so silly,
To give my Maidenhead away
  And lose my true Love Billy?
Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace,
  And therefore I say you nay, Sir:
And if that me you would Embrace,
  First Marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had Wedded been,
  Fourteen years and longer,
Else I'd choose her for my Queen,
  And tie the Knot yet stronger.
She bid me then no farther roam,
  But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Purse for my Spouse at home,
  For some other shall have her barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,
  She rode away and left me;
After her I could not go,
  Of Joy she quite bereft me:
Thus I myself did disappoint
  For she did leave me fairly
My words knocked all things out of joint,
  I lost both the maid and barley.

Fond Love

FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1691

Come my delicate bonny sweet Betty,
Let's dally a while in the shade,
Where the Sun by degrees shines through the trees,
And the wind blows through the Glade;
Where Telons her Lover is graced,
And richly adorned with green,
And the amorous boy with her mother did toy,
And the Uncan never was seen;
There we may enjoy modest pleasure,
As kissing and merry discourse,
And never control a modest sweet soul,
For love is a thing of great force.

The green grass shall be thy Pillow
To comfort thy spherical head,
And my arms shall enjoin my love so divine,
And the earth shall be thy bed;
Thy mantle of fairest flowers,
My coat shall thy coverlet be,
And the whistling wind shall sing to our mind,
A dainty sweet Lullaby.

Old Eolus shall be thy Rocker,
With his gentle murmuring noise,
And love's myrtle tree shall thy Canopy be;
And the bird's harmonious voice
Shall bring us into a sweet slumber,
While I in thy bosom do rest,
And give thee such bliss by that, and by this
As by poetry can't be exprest.

While thy cherry cheek pleaseth in touching,
And in smelling her odorous breath;
Her beauty in my sight, and her voice my delight,
Oh, my sweets are cast beneath;
Thus ravished with the contentment
In more than a lover exprest,
And think when I am here, I am in a sphere,
And more than immortally blest.

And thus with my mutual coying
My love doth me sweetly embrace;
With my hands in her hair, and her fingers so rare,
And her playing with my face,
We reaped the most happy contentment
That ever two Lovers did find;
What women did see but my Love and me,
Would say, that we use to be kind.

A Remedy for the Green Sickness

ANONYMOUS. 1682. FROM BAGFORD BALLADS. PT. III

I

A HANDSOME buxom lass lay panting on her bed,
She looked as green as grass and mournfully she said:
Except I have some lusty lad to ease me of my pain,
  I cannot live, I sigh and grieve,
  My life I now disdain.

But if some bonny lad would be so kind to me,
Before I am quite mad to end my misery,
And cool these burning flames of fire
Which rage in this my breast,
  Then I should be from torments free and be forever blest.

I am both young and fair, yet 'tis my fortune hard,
I'm ready to despair, my pleasures are debarred:
And I, poor soul, cannot enjoy nor taste of love's bliss,
  Whilst others meet, those joys so sweet
Oh! what a life is this.

Were but my passion known, sure some would pity me,
That lie so long alone, for want of company.
Had I some young man in my arms
That would be brisk and brave,
  My pains would end,
  He'd prove my friend,
And keep me from my grave.

From this tormenting pain I cannot long endure,
My hopes are all in vain if I expect a cure,
Without some thundering lad comes in
And with a courage bold,
  Grant me delight,
  I'd him requite,
With silver and with gold.

II

A gallant lively lad that in the next room lay,
It made his heart full glad to hear what she did say.
Into the room immediately this youngster he did rush,
  Some words he spoke,
  Love to provoke,
But she straight cried out, Hush!

My father he will hear and then we're both undone,
Quoth he, love do not fear, I'll venture for a son.
The coverlet he then threw off and jumped into the bed,
  And in a trice,
  He kissed her twice,
Then to his chamber fled.

And blushing all alone this damsel sweating lay,
Her troubles they were gone, thus softly did she say:
  Had I but known that lover's bliss
  Had been so sweet a taste,
  I'd ne'er have stayed,
  Nor begged nor prayed,
That so much time did waste.

This lusty youthful boy, that banished all my pain,
I must his love enjoy ere it be long again.
  For gold and silver I'll not spare
  Can that his courage prove,
  He has an art, without all smart,
  Green sickness to remove.

A sigh she gave and said, Oh! come again to me,
For I am half afraid I shall not cured be
  At this first bout, then prithee try
  To help me once again;
Count me not bold, I'll give thee gold
  Enough for all thy pain.

A Present to a Lady

FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1691

LADIES, I do here present you
With a token Love hath sent you;
'Tis a thing to sport and play with,
Such another pretty thing
For to pass the time away with;
Prettier sport was never seen;

Name I will not, nor define it,
Sure I am you may divine it:
By those modest looks I guess it,
That I need no more express it,
And those eyes so full of fire,
But leave your fancies to admire.

Yet as much of it be spoken
In the praise of this love-token:
'Tis a wash that far surpasseth
For the cleansing of your blood,
All the Saints may bless your faces,
Yet not do you so much good.

Were you ne'er so melancholy,
It will make you blithe and jolly;
Go no more, no more admiring,
When you feel your spleen's amiss,
For all the drinks of Steel and Iron
Never did such cures as this.

It was born in th' Isle of Man
Venus nurs'd it with her hand,
She puffed it up with milk and pap,
And lull'd it in her wanton lap,
So ever since this Monster can
In no place else with pleasure stand.

Colossus like, between two Rocks,
I have seen him stand and shake his locks,
And when I have heard the names
Of the sweet Saterian Dames,
O he's a Champion for a Queen,
'Tis pity but he should be seen.

Nature, that made him, was so wise
As to give him neither tongue nor eyes,
Supposing he was born to be
The instrument of Jealousie,
Yet here he can, as Poets feign,
Cure a Lady's love-sick brain.

He was the first that did betray
To mortal eyes the milky way;
He is the Proteus cunning Ape
That will beget you any shape;
Give him but leave to act his part,
And he'll revive your saddest heart.

Though he want legs, yet he can stand,
With the least touch of your soft hand;
And though, like Cupid, he be blind,
There's never a hole but he can find;
If by all this you do not know it,
Pray, Ladies, give me leave to show it.

Love's Follies

FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1691

NAY out upon this fooling for shame
Nay pish, nay fire, in faith you are to blame;
Nay come, this fooling must not be;
  Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

Nay out upon't in faith I dare not do't;
I'll bite, I'll scratch, I'll squeak, I'll cry out;
Nay come, this fooling must not be;
  Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

Your Buttons scratch me, you ruffle my band,
You hurt my thighs, Pray take away your hand;
The door stands ope that all may see,
  Nay pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

When you and I shall meet in a place
Both together face to face,
I'll not cry out, nay you shall see,
  Nay, pish, nay fie, you tickle me.

But now I see my words are but vain,
For I have done, why should I complain?
Nay to't again, the way is free,
  Since it's no more, pray tickle me.

"My Mistress Is in Music Passing Skillful"

A SONG FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1691

My Mistress is in Music passing skillful,
And Plays and sings her part at the first sight,
But in her play she is exceeding willful,
And will not play but for her own delight,
Nor touch one string, nor play one pleasing strain,
Unless you take her in a pleasing vein.

Also she hath a sweet delicious touch
Upon the Instrument whereon she plays,
And thinks that she doth never do too much,
Her pleasures are dispers'd so many ways;
She hath such Judgment both in time and mood,
That for to play with her 'twill do you good.

And then you win her heart: but here's the spite,
You cannot get her for to play alone,
But play with her, and she will play all night,
And next day too, or else 'tis ten to one,
And run division with you in such sort,
Run ne'er so swift she'll make you come too short.

Still so she sent for me one day to play,
Which I did take for such exceeding grace,
But she so tired me ere I went away:
I wished I had been in another place:
She knew the play much better than I did,
And still she kept me time for heart and blood.

I love my mistress, and I love to play,
So she will let me play with intermission:
But when she ties me to it all the day,
I hate and loath her greedy disposition;
Let her keep time, as nature doth require,
And I will play as much as she'll desire.

"Her Dainty Palm I Gently Prest"

FROM THE MARROW OF COMPLEMENTS, 1685

HER dainty palm I gently prest
And with her lips I played;
My cheek upon her panting breast
And on her neck I laid:
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust,
Nor did we then mistrust.

With pleasant toil we breathless grew,
And kissed in warmer blood;
Upon her lips the honey-dew
Like drops on roses stood:
And on those flowers played I the busy bee,
Whose sweets were such to me.

But kissing and embracing we
So long together lay,
Her touches all inflamed me
And I began to stray;
My hands presumed too far, they were too bold,
My tongue unwisely told.

The Happy Night

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, 1648-1721

SINCE now my Silvia is as kind as fair,
Let wit and joy succeed my dull despair,
O what a night of pleasure was the last!
A full reward for all my troubles past;
And on my head if future mischiefs fall,
This happy night shall make amends for all.
Nay, tho' my Silvia's love should turn to hate,
I'll think of this, and die contented with my fate,
Twelve was the lucky minute when we met,
And on her bed we close together set;
Tho' listening spies might be perhaps too near,
Love filled our hearts; there was no room for fear.
Now, whilst I strive her melting heart to move;
With all the powerful eloquence of love;
In her fair face I saw the color rise,
And an unusual softness in her eyes;
Gently they look, I with joy adore,
That only charm they never had before,
The wounds they made, her tongue was used to heal,
But now these gentle enemies reveal
A secret, which that friend would still conceal.
My eyes transported too with amorous rage,
Seem fierce with expectation to engage;

But fast she holds my hands, and close her thighs,
And what she longs to do, with frowns denies.
A strange effect on foolish women wrought,
Bred in disguise, and by custom taught:
Custom, that prudence sometimes overrules,
But serves instead of reason to the Fools!
Custom, which all the world to slavery brings,
The dull excuse for doing silly things.
She, by this method of her foolish sex,
Is forced awhile me and herself to vex:
But now, when thus we had been struggling long,
Her limbs grow weak, and her desires grow strong;
How can she hold to let the hero in?
He storms without, and love betrays within.
Her hands at last, to hide her blushes, leave
The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
My fierce assault made with a lover's haste,
Like lightning piercing and as quickly past.
Thus does fond nature with her children play;
Just shows us joy, then snatches it away.
'Tis not the excess of pleasure makes it short,
The pain of love's as raging as the sport;
And yet, alas! that lasts: we sigh all night
With grief; but scarce one moment with delight.
Some little pain may check her kind desire,
But not enough to make her once retire.
Maids wounds for pleasure bear, as men for praise;
Here honor heals, there love the smart allays,
The world, if just, would harmful courage blame,
And this more innocent reward with fame.
Now she her well contented thoughts employs
On her past fears, and on her future joys:
Whose harbinger did roughly all remove,
To make fit room for great, luxurious love.
Fond of the welcome guest, her arms embrace
My body, and her hands another place:
Which with one touch so pleased and proud doth grow,
It swells beyond the grasp that made it so:
Confinement seems, in any straiter walls,
Than those of love, where it contented falls.
Tho' twice o'erthrown, he more enflamed does rise,
And will, to the last drop, fight out the prize.
She like some Amazon in story proves,
That overcomes the hero whom she loves.
In the close strife she takes so much delight,
She then can think of nothing but the fight:
With joy she lays him panting at her feet,
But with more joy does his recovery meet.
Her trembling hands first gently raise his head:
She almost dies for fear that he is dead:
Then binds his wounds up with her busy hand,
And with that balm enables him to stand,

'Til by her eyes she conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than she did before.
Tho' fallen from the top of Pleasure's Hill,
With longing eyes we look up thither still;
Still thither our unwearyed wishes tend,
'Til we that height of happiness ascend
By gentle steps: the ascent itself exceeds
All joys but that alone to which it leads:
First then, so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if, like doves, we knew no dearer bliss.
Still in one mouth our tongues together play,
While grouping hands are pleased no less than they.
Thus clinged together, now a while we rest,
Breathing our souls into each other's breast;
Then give a general kiss of all our parts,
While this way we make exchange of hearts.
Here, would my praise, as well as pleasure, dwell:
Enjoyment's self I scarcely like so well:
The little Kiss comes short of rage and strength
So largely recompensed with endless length.
This is a joy would last, if we could stay:
But love's too eager to admit delay,
And hurries us along to smooth a way.
Now, wanton with delight, we nimble move
Our pliant limbs, in all the slopes of love;
Our motions not like those of gamesome fools,
Whose active bodies show their heavy souls:
But sports of love, in which a willing mind
Make us as able, as our hearts are kind:
At length, all languishing, and out of breath,
Panting, as in the agonies of death,
We lie entranced, 'til one provoking kiss
Transports our ravished souls to Paradise,
O Heaven of Love; thou moment of delight!
Wronged by my words, my fancy does thee right.
Methinks I lie all melting in her charms,
And fast locked up within her legs and arms;
Bent on our minds, and all our thoughts on fire,
Just laboring in the pangs of fierce desire.
At once, like misers, wallowing in their store,
In full possession; yet desiring more.
Thus with repeated pleasures, while we waste
Our happy hours that like short minutes past,
To such a sum of bliss our joys amount,
The numbers now become too great to count.
Silent, as night, are all sincerest joys,
Like deepest waters running with least noise.
But now, at last, for want of further force,
From deeds alas; we fall into discourse;
A Fall, which each of us in rain bemoans;
A greater Fall than that of kings from thrones.

The tide of pleasure flowing now no more,
We lie like fish left gasping on the shore;
And now, as after fighting, wounds appear,
Which we in heat did neither feel, nor fear:
She, for her sake, entreats me to give o'er,
And yet for mine would gladly suffer more.
Her words are coy, while all her motions woo
And, when she asks me, if it please me too,
I rage to show how well, but 'twill not do.
Thus would hot love run itself out of breath,
And wanting rest, find it too soon in death;
Did not wise nature with gentle force,
Restrain its rage, and stop its headlong course:
Indulgently severe, she well does spare
This child of hers, that most deserves her care.

Women's Delight

ANONYMOUS. FROM MERRY DROLLERY, 1691

THERE dwelt a maid in the Conny-gate
And she was wondrous fair,
And she would have an old man
Was overgrown with hair;
And ever she cry'd, O turn,
O turn thee unto me,
Thou hast the thing I have not,
A little above the knee.

He bought her a Gown of green,
Became her wondrous well:
And she bought him a long sword
To hang down by his heel;
And ever she cry'd, etc.

He bought her a Pair of shears
To hang by her side:
And she bought him a winding-sheet
Against the day he died;
And ever she cry'd, etc.

He bought her a Gown, a Gown,
Embroidered all with gold:
And she gave him a night-cap
To keep him from the cold,
And ever she cry'd, etc.

He bought her a Gown, a Gown,
Embroidered all with red:
And she gave him a pair of horns
To wear upon his head;
And ever she cry'd (O) turn,
O turn thee unto me,
Thou hast the thing I have not
A little above the knee.

So if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, gross heavy Dame,
    Your riches to increase,
Alas! she will but jeer you for't;
Bid you to find out better sport,
    Lie with a pot of grease.

If meager —— be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereal fight,
    And waste thee to the bones:
Such kind of girls, like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
    Or else they'll grind the stones.

If black, 'tis odds she's dev'lish proud,
If short, Xantippe like, too loud,
    If long, she'll lazy be,
Foolish (the Proverb saith) if fair,
If wise and comely, danger's there,
    Lest she do cuckold thee.

If she bring store of money, such
Are like to domineer too much,
    Prove Mistris, no good wife,
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder
    What worse than such a life;

But if her Dowry only be
Beauty, farewell felicity,
    Thy fortunes cast away.
Thou must be sure to satisfy her
In belly, and in back-desire,
    To labour night and day.

And rather than her pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honoured whore,
    And thou'lt *Acteon'd* be,
Whilst like *Acteon* thou mayst weep,
To think thou forcèd art to keep
    Such as devour thee.

If being noble thou dost wed
A servile Creature, basely bred,
    Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear t'exalt a Courtlike horn,
    Thy low descent it graces.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
    Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To scold by book will take upon her,
    Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
    Or spoil your future fortune,
But if departed they are this life,
You must be parent to your wife,
    And father all, be certain.

If bravely drest, fair faced and witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the City,
    Nor may you say her nay,
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since women have Terms, she knows not why,
    But they still keep them may.

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
    But stupid honesty
May teach her how to sleep all night;
And take a great deal more delight
    To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's consanguinity;
    Then let no kin be chosen:
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure
    To th' arms of his first Cousin.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at second hand;
    Then choose no widowed mother:
The first cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why may n't you prove
    But taster to another?

Besides, if she bring children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
    But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, she ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,
    Whilst thou for a weak back go.

For there where other Gard'ners have been sowing
Their seed, but ne'er could find it growing,
    You must expect so too;
And where the Terra incognita
S' o'erplow'd, you must fallow lay,
    And still for weak back go.

Then trust not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widows place,
    Those weaker vessels may
Spring-leak, or split against a rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a smock,
    'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
    Call them your soul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtezan, or Concubine,
    But never as married wife.
He who consider this, may end the strife,
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.

The Penance

BY NAHUM TATE

NYMPH FANARET, the gentlest maid
That ever happy swain obeyed,
(For what offence I cannot say)
A day and night, and half a day,
Banished her shepherd from her sight:
His fault for certain was not slight,
Or sure this tender judge had ne'er
Imposed a penance so severe.
And lest she should anon revoke
What in her warmer rage she spoke,
She bound the sentence with an oath,
Protested by her Faith and Troth,
Nought should compound for his offence
But the full time of abstinence.
Yet when his penance-glass were run,
His hours of castigation done,
Should he defer one moment's space
To come and be restored to grace,
With sparkling threat'ning eyes she swore
That failing would incense her more
Than all his trespasses before.

Upon a Favour Offered

BY WILLIAM WALSH, 1692

CAELIA, too late you would repent:
  The off'ring all your store
Is now but like a pardon sent
  To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel proved,
  And grant the bliss too late,
You hindered me of one I loved
  To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair
  When first my court I made;
But when your falsehoods plain appear
  My love no longer stayed.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
  Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valued metals down
  And giving us the brass.

Oh since the thing we beg's a toy
  That's prized by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
  Before our love is gone?

A Song

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE. FROM THE OLD BACHELOR, 1693

As Amoret and Thyrsis lay,
As Amoret and Thyrsis lay;
Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours in gentle play,
Joining, joining, joining Faces, mingling Kisses,
Mingling kisses, mingling kisses, and exchanging harmless
  Blisses:
He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haste,
Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! let me, let me,
Let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! let me, let me, let me, let
  me Feed as well as Taste,
I die, die, die, I die, die, I die,
I die, if I'm not wholly Blest.

The fearful Nymph replied forbear,
I cannot, dare not, must not hear;
Dearest Thyrsis, do not move me,
Do not, do not, if you Love me;
O let me still, the Shepherd said,
But while she fond resistance made,
The hasty joy in struggling fled.

Vex'd at the Pleasure she had missed,
She frowned and blush'd, and sigh'd and kissed,
And seemed to moan, in Sullen Cooing,
The sad miscarriage of their Wooing:
But vain alas; were all her Charms,
For Thyrsis deaf to Love's alarms,
Baffled and fenceless, tired her Arms.

The Reconciliation

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE

FAIR Celia love pretended,
And named the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promised hour.

At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as man prove true
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and insincere.

But Celia now repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arrived with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Cytherea smiling,
She blushed, and laid his passion;
The Shepherd ceased reviling,
And sang this recantation.

How engaging, how endearing
Is a lover's pain and care,
And what joy the nymph appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise increase desiring,
By combining kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

Doris

A SONG BY WILLIAM CONGREVE, C. 1700

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.
Of native blush and rosy dye
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply,
With paint, the injurious theft.
Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well furnish'd front disdain
To grace with borrow'd hair.
Of size, she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more, than what the French would call
Amiable embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
  I leave:—let it suffice,
She has few faults, but what she knows,
  And can with skill disguise.
She many lovers has refused,
  With many more complied
Which, like her clothes, when little used,
  She always lays aside.
She's one who looks with great contempt
  On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
  From appetites of nature.
She thinks they want in health or sense,
  Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
  At him who pleads his passion.
Whom she refuses, she treats still
  With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill
  Looks almost like a favour.
Since she this softness can express
  To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
  Of such whom she affects.
But here our Doris far outgoes
  All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
  Which reason bids her shun.
By reason, her own reason's meant,
  Or, if you please, her will;
For when this last is discontent,
  The first is served but ill.
Peculiar, therefore, is her way;
  Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
  Or by experience bought.
But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
  She can next day disown;
And stare upon the strange man's face,
  As one she ne'er had known.
So well she can the truth disguise,
  Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
  Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
Some censure this as lewd and low,
  Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
  Bespeaks a noble mind.
Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,
  For all her favours done:
From her love flows, as light proceeds
  Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires
  Display their genial force,
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
  To shine elsewhere of course.

Song

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE

TELL me no more I am deceived,
  That Chloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believed)
  She was a very woman:
As such I liked, as such caressed,
She still was constant when possessed,
  She could do more for no man.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
  And that you think a hard thing?
Perhaps she fancied you the man;
  And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false. I'm sure she's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
  Who has the better bargain?

A Song

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE. FROM THE OLD BACHELOR

THUS, to a ripe consenting maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said:—
Would you long preserve your lover?
  Would you still his goddess reign?
Never let him all discover,
  Never let him much obtain.

Men will admire, adore, and die,
While wishing at your feet they lie:
But admitting their embraces
  Wakes 'em from the golden dream;
Nothing's new besides our faces,
  Every woman is the same.

A Motion to Pleasure

FROM HARLEIN MSS., 1691

STILL to affect, still to admire,
Yet never satisfy desire
With touch of hand, or lip, or that
Which pleaseth best (I name not what),—
Like Tantalus I pining die,
Taking Love's dainties at the eye.

Nature made nothing but for use,
And, fairest, 'twere a gross abuse
To her best work if you it hold
Unused, like misers' ill-got gold,
Or keep it in a virgin scorn,
Like rich robes that are seldom worn.

Chloris Saw Me Sigh and Tremble

FROM VINCULUM SOCIETATIS, OR THE TIE OF GOOD COMPANY

CHLORIS saw me sigh and tremble,
And then ask'd why I did so;
Love like mine can ill dissemble:—
Chloris, 'tis for love of you,
For those pretty tempting graces
Of your smiling lips and eyes,
For those pressing close embraces
When your snowy breasts do rise;

For those joys of which the trial
Only can instruct your heart
What you lose by your denial,
When Love draws his pleasing dart;
For those kisses in perfection
Which a wanton soul like mine,
Form'd by Cupid's own direction,
Could infuse too into thine;

For those shapes, my lovely Chloris,
And a thousand charming things,
For which monarchs might implore you
To beget a race of kings;
And for which I fain would whisper,
But my heart is still afraid,—
Yet 'tis that young ladies wish for
Every night they go to bed.

"The Bonny Grey Eyed Morn Began to Peep"

A BROADSIDE SONG BY J. CLARKE WITH MUSIC; C. 1699

THE Bonny grey Eyed Morn began to peep,
When Jockey roused with Love came blithely on;
And I who wishing lay deprived of sleep,
Abhorred the lazy Hours that slow did run:
But muckle were my joys when in my view,
I from my Window spied my only dear;
I took the Wings of Love and to him Flew,
For I had fancied all my Heaven was there.

Upon my Bosom Jockey laid his head,
  And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
  Did flutter up and down and strangely move:
He sighed, he Kissed my Hand, he vowed and swore,
  That I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gained;
Then Blushing begged that I would grant him more,
  Which he, alas! too soon, too soon obtained.

"Jenny Long Resisted Wully's Fierce Desire"

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC (C. 1700); SET BY R. LEVERIDGE

JENNY long resisted
  Wully's fierce desire;
She the more persisted,
  Coyness raised his Fire.
When he'd reap'd the Treasure,
  And the Virgin's Spoils,
He found such short Pleasure,
  Answered not his Toils.

Jenny lay neglected
  In her Lover's Arms,
When she was rejected,
  She try'd all her Charms:
Then she did discover,
  That no Trick, nor Art,
Tho't might win a Lover,
  Could regain his Heart.

"Thus Damon Knocked at Celia's Door"

BY G. FARQUHAR IN THE CONSTANT COUPLE, 1700

THUS Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,
The sign was so, She answer'd no,
The sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
No, Damon, no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;
Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid,
Consider, Damon, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
  I'm a Maid.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
She rose and softly turn'd the key;
Come in, said she, but do not, do not stay,
I may conclude, you will be rude;
But if you are you may:
I may conclude, you will be rude,
But if you are you may.

When Sawney First Did Woo Me

A SONG, SET BY MR. LEVERIDGE, 1703

WHEN Sawney first did Woo me, he did at distance stand,
Advancing to undo me, he gently took my Hand;
He gently raised it higher, with pish and much ado,
His lips still creeping nigher, at last he Kissed it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's enchanting grace,
He drew himself more nigh me, and gently touched my Face;
He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado,
His lips approaching nigher, at last he Kissed me too.

Completely to undo me, he clasped me in his Arms,
As tho' he would go through me, and search out all my Charms;
As though he would go through me, with Oh, and much ado,
As sure as e'er he knew me, at last he did it too.

A Song

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, 1702

GET you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me don't pursue me,
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish,
Be content y'ave won the field,
'Twere base to hurt me, now I yield.

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd love entered in.
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, so full of play.
I sported thus with young desire,
Cheered with his light, freed from his fire.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me this fatal Lion shun;
You found me harmless, leave me so,
For were I not, you'd leave me too;
But when you change remember still,
'Twas my misfortune not my will.

On Fruition

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, 1722

None but a Muse in love, can tell
The sweet tumultuous joys I feel,
When on Celia's breast I lie.
When I tremble, faint, and die;
Mingling kisses with embraces,
Darting tongues, and joining faces,
Panting, stretching, sweating, cooing,
All in the ecstasy of doing.

An Epigram to Flavia

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, 1722

When to thy husband thou didst first refuse
  The lawful pleasures of thy charming bed.
Med did his pipe and pot, and whores accuse;
  On his mere lewdness the whole fault we laid:
Into thy house thou tookest a deep Divine
  And all thy neighbours flocked to hear him preach:
The cheated world did in thy praises join,
  The wise sort yet knew thy wanton reach,
From Sunday's crowds thou didst thy gallants choose,
  And when they failed thee, good Doctors use.

To Bassa

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, 1722

That I ne'er saw thee in a coach with man,
  Nor thy chaste name in wanton satire met
That from thy sex thy liking never ran,
  So as to suffer a male-servant yet,
I thought thee the Lucretia of our time:
  But, Bassa, thou the while a Tribas wert,
And clashing ——, with a prodigious crime,
  Didst act of man the inimitable part,
What Œdipus this riddle can untie?
Without a male, there was adultery.

The Fall

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

As Chloe o'er the meadows past
  I viewed the lovely maid:
She turned and blushed, renewed her haste,
And feared by me to be embraced—
  My eyes my wish betrayed.

I trembling felt the rising flame,
  The charming nymph pursued;
Daphne was not so bright a game,
Tho' great Apollo's darling dame,
  Nor with such charms endued.

I followed close, the fair still flew
  Along the grassy plain;
The grass at length my rival grew,
And catched my Chloe by the shoe;
  Her speed was then in vain.

But, oh! as tottering down she fell,
  What did the fall reveal?
Such limbs description cannot tell;
Such charms were never in the Mall,
  Nor smock did e'er conceal.

She shrieked; I turned my ravished eyes
  And, burning with desire,
I helped the Queen of Love to rise;
She checked her anger and surprise,
  And said, "Rash youth, retire,

"Begone, and boast what you have seen;
  It shan't avail you much:
I know you like my form and mien,
Yet since so insolent you've been,
  The Parts disclosed you ne'er shall touch."

"Young Coridon and Phillis"

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, 1707

Young Coridon and Phillis
  Sat in a lovely Grove;
Contriving Crowns of Lilies,
  Repeating Tales of Love:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But as they were a Playing,
  She ogled so the Swain;
It saved her plainly saying,
  Let's kiss to ease our Pain:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

A thousand times he kissed her,
  Laying her on the Green;
But as he farther pressed her,
  Her pretty Leg was seen:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

So many Beauties removing,
His Ardour still increased;
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wandered o'er her Breast:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

A last Effort she trying,
His passion to withstand;
Cried, but it was faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

Young Coridon grown bolder,
The Minute would improve;
This is the Time he told her,
To shew you how I love;
And something else, but what I dare not name.

The Nymph seemed almost dying,
Dissolved in amorous Heat;
She kissed, and told him sighing,
My Dear, your Love is great:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But Phillis did recover
Much sooner than the Swain;
She blushing asked her Lover,
Shall we not Kiss again:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
Till Nature at a stand;
From talk they fell to Sleeping,
Holding each other's Hand:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

"Lord! What's Come to My Mother"

BY THOS. DURFEY. FROM THE BATH OR THE WESTERN LASS

Lord! what's come to my Mother,
That every Day more than another,
My true Age she would smother,
And say I'm not in my Teens;
Tho' my Sampler I've sewn too,
My Bib and my Apron out-grown too,
Baby quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis she means;

When our John does squeeze my Hand,
  And call me sugar sweet,
    My Breath almost fails me,
    I know not what ails me,
My Heart does so heave and so beat.

I have heard of Desires,
From Girls that have just been of my Years,
Love compar'd to sweet Briars,
  That hurts, and yet does please:
Is Love finer than Money,
Or can it be sweeter than Honey,
I'm poor Girl such a Toney,
  Evade that I cannot guess,
But I'm sure I'll watch more near,
There's something that Truth will shew,
  For if Love be a Blessing,
  To please beyond Kissing,
Our Jane and our Butler does know.

Cupid's Victory Over the Virgins' Hearts

ROXBURGHE BALLADS, II. 64; 1701

WHERE's my Shepherd (my love) hey-ho,
  On yonder Mountain amidst the Snow;
I dearly love him I vow, and now
  Will follow, and merrily to him go:
My young Shepherd has Beauty and Charms,
And I long to find him in my arms,
I long for Night, to Embrace him a Bed,
And I long to give him my Maiden-head.

Soft and sweet are the joys of Love,
  Which every Virgin does long to prove,
I will not tarry, but Marry,
  And every Rival will soon remove:
Bonny Susan does muse on all night,
Upon all our joys and sweet delight,
She dreams of Kisses, Embraces, and charms,
And she starts and thinks my love in her arms.

Sweetly looks the fair Bride in Bed,
  With thousand Cupids all round her head,
She softly sighs, and wishes, and kisses,
  As soon as the Curtains are closely spread:
Every Bridegroom does then what he please,
And the lovely Brides their flames appease,
I need not name what young Lovers do do,
For 'tis known to every one, I and to you.

Mark how kindly she looks next day,
  More lively, lovely, more brisk and gay;
'Twould make maids long to be cooing and wooing,
  To see how these wantons do sport and play:
Some new charm in his looks she espies,
And then he looks Babies in her eyes;
Then, while her fondling new pleasures does seek,
She kindly kisses and claps his cheek.

Vain it is to be nice and coy,
  And let old Time all our youth destroy,
I like not Whining and pining,
  For that which one easily might enjoy:
There are bonny, Brisk lovers in store,
And then what can Maidens wish for more,
What need has Susan to sigh and look pale,
When she might o'er Thomas's heart prevail.

Have not Women soft charms and Arts,
  By Nature given to conquer hearts,
Which never does fail, but prevail,
  As often as ever they shoot their Darts;
No brisk youth can withstand a Maid's charms,
But does strangely soften in her Arms;
The Roughest Hero in all the bright field,
To a brighter Beauty will bow and yield.

Now, young buxom fair Maids, come here,
  And learn this lesson—(to Love give ear),
The little Boy is so pretty and witty,
  And pleasant and soft, that you need not fear;
Roger he shall have Cisely and Nan,
And young Kate shall kiss my Ladies' Man,
Doll shall have William, and John shall have Joan,
And thus neither Sex shall lie alone.

Upon a Young Lady Being Disappointed

BY THOMAS BROWN, 1704

Young Caledon has all the charms
  That can engage the fair;
A tongue that every heart disarms,
  A soft bewitching air.
But see what fate attends a drone!
  He loves what he takes,
And when the fortress is his own
  His victory forsakes.

At her expense this fatal truth
  Melissa late did prove,
Neither her beauty nor her youth
  Could long secure his love:
The lavish hero fired too fast,
  So vain was his ambition,
That when three poor attacks were past,
  He wanted ammunition.

Were it inconstancy alone,
  Art might the youth reclaim;
But when love's vital oil is gone,
  What can revive the flame?
Ye Gods, by whom my hopes are curst,
  Once grant me what I pray,
Give Caledon less heat at first,
  Or better Funds to pay.

A Satire Against Love

BY ALEXANDER RATCLIFF. LONDON, 1705

THOU doting fond besotted amorous fool;
Shame to thy sex, return again to school,
A whining lover is a sorry fool.
Learn a new lesson, vex thyself no more,
Kick that blind bastard Cupid out of door,
His mother Venus was a common whore.

What is't that makes thy sense and reason stray?
And fondly bears thy captive soul away?
Is it her beauty makes thy heart her prey?
The fairest face that ever nature made,
A little sickness soon will make it fade.
'Tis naught but worms and dust in masquerade.

Or do you on your mistress' virtue dote?
Tell me, I should be very glad to know it,
What virtue dwells beneath a petticoat?
Women are strange dissemblers: They'll appear
So sweetly innocent and good, you'd swear
They were all angels, when they devils are.

Doth she a magazine of wealth command?
Fetched from the bowels of the sea and land.
The Oriental pearl, and Indian sand?
Those glittering toys indeed may please the eyes
Of some base miser; but the brave and wise
Place their content beyond such fooleries.

Fill me a bowl with some rich Grecian wine,
That sprightly nectar shall my wit refine,
And make me bravely act the libertine.
In Bacchanalian feasts I'll sorrows drown;
And when my blood grows warm I'll range the town,
And seize on all I meet, fair, black, or brown.

Women by nature were at first designed,
To be enjoyed by man, and thou shalt find,
If this prove cross, the next will be more kind.
Their inclination's strong what e'er they say,
And hate who court the dull Platonic way;
That master pleases best, who's brisk and gay.

No longer then in whining language court—
But if your mistress does deny your sport
Ravish her first then she'll thank you for 't.
Perhaps she'll faintly strive and cry, 'you men
Are wondrous rude—I vow you shant,'—and then
Swear that—you never shall come there again.

The deed once done, she'll feign herself perplext:
'Fie! you're wondrous naught—Indeed I'm vext,
But prithee dear, when shall I see thee next?'
With cunning arts, thus they inveigle man
But they shall never more my soul trappan;
Catch me again you gypsies if you can.
To spend our precious time, twixt hope and fear,
And let a paltry woman domineer,
'Tis better be a vassal in Algier.

To Celia

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. MISC. WORKS, 1729

Give Celia but to me alone
Ten thousand kisses all in one;
Let me not such from thee receive
As daughters to their fathers give,
Or as the sister to her brother,
Or the young fondling to her mother,
But such as by the panting bride.

Now lying at her husband's side;
(The fort but once or twice essayed
Not fully gained, still half a maid)
Are in sweet short breathed murmurs paid.
I must to lengthen on the pleasure
Dwell on thy lips, and kiss by leisure;
Who am not one that loves to kiss
Goddesses, breathless images,
Nor can I the most beauteous saint,
The loveliest face, salute in paint.

Warm flesh and blood I'd rather choose
A tender creature full of juice,
Darting her nimble tongue between
My moistened lips; there meeting mine,
Sometimes I'd catch the pliant toy,
Suck it a while with eager joy;
Then let it go, and gently nip,
Instead of it the nether lip.

Thus Celia, would we sport away
Like cooing doves, the happy day;
And never sated with delight,
Begin the same again at night.
Compared with kisses, such as these,
Nectar, itself, insipid is:
Give me but these alone, and leave
To stroke thy bubbies as they heave:
Let my hand thence, but quickly rove
Down to the pleasing seat of love,
Whither, do what we can, i' the end
Our curiosity will tend.
Then let those mistresses above
Venus and Hebe (that of love,
And this of youth, the deity)
Fall to whose share they will for me,
See envy none, nor e'er repine,
Since, judge who will, the odds are mine.

My Thing Is My Own

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

I A TENDER young Maid have been courted by many,
Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any:
A spruce Haberdasher first spake me fair,
But I would have nothing to do with Small ware.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A sweet scented Courtier did give me a Kiss,
And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some Courtiers do promise much more than they do.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A fine Man of Law did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own Cause with his Fee in his Hand;
He made a brave Motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and Nonsuit him too.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

Next came a young Fellow, a notable Spark,
(With Green Bag and Inkhorn, a Justice's Clark)
He pull'd out his Warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a Flea in his ear.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A Master of Music came with an intent,
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be played on.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his Lash,
He proffered me jewels, and great store of Gold,
But I would not Mortgage my little Free-hold.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my Placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I mustered my Spirits up and became bold,
And forced my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A Crafty young Bumpkin that was very rich,
And used with his Bargains to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a Sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my Tenant in tail.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A fine dapper Taylor, with a Yard in his Hand,
Did proffer his Service to be at Command,
He talked of a slit I had above Knee,
But I'll have no Taylors to sitch it for me.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his Grounds,
His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his Grey-hounds,
Put in for a Course, and used all his Art,
But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A pretty young Squire new come to the Town,
To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
Did proffer a kindness, but I would have none,
The same that he used to his Mother's Maid Joan.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But as young as I was I understood Trap.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Until I be Married, say Men what they will.

A New Ballad Upon a Wedding

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

THE Sleeping Thames one Morn I crossed,
By two contending Charons tost;
I Landed and I found,
By one of Neptune's juggling Tricks,
Enchanted Thames was turned to Styx,
Lambeth the Elysian Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of the Day,
To make himself more fresh and gay,
Had spent five Hours, and more;
Scarce had he Combed and Curled his Hair,
When out there comes a brighter Fair,
Eclipsed him o'er, and o'er.

The dazzled Boy would have retired,
But durst not, because he was hired,
To light the Purblind Skies;
But all on Earth, will Swear and say,
They saw no other Sun that Day,
Nor Heav'n, but in her Eyes.

Her starry Eyes, both warm and shine,
And her dark Brows, do them enshrine,
Like Love's Triumphal Arch;
Their Firmament is Red and White,
Whilst the other Heaven is but bedight,
With Indigo and Starch.

Her Face a Civil War had bred,
Betwixt the White Rose and the Red,
Then Troops of Blushes came;
And charged the White with might and main,
But stoutly were repulsed again,
Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight,
It lasted dubious until Night,
Which would to the other yield;
At last the Armies both stood still,
And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, such Spoils! which to compare,
A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
  And Scepters are but sticks;
The Crown itself, 'twere but a Bonnet,
If her Possession lay upon it,
  What Prince would not here fix.

Heaven's Master-piece, Divinest frame,
That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,
  Rich Nature's utmost Stage;
The Harvest of all former years,
The past's Disgrace, the future's fears,
  And glory of this Age.

Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,
And a slight Bargain there is made,
  To make Him her Supreme;
The Angels perched about her Light,
And Saints themselves had Appetite,
  But I will not Blaspheme.

The Parson did his Conscience ask,
If he were fit for such a Task,
  And could perform his Duty;
Then straight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another thing,
  When strength is joined to Beauty.

A modest cloud her Face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,
  While thus they mingle Hands;
And then she was obliged to say,
Those Bug-bear Words, Love and Obey,
  But meant her own Commands.

The envious Maids looked round about,
To see what One would take them out,
  To terminate their Pains;
For tho' they Covet, and are Cross,
Yet still they value more one Loss,
  Than many Thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter, two were called,
Knights of the Shoe-string, two installed,
  And all were bound by Oath;
No further than the Knee to pass,
But oh! the Squire of the Body was
  A better place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,
For eating now, was but a Crime,
  And all that interposed;
For like two Duellists they stood,
Panting for one another's Blood,
  And longing till they closed.

Then came the Jovial Music in,
And many a merry Violin,
  That Life and Soul of Legs;
Th' impatient Bridegroom would not stay,
Good Sir, cry they, what Man can play,
  Till he's wound up his pegs.

But then he Dances till he reels,
For Love and Joy had winged his Heels,
  And puts the Hours to flight;
He leapt and skipt, and seemed to say,
Come Boys, I'll drive away the Day,
  And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride, with Murdering Arts,
Walks round, and Brandishes her Darts,
  To give the deeper Wound;
Her Beauteous Fabric, with such grace,
Ensnares a Heart, at every pace,
  And Kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no Ground,
And slily draws her Nets around,
  Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses;
Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
  That Arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
Daring of Larks over a Green,
  His fierce occasion tarry;
Dances about them as they fly,
And gives them sport before they Die,
  Then stoops and Kills the Quarry.

Her Sweat, like Honey-drops did fall,
And Stings of Beauty pierced us all,
  Her shape was so exact;
Of Wax she seemed framed alive,
But had her Gown too been a Hive,
  How Bees had thither flocked.

Thus envious Time prolonged the Day,
And stretched the Prologue to the Play,
  Long stopped the sluggish Watch;
At last a Voice came from above,
Which called the Bridegroom and his Love,
  To consummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n would it retard)
A banquet comes, like the Night-Guard,
  Which stayed them half the Night;
The Bridegroom then with's Men retired,
The Train was laying to be fired,
  He went his Match to light.

When he returned, his Hopes were crowned,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
  So glorious was her Face;
Amazed he stopt—but then, quoth He,
Tho' 'tis an Angel, 'tis a She,
  And leaped into his Place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Blessed with a Thousand pleasing Charms,
  In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and Sowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloys,
  Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, sure was no more,
Than that which had been done before,
  When she her self was Made;
Something was lost, which none found out,
And He that had it could not shew't,
  Sure 'tis a juggling Trade.

A Ballad of All the Trades

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

Oh the Miller, the dusty, musty Miller,
  The Miller, that beareth on his Back;
He never goes to Measure Meal,
  But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds ope the sack.

O the Baker, the bonny, bonny Baker,
  The Baker that is so full of Sin;
He never heats his Oven hot,
  But he thrusts, but he thrusts, but he thrusts his Maiden in.

O the Brewer, the lusty, lusty Brewer,
  The Brewer that Brews Ale and Beer;
He never heats his Liquor hot,
  But he takes, but he takes, but he takes his Maid by the Geer.

O the Butcher, the bloody, bloody Butcher,
  The Butcher that sells both Beef and Bone;
He never grinds his Slaught'ring Knife,
  But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must turn his Stone.

O the Weaver, the wicked, wicked Weaver,
  That followeth a weary Trade;
He never shoots his Shuttle right,
  But he shoots, but he shoots, but he shoots first at his Maid.

O the Barber, the neat and nimble Barber,
Whose Trade is ne'er the worse;
He never goes to Wash and Shave,
But he trims, but he trims, but he trims his Maiden first.

O the Taylor, the fine and frisking Taylor,
The Taylor that gives so good regard;
He never goes to measure Lace,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds out his Yard.

O the Blacksmith, the lusty, lusty Blacksmith,
The best of all good Fellows;
He never heats his Iron hot,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must blow the Bellows.

O the Tanner, the Merry, Merry Tanner,
The Tanner that draws good Hides into Leather;
He never strips himself to work,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid and he's together.

O the Tinker, the sturdy, sturdy Tinker,
The Tinker that deals all in Mettle;
He never clencheth home a Nail,
But his Trull, but his Trull, but his Trull holds up the Kettle.

Of King Edward and Jane Shore

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

Why should we boast of Lais and her Knights,
Knowing such Champions intrapt with Whorish Lights;
Or why should we speak of Thais Curled Locks,
Or Rhodop that gave so many Men the Pox.
Read old Stories, and there you shall find,
How Jane Shore, Jane Shore she pleased King Edward's mind.
Jane Shore she was for fair England, Queen Fredricka was for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the Amazons it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Thracian Girls, how far they did excel;
Those with Scythian Lads, engag'd in several Fights,
And in the grave Venetian Wars, did foil advent'rous Knights:

Messaline and Julia were Vessels wond'rous brittle,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore took down King Edward's
Mettle.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Thalestis of Thormydon, she was a doughty Wight;
She Conquered Pallas King in the Exercise of Night;
Hercules slew the Dragon whose Teeth were all of Brass,
Yet he himself became a Slave unto the Lydian Lass:
The Theban Semel lay with Jove, not dreading all his Thunder,
But Jane Shore overcame King Edward, altho' he had her
under.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Helen of Greece she came of Spartan Blood,
Agricola and Cressida they were brave Whores and good;
Queen Clytemnestra bold, slew old Arthur's mighty Son,
And fair Harcyon pulled down the Strength of Telamon:
Those were the Ladies that caused the Trojan Sack,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she spoiled King Edward's Back.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

For this the Ancient Fathers did great Venus defy,
Because with her own Father Jove she feared not to lie;
Hence Cupid came, who afterwards revenged his loving
Mother,
And made kind Biblis do the like with Cornus her own
Brother;
And afterwards the Goddess kept Adonis for Reserve,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she stretched King Edward's
nerve.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

The Colchin Dame Maedea her Father did betray,
And taught her Lover Jason how the Vigilant Bull to slay;
And after, thence conveyed her Father's golden Fleece,
She with her Lover sailed away in Argus Ship to Greece:
But finding Jason False, she burnt his Wife and Court,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she shewed King Edward sport.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Romix of Saxony the Welsh State overthrew,
Igraeyn of Cornwall, Pendragon did subdue:
Queen Guinevere with Arthur fought singly hand to hand
In Bed, tho' afterwards she made Horns on his Head to stand:
And to Sir Mordred, Pictish Prince a Paramour became,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she made King Edward tame.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Marosia of Italy, see how she stoutly copes,
With Jesuits, Priests and Cardinals, and triple Crowned Popes;
And with King Henry, Rosamond spent many a dallying Hour,
Till lastly she was Poisoned in Woodstock fatal Bower:

And Joan of Arc play'd in the Dark with the Knights of Languedoc,
But Jane Shore, met King Edward, and gave him Knock for Knock,
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Pasiphae we know played feats with the Cretan Bull,
And Proserpine, tho' so Divine, became black Pluto's Trull:
The Spanish Bawd her Strumpets taught to lay their Legs astride,
But these and all the Curtezans Jane Shore did them deride:
Pope Joan was right, altho' she did the Papal Sceptre Wield,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she made King Edward yield.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Agathoclea and Aenathe did govern Egypt's King;
The witty Wench of Andover, she was a pretty thing,
She freely took her Lady's place, and with great Edgar dallied,
And with main force she foiled him quite, altho' he often rallied:
For which brave Act, he that her racked, gave her his Lady's Land,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward did command.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Of Phryne and Lanva Historians have related,
How their Illustrious Beauties, two Generals Captivated:
And they that in the Days of Yore killed Men and Sacked their Cities,
In Honour of their Mistresses composed Amorous Ditties:
Let Flora gay with Romans play, and be a Goddess called,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Edward she enthralled.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

The Jolly Tanner's Daughter, Harlot of Normandy,
She only had the happiness to please Duke Robert's Eye;
And Roxolana tho' a Slave, and born a Grecian,
Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Seignior Solyman:
And Naples Joan would make them Groan that ardently did love her,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward he did Shove her.
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Aspasia doth of the Persian Brothers boast,
Though Cynthia joy in the Lampathean Boy, Jane Shore shall rule the roast;
Cleopatra loved Mark Antony, and Brownal she did feats,
But compared to our Virago, they were but merely cheats,
Brave Carpet Knights in Cupid's Fights, their milkwhite Rapiers drew,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward did subdue,
Jane Shore she was, etc.

Hamlet's incestuous Mother was Gertrude, Denmark's Queen,
And Circe that enchanting Witch, the like, was scarcely seen;
Warlike Penthesile was an Amazonian Whore,
To Hector and young Troylus, both which did her adore,
But brave King Edward, who before had gain'd Nine Victories,
Was like a Bond-Slave, fetter'd with Jane Shore's all conquering Thighs:
Jane Shore she was, etc.

The Slow Men of London

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1709

THERE dwelt a Widow in this Town,
That was both Fair and Lovely;
Her face was comely, neat and brown,
To Pleasure she would move thee:
Her lovely Tresses shined like Gold,
Most neat is her Behaviour;
For truth it has of late been told,
There's many strove to have her.
There were three Young Men of this Town;
Slow men of London;
And they'd go Woo the Widow Brown,
Because they would be undone.

The one a Taylor was by Trade,
An excellent Occupation;
But Widow's Love doth waste and fade,
I find by observation:
The second was a Farrier bold,
A Man of excellent Metal;
His Love to her was never cold,
So firm his Thoughts did settle,
There were three, etc.

The third a Weaver was that came,
A Suitor to this Widow;
Her Beauty did his Heart inflame,
Her Thoughts deceit doth shadow,
Widows can dissemble still,
When Young Men come a Wooing;
Yet they were guided by her Will,
That proved to their undoing.
There were three, etc.

This Widow had a dainty Tongue,
And Words as sweet as Honey;
Which made her Suitors to her throng,
Till they had spent their Money:

The Taylor spent an Hundred Pound,
  That he took up on Credit;
But now her Knavery he hath found,
  Repents that are he did it.
There were three, etc.

Threescore Pounds the Farrier had,
  Left him by his Father;
To spend this Money he was mad,
  His Dad so long did gather:
This Widow often did protest,
  She loved him best of any;
Thus would she swear, when she did least,
  To make them spend their Money.
There were three, etc.

The Weaver spent his daily gains,
  That he got by his Labour;
Some thirty Pounds he spent in vain,
  He borrowed of his Neighbour:
She must have Sack and Muscadine,
  And Claret brewed with Sugar:
Each Day they feed her chops with Wine,
  For which they all might hug her.
There were three, etc.

THE SECOND PART

She went Apparelled neat and fine,
  People well might wonder,
To see how she in Gold did shine,
  Her fame abroad did thunder:
A watered Camlet Gown she had,
  A Scarlet Coat belaced
With Gold, which made her Suitors glad,
  To see how she was graced.
There were three, etc.

The Taylor was the neatest Lad,
  Her Cloaths were oft Perfumed;
Kind Entertainment still he had,
  Till he his 'state consumed:
The Farrier likewise spent his 'state,
  The Weaver often kissed her:
But when that they in 'state were Poor,
  They sought but still they missed her.
There were three, etc.

The Farrier and the Weaver too,
  Were fain to fly the City:
The Widow did them quite undo,
  In faith more was the pity:

She of her Suitors being rid,
  A Welchman came unto her:
By Night and Day his suit he plied,
  Most roughly he did Woo her;
For wooing tricks he quite put down,
  The Slow-men of London:
He over-reached the Widow Brown,
  That had so many undone.

He swore he was a Gentleman,
  Well landed in the Country:
And lived in Reputation there,
  His Name Sir Rowland Humphry.
The Widow did believe him then,
  And Love unto him granted;
Thus he her Favour did obtain,
  Welchmen will not be daunted.
By cunning tricks he quite put down,
  The Slow-men of London:
That came to Woo this Widow Brown,
  Because they would be undone.

The Welchman plied her Night and Day,
  Till to his Bow he brought her;
And bore away the Widow quite,
  From all that ever sought her:
She thought to be a Lady gay,
  But she was sore deceived:
Thus the Welchman did put down,
  The Slow-men of London;
For they would Woo the Widow Brown,
  Because they would be undone.

Thus she was fitted in her kind,
  For all her former Knavery;
The Welchman did deceive her Mind,
  It had been better she had ta'en,
  The Weaver, Smith, or Taylor;
For when she sought for State and Pomp,
The Welchman quite did fail her:
Then learn you Young Men of this Town,
  You Slow-men of London:
Which way to take the Widow Brown,
  For least you all be undone.

The Disappointment

BY TOM DURFEY. FROM SONGS COMPLETE, 1719

The Clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
But Morning was come as Grey as a Cat;
Cocks and Hens from their Roosts did fly,
Grunting Hogs too had left their sty;

When in a Vale,
Carrying a Pail,
Sissly her new Lover met, Dapper Harry;
First they Kissed,
Then shook Fist,
Then talked as Fools do that just were to Marry.

Zooks cried Hal, I can't but think,
Now we are come to Wedlock brink;
How pure a stock 'twill be how fine,
When you put your good mark to mine;
Siss at that,
Growing hot,
Bussed him as if she'd have burnt him to Tinder;
Thus they Woo,
But see how,
Damned Fate contrived now the Bargain to hinder.

Sissly had got a Cold I suppose,
And 'twixt her Fingers was blowing her Nose;
Harry, that Linen too wanted I doubt,
Lent her his Glove, to serve for a Clout;
Scraping low,
Manners to show,
And tell her how much he was her adorer:
Pray mark the Joke,
Leather thong broke,
And Breeches fell down to his Ankles before her.

Sissly who saw him thus distrest,
Pulls off her Garter of woolen List;
And with a sly and leering look,
Gave it to mend up what was broke;
Fumbling he,
Could not see,
What he discovered, tho' e'er he had tied all:
For just before,
Shirt was tore,
And as the Devil would have't she had spied all.

She gave him then so cold a Look,
Discontent it plainly spoke;
And running from him near a Mile,
He overtook her at a stile;
Too much hast,
Milk down cast,
And topsy turvy she fell on her Pole with't:
He seeing that,
Runs with's Hat,
But could not Cover her C—— for his soul with't.

Have you not seen at Noon of Day,
The Sun his glorious Face display;
So Sissly shone with Beauty's Rays,
Reflecting from her Postern grace;

Till at last
Struggling past,
Wide sprawling Legs were again set in order:
But poor Hal,
Since her fall,
Stood just like one was found guilty of Murder.

The God of Love, or else old Nick,
Sure had designed this Dev'lish trick,
To make the Bridegroom and the Bride;
With themselves dissatisfied;
She grown coy,
Called him boy,
He getting from her cried Zoons you're a rouzer:
Foh, she cried,
By things spied,
She had as lief a mere Baby should espouse her.

The Play-House Saint

BY TOM DURFEY. FROM SONGS COMPLETE, 1719

NEAR famous Covent-Garden
A Dome there stands on high;
With a fa, la, la, la, etc.
Where Kings are represented,
And Queens in Metre die;
With a fa, la, la, la, etc.
The Beaus and Men of Business
Diversions hither bring,
To hear the wanton Doxies prate,
And see 'em dance and sing;
With a fa, la, la, la, etc.

Here Phillis is a Darling,
As she her self gives out,
For a fa, la, la, la,
As tight a Lass as ever
Did use a Double Clout,
On her fa, la, la, la, etc.
She's brisk and gay, and cunning,
And wants a Wedlock Yoke,
Her Mother was before her
As good as ever stroke
For a fa, la, la, la, la, etc.

Young Suitors she had many,
From 'Squire, up to Lord,
For her fa, la, la, la, etc.
And daily she refused 'em,
For Virtue was the Word;
With her fa, la, la, la, etc.

A Saint she would be thought,
  And dissembled all she could,
But jolly Rakes all knew she was
  Of Play-house Flesh and Blood,
    And her fa, la, la, la, etc.

Her Mother when encouraged
  With warm Geneva Dose,
    And a fa, la, la, la, etc.
Still cried, take care dear Philly,
  To keep thy Haunches close,
    And this fa, la, la, la, etc.
This made her stand out stoutly,
  Opposing all that come,
Though twenty Demi-Cannon
  Still were mounted at her Bum,
    And her fa, la, la, la, etc.

The Knight and Country Squire
  Were shot with her disdain,
    And her fa, la, la, la, etc.
The Lawyer was outwitted,
  The hardy Soldier slain,
    By her fa, la, la, la, etc.
The bluff Tarpolian Sailor
  In vain cried hard a Port,
She buffled Shirks at Sea,
  As the Country, Town, and Court;
    With a fa, la, la, la, etc.

The God of Love grown angry,
  That Phillis seemed so shy,
    Of her fa, la, la, la, etc.
Resolved her Pride to humble,
  And rout her pish and fie;
He sent a splayfoot Taylor,
  Who knew well how to stitch,
And in a little time had found
  A button for her Britch,
    And her fa, la, la, la, etc.

Yet was it not so close,
  But 'tis known without all doubt,
    With a fa, la, la, la, etc.
A little human Figure
  Has secretly dropped out,
    From her fa, la, la, la, etc.
And tho' some petty Scandal
Pursue this Venial Fact,
Her Mother she swears Zoons and C——t
    And her fa, la, la, la, etc.
  Her Honour is intact,
    And her fa, la, la, la, etc.

Oh Phillis, then be wise,
And give Ease to Lover's racked,
For your fa, la, la, la, etc.
Let Coyness be abated,
You know the Pitcher's cracked,
By a fa, fa, la, la, etc.
For shame, let lousie Taylors
No more your Love trapan,
Since nine of 'em, you know 'tis said,
Can hardly make a man;
With a fa, la, la, la, etc.

The Courtier and Country Maid

BY TOM DURFEY. FROM SONGS COMPLETE, 1719

All you that either hear or read,
This Ditty is for your Delight:
'Tis of a pretty Country Maid,
And how she served a courtly Knight.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

This courtly Knight, when Fields were green,
And Sol did genial Warmth inspire,
A Farmer's Daughter late had seen,
Whose Face had set his Heart on Fire,
'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Oft to her Father's House he came,
And kindly was received there still,
The more he added to his Shame,
Since only 'twas to gain his Will.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

One Evening then amongst the rest
He came to visit the good Man,
But needs must know where Clara was,
And heard she was a milking gone.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Then called he for his pampered Steed,
With Pistols at his Saddle Bow,
And to the Meadow rode with Speed,
Where she was milking of her Cow.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Then off he lights, and ties his Horse,
And swore she must his Pain remove,
If not by fair Means, yet by Force,
Since he was dying for her Love,
'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

The pearly Tears now trickling fall,
  That from her bashful Eyes do flow,
But that he heeded not at all,
  But does her straight his Pistols show.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

But first pulled out a fine gay Purse,
  Well lined within, as she might see,
And cried, before it happens worse,
  Be wise, and take a Golden Fee.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Oh keep your Gold, replied the Maid,
  I will not take your golden Fee,
For well you hope to be repaid,
  And greater Treasure take from me,
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

A thundering Oath then out he sent,
  That she should presently be dead;
For were his Heart not eased, he meant
  Point blank to shoot her thro' the Head.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Then making haste to seize her, went
  And laid the Fire-Arms at her Feet,
Whilst Clara seeing his Intent,
  Has no recourse to Aid, but Wit.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

She feigns a Smile, and clinging close,
  Cried out, I've now your Courage tried,
Y'have met no simple Country Mouse,
  My dear, you shall be satisfied.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

My Father takes me for a Saint,
  Tho' weary of my Maiden Geer,
That I may give you full Content,
  Pray look, Sir Knight, the Coast be clear.
    'Twas in the flowery Spring, etc.

Look out, and see who comes and goes,
  And you shall quickly have your Will;
For if my Father nothing knows,
  Then I shall be a Maiden still.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

The witless Knight peeps o'er the Hedge,
  As one well pleased with what he heard,
Whilst she does both the Pistols snatch,
  And boldly stood upon her Guard.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Keep off, keep off, Sir Fool, she cried,
  And from this Spot of Ground retire,
For if one Yard to me you stride,
  By my saved Maiden-head I fire.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

My Father once a Soldier was,
  And Maids from Ravishers would free,
His Daughter too, in such a Case,
  Can shoot a Gun as well as he.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

For Sovereign too, when Foe invades,
  Can on Occasion bravely kill,
Not shoot, like you, at harmless Maids,
  That won't obey your Savage Will.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Who when the good old Man, whose Cheer
  Showed welcome, tho' of little cost,
A Rape thought on his Daughter dear,
  Most grateful way to pay your Host.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

Go home, ye Fop, where Game's not dear,
  And for half Crown a Doxey get,
But seek no more a Partridge here,
  You could not keep, tho' in your Net.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

At this the Knight looked like a Mome,
  He sues and vows, but vain was all,
She soon conveyed the Trophies home,
  And hung up in her Father's Hall.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, etc.

The Bonny Lass: Or, the Button'd Smock

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

Sit you merry Gallants,
  For I can tell you News,
Of a Fashion called the Buttoned Smock,
  The which our Wenches use:
Because that in the City,
  In troth it is great pity;
Our Gallants hold it much in scorn,
  They should put down the City:
But is not this a bouncing Wench,
  And is not this a Bonny;
In troth she wears a Holland Smock,
  If that she weareth any.

A bonny lass in a Country Town,
  Unto her Commendation;
She scorns a Holland Smock,
  Made after the old Fashion:
But she will have it Holland fine,
  As fine as may be wore;
Hem'd and stitch'd with Naples Silk,
  And buttoned down before:
But is not, etc.

Our Gallants of the City,
  New Fashions do devise;
And wear such new found fangle things,
  Which country Folk despise;
As for the Buttoned Smock,
  None can hold it in scorn;
Nor none can think the Fashion ill,
  It is so closely worn:
Although it may be felt,
  It's seldom to be seen;
It passeth all the Fashions yet,
  That heretofore hath been.
But is not, etc.

Our Wenches of the City,
  That gain the Silver rare;
Sometimes they wear a Canvas Smock,
  That's torn or worn Thread-bare:
Perhaps a Smock of Lockrum,
  That's dirty, foul, or black:
Or else a Smock of Canvas coarse,
  As hard as any Sack.
But is not, etc.

But she that wears the Holland Smock,
  I commend her still that did it;
To wear her under Parts so fine,
  The more 'tis for her Credit:
For some will have the out-side fine,
  To make the braver show;
But she will have her Holland Smock
  That's Buttoned down below.
But is not, etc.

But if that I should take in hand,
  Her Person to commend;
I should vouchsafe a long Discourse,
  The which I could not end:
For her Virtues they are many,
  Her person likewise such;
But only in particular,
  Some part of them I'll touch.
But is not, etc.

Those Fools that still are doing,
  With none but costly Dames;
With tediousness of wooing,
  Makes cold their hottest flames:
Give me the Country Lass,
  That trips it o'er the Field;
And ope's her Forest at the first,
  And is not Coy to yield.

Who when she dons her Vesture,
  She makes the Spring her Glass;
And with her Comely gesture,
  Doth all the Meadows pass:
Who knows no other cunning,
  But when she feels it come;
To gripe your Back, if you be slack,
  And thrust your Weapon home.

'Tis not their boasting humour,
  Their painted looks nor state;
Nor smells of the Perfumer,
  The Creature doth create:
Shall make me unto these,
  Such slavish service owe;
Give me the Wench that freely takes,
  And freely doth bestow.

Who far from all beguiling,
  Doth not her Beauty Mask;
But all the while lye smiling,
  While you are at your task:
Who in the midst of Pleasure,
  Will beyond active strain;
And for your Pranks, will give you thanks,
  And curtsey for your pain.

The Old Woman's Wish

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

As I went by an Hospital,
  I heard an Old Woman cry,
Kind Sir, quoth she, be kind to me,
  Once more before I Die,
And grant to me those Joys,
  That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I find an itching in my Blood,
  Altho' it be something Cold,
Therefore Good Man do what you can,
  To comfort me now I'm Old.

And Grant to me those Joys,
  That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Altho' I cannot see the Day,
  For never a glance of light;
Kind Sir, I swear and do declare,
  I honour the Joys of Night:
Then grant to me those Joys,
  That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

When I was in my Blooming Youth,
  My vigorous Love was Hot;
Now in my Age I dare Engage,
  A fancy I still have got:
Then give to me those Joys,
  That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

You shall gain of a Reward,
  If Readily you comply;
Then do not Blush but touch my flesh,
  This minute before I die:
O let me taste those Joys,
  That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I Forty Shillings would freely give,
  'Tis all the Money I have;
Which I full long have begged for,
  To carry me to my Grave:
This I would give to have the Bliss,
  That belongs to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I had a Husband in my Youth,
  As very well 'tis known,
The truth to tell he pleased me well,
  But now I am left alone;
And long to taste the good Old Game,
  That belongs to Woman-kind:
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

If Forty Shillings will not do,
  My Petticoat and my Gown;
Nay Smock also shall freely go,
  To make up the other Crown:

Then Sir, pray Grant that kind Request,
  That belongs to Woman-kind;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Tho' I am Fourscore Years of Age,
  I love with a Right good Will;
And what in truth I want in Youth,
  I have it in perfect Skill:
Then grant to me that Charming Bliss,
  That belongs to Woman-kind;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Now if you do not pleasure me,
  And give me the thing I crave;
I do protest I shall not rest,
  When I am laid in my Grave:
Therefore kind Sir, grant me the Joys,
  That belong to Woman-kind;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
  To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

The Jolly Trades-Men

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

SOMETIMES I am a Tapster new,
And skillful in my Trade, Sir,
I fill my Pots most duly,
Without deceit or froth, Sir:
A spicket of two Handfuls long,
I use to Occupy Sir:
And when I set a Butt abroach,
Then shall no Beer run by Sir.

Sometimes I am a Butcher,
And then I feel fat Ware Sir;
And if the Flank be fleshed well,
I take no farther care Sir:
But in I thrust my Slaughtering-Knife,
Up to the Haft with speed Sir;
For all that ever I can do,
I cannot make it bleed Sir.

Sometimes I am a Baker,
And Bake both white and brown Sir;
I have as fine a Wriggling-Pole,
As any is in all this Town Sir:
But if my Oven be over-hot,
I dare not thrust it in Sir;
For burning of my Wriggling-Pole,
My Skill's not worth a Pin Sir.

Sometimes I am a Glover,
And can do passing well Sir;
In dressing of a Doe-skin,
I know I do excel Sir:
But if by chance a Flaw I find,
In dressing of the Leather;
I straightway whip my Needle out,
And I tack 'em close together.

Sometimes I am a Cook,
And in Fleet-Street I do dwell Sir:
At the sign of the Sugar-loaf,
As it is known full well Sir:
And if a dainty Lass comes by,
And wants a dainty bit Sir;
I take four Quarters in my Arms,
And put them on my Spit Sir.

In weavering and Fulling,
I have such passing Skill Sir;
And underneath my Weavering-Beam,
There stands a Fulling-Mill Sir:
To have good wives' displeasure,
I would be very loath Sir;
The Water runs so near my Hand;
It over-thicks my Cloath Sir.

Sometimes I am a Shoe-maker,
And work with silly Bones Sir;
To make my Leather soft and moist,
I use a pair of Stones Sir:
My Lasts for and my lasting Sticks,
Art fit for every size Sir;
I know the length of Lasses Feet,
By handling of their Thighs Sir.

The Tanner's Trade I practice,
Sometimes amongst the rest Sir;
Yet I could never get a Hair,
Of any Hide I dress'd Sir;
For I have been tanning of a Hide,
This long seven Years and more Sir;
And yet it is as hairy still,
As ever it was before Sir.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
And work with Thread that's strong Sir;
I have a fine great Needle,
About two handfulls long Sir:
The finest Sempster in this Town,
That works by line or leisure;
May use my Needle at a pinch,
And do themselves great Pleasure.

No Wit Like To a Woman's

FROM THE EXETER GARLAND, 1720

You Gallants all London, pray draw near a while,
Here's a pleasant Ditty will make you all to smile,
'Tis of a Merchant's Widow that did in London dwell,
And she had Store of Riches, as many People tell.

She had a pretty Daughter, indeed she had no more,
And she was Heir, as we do find to all her worldly Store.
A Sailor came to court this Maid, but he was very poor,
Yet ne'ertheless this Maiden fair did him much adore.

This youthful Couple agreed to wed in a little Time,
If that good old Woman they could get in Mind:
But of her Gold and Silver she such a God did make,
She kept her Daughter single all for her Fortune's Sake.

The Maiden said, Pray, Mother, let me wed my Dear,
For we have loved each other above these seven Year.
The Mother then she said, Have him with all my Heart,
But with one Farthing of your Portion yet I will not part.

The Daughter said, Your Reason for this let me know,
Six thousand Pounds my Father has left me, that is true,
As long as I have Wealth enough, I'll have the Man I love,
And therefore I do hope you will of the Match approve.

Then straightway in Passion the old Woman swore,
You're too young to marry yet, and therefore pray forbear,
For you must let me marry first, for tho' I'm old and gray,
I have a Tooth within my Head that's coltish I do say;

This Money 'twill bring me a Husband brisk and young,
'Tis Time enough for you to begin, I think, when I've done;
My Child, you ne'er knew the Bliss, and so you cannot pine,
As I for want of my Goodman have done a tedious Time.

Dear Mother, you make me blush to hear you talk so wild,
But since you do a Husband want, I swear as I'm your Child
I'll stay till you're married first, and when it is my Turn,
I hope to have the Man I love, so let the Game go on,

Pray fit me for the Country, for there I mean to go,
And there the jolly Sailor will not be in my View.
The old Woman rejoiced at this, fit her out straightway
Thinking she to Worcestershire would go without Delay.

This young crafty Damsel has a Frolic in her Head,
She sent then for her Lover, and unto him she said,
My Mother says my Portion must her a Husband buy,
For she without a Bedfellow no longer cannot lie;

And therefore I'm resolved this Frolic for to play,
I will cut my lovely Hair, and dress in Man's Array,
A Suitor to my Mother I'll go in this Disguise,
And cheat the good old Woman of all the golden Prize.

Her Lover he did heartily laugh to hear the same,
Saying, If you do proceed, my Dear, 'twill be a pretty Game;
But prithee do you not think but that she'll know your Face.
Ne'er fear, said the Damsel, for thus must stand the Case.

I'll stifle her with Kisses, and put her in Surprize,
I'll vow and swear I nothing see but Beauty in her Eyes;
And if at any time she gazes in my Face,
I'll on her Bosom lay my head, her Bubbies to embrace;

I've a Friend that soon shall go, my Person to commend,
And tell I'm in Love with her, and soon she'll for me send:
So fare you well, my dearest Dear, this Frolic I'll pursue,
And every Day I'll let you know how all Matters go.

The old Woman thinking her Daughter out of Town
She was resolv'd not very long for to lie alone;
And she among her Friends a visiting did go,
In hopes a Husband for to get as she walked to and fro.

Her Daughter, drest like a Beau, one day she did meet,
Who kindly embraced her, & swore the Kiss was sweet,
Dear Madam, I'm so deep in Love, before that we do part,
I beg you'll tell me where you, live, or you'll break my Heart.

She said, Go along with me, and if your Love be true,
You are a charming pretty Youth, and I can fancy you,
I've Store of Gold and Silver to make you rich and great,
A Chariot wherein you may ride, Footmen on you to wait.

She not thinking who this young airy Spark might be
She took her new Acquaintance home immediately;
This Spark fell strong to courting, & suddenly did swear
Ten thousand charming Beauties in her Eyes there were.

Then gave her melting Kisses, & pulled her on's Knee,
And with her ancient Bubbies played a pleasant Comedy.
The old Woman did simper, & was pleased to the Heart,
Saying, My Dear, a Diamond Ring, I'll give before we part.

Then up Stairs she took him to see her golden Store,
Saying, The Day I marry you, I'll give you this and more;
But can you love me heartily, tell me, my pretty Dear,
Because you see that I am old, and stricken well in Years.

And you are but a Stripling, Just in your youthful Prime,
I fear you will a Whoring run, and leave me for to pine.
Dear Madam, I did never love a Whore in all my Life,
I'll be as constant as the Dove when you are made my Wife.

My Dear, said the old Woman, on St. Andrew's Day
We will be joined together in private I do say:
I'll make you Master of my Store before to Bed we go,
That you better may reward my Love for doing so.

With many amorous Kisses they parted that Night,
She goes unto the Sailor her joy and Heart's Delight;
She gave him the Diamond Ring and told her Success,
And tho' she had Breeches on, they lovingly embraced.

A courting to her Mother each Day she constant went;
At length St. Andrew's Day came, to her great Content.
To Church then to be married this couple they did hie,
The Marriage being over, the Fun comes by and by.

As soon as e'er the Bridgeroom came within the Door
She took him in and made him the Master of her Store,
Her Gold, Bonds, & Leases, she did to her Spouse resign,
Saying, Take Possession of my Store for thou'rt fairly mine.

This done, the Female Bridegroom began to be in Care
Which way the golden Prize to convey unto her Dear,
Then turning to her Mother, said, My Heart's Delight,
We'll go abroad to dine to Day, and home to Bed at Night.

The Bride she had a Sister lived in Hanover-Square,
She agreed to go thither, and Spouse to meet her there,
Her Chariot was made ready, as soon as she was gone,
The Maid for the Sailor sent, & told him what was done.

Ten thousand Pound to the jolly Sailor she did give,
Saying, To-morrow I'll be with you, if that I do live,
But I must give my Bride my Company to Night
I fear the Bargain she'll repent before the Morning light.

The Sailor went off, the Bridegroom went to the Bride
Soon as she entered the Room, the Aunt in surprise said,
I'm sure, if this your Husband be, I verily do swear
It is your only Daughter that does the Breeches wear.

The Devil take her if it be, (The Mother then did say)
Now steadfastly I look at her, I really think 'tis she;
But to be further satisfied, I solemnly do swear,
I will have the Breeches down to know what Sort of Ware.

Then rising in a Passion did about the Breeches fall
The Daughter laughed heartily, she had no strength at all,
She said, How can you be so rude such Things to discover?
I'm sure I am as good a Man as ever was my Mother.

She got the Breeches down, & found that it was true,
She said, Since you've me deceived I'll surely make you rue.
It is not in your Power, (the Daughter she did say)
You fairly did surrender your Treasure unto me;

So I'm resolved to-morrow to wed the Sailor bright,
I think it is high time I should know the sweet Delight
That sets you thus a longing, and when that I have done,
You may get a Husband, when it comes to your Turn.

The old Woman tore the Teeth out of her Head,
Next Day the youthful Lady she did the Sailor wed.
The Mother still a hundred a Year does possess,
And when it comes in her Turn she's to be caressed.

Pretty Kate of Windsor: A New Ballad

ANONYMOUS. FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

NEAR to the Town of Windsor, upon a pleasant Green,
There lived a Miller's Daughter, her Age about Eighteen.
A Skin as White as Alabaster, and a killing Eye,
A round Plump bonny Buttock joined to a taper Thigh;
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the Ditty Still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

To treat with her in Private, first came a Booby Squire,
He offered ten broad Pieces, but she refused the hire;
She said his Corn was musty, nor should her Toll-dish fill,
His Measure too so scanty, she feared 'twould burn her Mill.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

Soon after came a Lawyer, as he the Circuit went,
He swore he'd Cheat her Landlord, and she should pay no Rent;
He questioned the Fee simple; but him she plainly told,
I'll keep in spight of Law Tricks, mine own dear Copyhold.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

The next came on a Trooper, that did of Fighting prate,
Till she pulled out his Pistol, and knocked him o'er the Pate.
I hate, she cried, a Hector, a Drone without a Sting,
For if you must be Fighting, Friend, go do it for the King.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

A late discarded Courtier, would next her favour win,
He offered her a Thousand when e'er King James came in;
She laughed at that extremely, and said it was too small,
For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the Devil and all.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of Mate's degree,
He bragged much of his Valour in the late Fight at Sea;
She told him his Bravados but lamely did appear,
For if you had stood to't, you Rogues, the French had ne'er come here.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

A Shopkeeper of London then opened his Love Case,
He told her he was Famous for Penning an Address;
She told City-wisdom was known by their Affairs,
Guild-Hall was full of Wit too in choice of Sheriffs and Mayors.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

Next came a smug Physician upon a Pacing Mare,
But she declared she liked him much worse than any there;
He was so used to Blisters, she told him to his Face,
He always would be bobbing his Pipe at the wrong place.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

The Parson of the Town then did next his flame reveal,
She made him second Mourning, and covered him with Meal;
The Man of God stood fretting, she bid him not be vext,
'Twill serve you for a Surplice to Cant in Sunday next.
Then ah! be kind, etc.

Now if you'd know the reason she was to them unkind,
There was a brisk young Farmer that taught her still to grind;
She knew him for a Workman that had the ready skill,
To open well her Water-gate, and best supply her Mill.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the Ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

Lamentation for Dorinda

BY MATTHEW PRIOR. FROM POEMS, 1722

FAREWELL ye shady walks, and fountains,
Sinking valleys, rising mountains:
Farewell ye crystal streams, that pass
Thro' fragrant meads of verdant grass:
Farewell ye flowers, sweet and fair,
That used to grace Dorinda's hair:
Farewell ye woods, who used to shade
The pressing youth, and yielding maid:
Farewell ye birds, whose morning song
Oft made us know we slept too long:
Farewell dear bed, so often prest,
So often above others blest,
With the kind weight of all her charms,
When panting, dying, in my arms.
Dorinda's gone, gone far away,
She's gone, and Strephon cannot stay:
By sympathetic ties I find
That to Her sphere I am confin'd;
My motions still on Her must wait,
And what She wills to me is fate.

She's gone, O! hear it all ye bowers,
Ye walks, ye fountains, trees, and flowers,
For whom you made your earliest show,
For whom you took a pride to grow.
She's gone, O! hear ye nightingales,
Ye mountains ring it to the vales,
And echo to the country round,
The mournful, dismal, killing sound:
Dorinda's gone, and Strephon goes,
To find with Her his lost repose.

But ere I go, O! let me see,
That all things mourn Her loss like me:
Play, play, no more ye spouting fountains,
Rise, ye valleys, sink, ye mountains;
Ye walks, in moss, neglected lie,
Ye birds, be mute; ye stream, be dry.
Fade, fade, ye flowers, and let the rose
No more its blushing buds disclose:
Ye spreading beech, and taper fir,
Languish away in mourning Her;
And never let your friendly shade,
The stealth of other Lovers aid.
And thou, O! dear, delightful bed,
The altar where Her maidenhead,
With burning cheeks, and down cast eyes,
With panting breasts, and kind replies,
And other due solemnity,
Was offer'd up to love and me.
Hereafter suffer no abuse,
Since consecrated to our use,
As thou art sacred, don't profane
Thy self with any vulgar stain,
But to thy pride be still displayed,
The print her lovely limbs have made:
See, in a moment, all is chang'd,
The flowers shrunk up, the trees disrang'd,
And that which wore so sweet a face,
Become a horrid, desert place.
Nature Her influence withdraws,
Th' effect must follow still the cause,
And where Dorinda will reside,
Nature must there all gay provide.
Decking that happy spot of earth,
Like Eden's-Garden at its birth,
To please Her matchless, darling Maid,
The wonder of her Forming-Trade;
Excelling All who e'er Excelled,
And as we ne'er the like beheld,
So neither is, nor e'er can be,
Her Parallel, or Second She.

Advice To a Lady

BY MATTHEW PRIOR. FROM POEMS, 1722

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
  We too long have time abused;
I shall turn an errant rover,
  If the favour's still refused.

Faith! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
  Without ending thus to see
Women forced to taste a pleasure
  Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
  We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
  E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy Time's before you,
  Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
  Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the swains on you attending
  Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
  You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
  Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty theirs surpasses,
  Live in far more perfect joy.

An Answer To the Curious Maid

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, 1731

To Cloe's Lap all Men must yield;
Against this Part there is no shield.
—LATE MISCELL.

THY Muse, O Bard! that Wonders tell,
Fair Cloe's Charms Below Reveals;
The Blissful Seat all Men Adore,
When felt; when seen, that strikes no more:
Tho' thus thy Muse Displays the Place,
Full oft Review'd in Shining Glass;
Yet Still Neglects thy vent'rous Lyre,
The Greatest Joys which Youths inspire.

As Labourers in the Oozy Mine,
Must deep Descend, (as Lakes of Brine)
In caverns dark, thro' Veins below,
Thro' Mazes, Turnings, Windings go,
Earth's Treasures far beneath unbind,
The Gold and Silver Ore to find;
So must each Swain his Courage prove,
Within, to seek the Joys of Love.

When Ships at Sea, in Storms are tost,
By furious Gales in Tempest lost;
When foaming Waves disturb the Main;
Below the Waters move Serene;
Thus Ruff to view tho' Cloe's Pride,
Within the greatest Charms reside.

'Tis no One Toy that wins the Swain,
That gives to Youthful Damon Pain;
The Eyes like Stars, and shining Hair,
The globous Breasts our Youths Ensnare;
Fine Ivory Limbs concealed, Surprize;
The Vale, and Mount, and Snowy Thighs,
Of Beauteous Cloe ne'er employed
In Love, nor Ever once Enjoyed;
He's more than Man that These can view,
And not the Game of Love pursue.

When panting Breast to Breast is joined
We Feast on Raptures unconfined,
Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove,
The Immortality of Love.

Love's Palace fills each Breast with Fire,
This Damon moves with strong Desire:
As Lilies fair the Banks adorn,
And Violets in the Bosom worn;
As near some purling Streams are seen,
The spreading Boughs of Willow Green;
As Trees that grace the verdant Plain,
And Hills compleat the Rural Scene;
As Noble Mansions furnished round,
With Hangings fair and Fringe abound;
So Cloe gay has pow'rful Charms,
To set off what the Lover warms.

No single Joy the Swain excites,
'Tis All the Female that invites;
Her Sense, her Wit, her Beauties all,
By which the Youthful Lovers fall.

As Warriors in the Martial Field,
Make Stubborn Foes to Conduct yield,
By various Arts and Toils prevail,
When Cannons loud and Mortars fail;
Thus when their Charms Below are vain,
By others Females Conquest gain.

The Swimming Lady: Or, A Wanton Discovery

ANONYMOUS. FROM COLL. OF OLD BALLADS, 1723

Being a true Relation of a Coy Lady betray'd by her Lover as she was Stripping herself stark Naked, and Swimming in a River near Oxford.

THE four and twentieth Day of May,
Of all Times in the Year,
A Virgin-Lady bright in and gay,
Did privately appear
Close by a River-side, which she
Did single out the rather,
'Cause she was sure, she was secure,
And had an Intent to bath her.

With glittering Glance, her jealous Eyes,
Did slyly look about,
To see if any lurking Spies,
Were hid to find her out;
And being well resolv'd that none
Could view her Nakedness;
She puts her Robes off, one by one
And doth her self undress.

A purple Mantle (fringed with Gold)
Her Ivory Hands unpin,
It would have made a Coward bold,
Or tempted a Saint to sin;
She turns about to look again,
I hope, says she, I am safe,
And then a Rosy Petticoat,
She presently put off.

The Snow-White Smock which she had on
Transparently so decked her,
It looked like Cambrick-Lawn, upon
An Alabaster Picture,
Thro' which your Eye might faintly spy
Her Belly and her Back;
Her Limbs were strait, and all was white
But that which should be black.

The Part which she's ashamed to see
Without a bashful Blush,
Appeared like curious Tiffany
Displayed upon a Bush:
But that Posterior extreme Limb
She cannot look upon,
Did like a twisted Cherry seem
Before the white was gone.

As when a Masquing Scene is drawn,
And new Lights do appear,
When she put off her Smock of Lawn,
Just such a Sight was there:

The bright Reflection of her Eyes,
  In every Limb was strowed,
As when the radiant Sun doth rise,
  And gild each neighbouring Cloud,

Into a fluent Stream she leapt,
  Which look'd like liquid Glass;
The Fishes from all Quarters crept,
  To see what Angel 'twas;
She did so like a Vision look,
  Or Fancy in a Dream,
'Twas thought the Sun the Sky forsook,
  And dropt into the Stream,

Each Fish did wish himself a Man,
  About her all were drawn,
And at the Sight of her began
  To spread abroad their Spawn:
She turned to swim upon her Back,
  And so display'd her Banner,
If Jove had then in Heaven been
  He would have dropt upon her.

Thus was the River's Diamond Head,
  With Pearl and Sapphire crowned:
Her legs did shove, her Arms did move,
  Her Body did rebound;
She that did quaff the Juice of Joy,
  (Fair Venus Queen of Love)
With Mars did never in more ways,
  Of melting Motion move.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
  And could obtain no Grace,
For all her prying, lay unseen;
  Hid in a secret Place;
Who having been repulsed when he
  Did often come to woo her,
Pull'd off his Clothes, and furiously
  Did run and leap in to her.

She shrieks, she strives, and down she dives,
  He brings her up again,
He got her o'er, upon the Shore,
  And then, and then, and then!
As Adam did old Eve enjoy,
  You may guess what I mean;
Because she all uncovered lay,
  He covered her again.

With wat'ry Eyes, she pants, and cries
  I'm utterly undone,
If you'll not be wedded unto me,
  Eer the next Morning Sun;

He answered her, I'll never stir
  Out of thy Sight 'till then;
We'll both clap Hands, in Wedlock Bands,
  Marry, and to't agen.

The Wanton Wife of Bath

ANONYMOUS. FROM COLL. OF OLD BALLADS, 1723

In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell,
  As Chaucer he doth write;
Who did in Pleasure spend her Days,
  In many a Fond Delight.

Upon a time fore sick she was,
  And at the length did die;
Her Soul at last at Heaven's Gate,
  Did knock most mightily.

Then Adam came unto the Gate,
  Who knocketh there? quoth he:
I am the Wife of Bath, she said,
  And fain would come to thee.

Thou art a Sinner, Adam said,
  And here no Place shall have,
Alas for you, good Sir, she said,
  Now gip you doting Knave.

I will come in, in spight she said,
  Of all such Churles as thee;
Thou wert the Causer of our Woe,
  Our Pain and Misery;

And first broke God's Commandments,
  In pleasure of thy Wife:
When Adam heard her tell this Tale,
  He ran away for Life.

Then down came Jacob at the Gate,
  And bids her pack to Hell,
Thou false Deceiver, why, said she,
  Thou may'st be there as well.

For thou deceiv'st thy Father dear,
  And thine own Brother too.
Away went Jacob presently,
  And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,
  And Lot, he chides her strait:
Why then, quoth she, thou drunken Ass,
  Who bid thee here to wait.

With thy two Daughters thou did'st lie,
  On them two Bastards got;
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
  Against poor silly Lot.

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
  With such shrill sounding Notes?
This fine Minx surely cannot hear,
  Quoth She, for cutting Throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame
  When she heard her say so;
King David hearing of the same,
  He to the Gate did go.

Quoth David, who knocks there so loud,
  And maketh all this Strife!
You were more kind, good Sir, she said,
  Unto Uriah's Wife.

And when thou causedest thy Servant
  In Battle to be slain,
Thou causedest then more strife than I,
  Who would come here so fain.

The Woman's mad, said Solomon,
  That thus doth taunt a King.
Not half so mad as you, she said,
  I know in many a thing.

Thou haddest seven Hundred Wives,
  For whom thou did'st provide,
Yet for all this, three hundred Whores,
  Thou did'st maintain beside.

And those made thee forsake thy God,
  And worship Stocks and Stones,
Besides the charge they put thee to
  In breeding of young Bones.

Had'st thou not been beside thy Wits,
  Thou would'st not thus have ventured;
And therefore I do marvel much,
  How thou this Place hast entered.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
  So vile a Scold as this,
Thou Whore-son run away, quoth she,
  Thou diddest more amiss.

I think, quoth Thomas, Women's Tongues
  Of Aspen-Leaves are made.
Thou unbelieving Wretch, quoth she,
  All is not true that's said.

What Mary Magdalen heard her then,
  She came unto the Gate,
Quoth she, good Woman, you must think
  Upon your former State.

No Sinner enters in this Place,
  Quoth Mary Magdalen then,
'Twere ill for you, fair Mistress mild
  She answer'd her again:

You for your Honesty, quoth she,
  Should once be stoned to Death,
Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
  And written on the Earth.

It was not your Occupation,
  You are become divine,
I hope my Soul in Christ's Passion
  Shall be as safe as thine.

Then rose the good Apostle Paul,
  Unto this Wife he cried,
Except thou shake thy Sins away
  Thou here shalt be denied.

Remember Paul, what thou hast done,
  All thro' a lewd Desire,
How thou did'st persecute God's Church,
  With Wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter, at the last,
  And to the Gate he highs,
Fond Fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
  Thou weariest Christ with Cries.

Peter, said she, content thy self,
  For Mercy may be won,
I never did deny my Christ,
  As thou thy self hath done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
  With heavenly Angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful Soul,
  Who trembled at his Sight.

Of him for Mercy she did crave,
  Quoth he, thou hast refused
My proffered Grace, and Mercy both,
  And much my Name abused.

Sore have I sinn'd, O Lord, she said,
  And spent my time in vain.
But bring me like a wand'ring Sheep
  Into thy Flock again:

O Lord my God, I will amend
My former wicked Vice.
The Thief at these poor silly Words,
Passed into Paradise.

My Laws and my Commandments,
Saith Christ, were known to thee,
But of the same in any wise,
Not yet one Word did ye.

I grant the same, O lord, quoth she,
Most lewdly did I live,
But yet the loving Father did
His prodigal Son forgive.

So I forgive thy Soul, he said,
Through thy repenting Cry,
Come you therefore into my Joy,
I will not thee deny.

The Cowardly Clown of Flanders Cuckolded

ANONYMOUS. FROM COLL. OF OLD BALLADS, 1723

An honest Man as I am told,
He was a Cuckold made;
With his sweet Wife, a Spaniard bold,
The wanton Frolick plaid.
I'll tell you how it came to pass,
If you'll attend a while;
A guinea to a single Groat,
This Song will make you smile.

In Flanders fair, a simple Clown,
As he travelling had been;
Bringing his Wife in Company,
Came late unto his Inn:
A Spanish Soldier being there,
A guest unto the Place,
No sooner saw, but liked his Wife;
She had a comely Face.

Her Cheeks for curious Red and White
The like is seldom seen;
All were charming Beauty bright,
And of a courteous Mien;
The Soldier then his Weapon drew,
And stood upon his Guard,
And vowed he'd have a touch or two,
Or it should 'scape him hard.

No Rest or Quiet could he take,
  For Cupid's loud Alarms:
Free Plunder he resolved to make
  Of her Delightful Charms.
He watched when they were gone to Bed,
  Then boldly in comes he,
And never said, Friend, by your leave,
  But made their Number three.

He clasped her round her tender waist,
  And fairly fell to work;
She had not oft been so embraced,
  He pleased her at a Jerk:
The Clown lay still and felt a stir,
  But durst not speak for's Life:
At length his Patience was so moved,
  He softly jogged his Wife.

And said to her, prithee intreat
  The Spaniard to be still.
To speak Spanish, Man, quoth she,
  You know I have no Skill.
But Husband, if you please to rise,
  And to the Sexton go,
He understandeth Spanish well,
  Assuredly I know.

Faith, and I'll fetch him strait, quoth he,
  And so the Rustick rose,
And softly sneaking out o' Door,
  About his Message goes:
Meantime imagine what you will,
  To me it is unknown:
But ere her Husband came again,
  The Spaniard he was gone.

Which when the simple Man perceived,
  He fell to Domineer;
O Wife, said he, for Twenty Pound
  I would he had been here,
This Cudgel should have thrashed his Hide
  Till all his Bones were broke:
That I would have been satisfyed,
  'Cause he did me provoke.

By this chastizing Hand of mine,
  He should have felt the Smart:
I know he had some base design,
  Which vexed me to the Heart.
Tell me, Sweet heart, when I was gone,
  How long the Knave did stay?
Quoth she, You scarce was out of Doors
  Before he ran away.

Wife, quoth the Clown, thou mak'st me laugh,
  That I did fear him thus:
Come let us take a little nap,
  For his disturbing us;
You see what comes of Policy,
  And good discretion, Wife,
If I had been some hasty Fool,
  It might have cost my Life.

Ah, so it might, quoth she, my Dear,
  'Tis well you had that Wit,
I should have died for very Fear,
  If you and he had fit;
Come let us keep each other warm,
  And pleasant Stories tell;
Oh! as he has done me no harm,
  So all I hope is well.

The Worcestershire Wedding

ANONYMOUS. FROM COLL. OF OLD BALLADS, 1723

An old Woman clothed in gray,
Her Daughter was charming and Young,
Who chanced to be muddled astray,
By Roger's false flattering tongue,
With whom she'd so often been,
Abroad in the Meadows and Fields,
Her Belly got up to her Chin,
And her Spirits quite down to her Heels.

At length she began for to puke,
Her Mother possessed with a fear,
Then gave her a gentle Rebuke,
And said, Child, a Word in thy Ear,
I fear thou hast been playing the Fool,
Which many call high ding a ding:
Why didst thou not follow my Rule,
And tie thy two Toes in a String.

Dear Mother your Counsel I took,
But yet it was never the near,
He got to my Conjuring Book,
And broke all the Paltry Geer:
'Twas Thread of two Shillings an Ounce,
He broke it and would have his scope;
It is but a Folly to flounce,
  'Tis done and it cannot be holp.

But who is the Father of it,
Tell me without longer delay,
For now I am just in the Fit,
To go and hear what he will say;
'Twas Roger, the Damsel replied,
Who called me his dear pretty Bird,
And told me I should be his Bride
But he's not so good as his Word.

What, Roger that lives in Mill?
Yes, verily, Mother the same,
Of me he has had his Will;
I'll hop to him tho' I am Lame;
Go fetch me my Crutches with speed,
And bring me my Spectacles too
A lecture to him I will read,
Shall ring his Ears thro' and thro'.

This said she went hopping away,
And came to young Hodge in the Mill,
On whom she her Crutches did lay.
And cried you have ruined poor Gill,
In getting her dear Maidenhead;
This Truth you can no Ways deny;
With her I advise you to wed,
And make her as honest as I.

But what will you give me, quoth Hodge,
If I take her off your Hands;
You shall make me Heir of your Lodge,
Your Houses, your Money and Lands;
Your Barns, your Cattle and Plows,
With every Weather and Yew;
This done I will make her my Spouse;
Speak up, are you willing or no?

She said, taking Hodgey by the Hand,
Let it come to Have and to Hold,
You shall have my Houses and Land,
My cattle, my Silver and Gold:
Make her but thy honoured Wife,
And thou shalt be Lord of my Store,
Whene'er I surrender my Life,
In case it was Forty times more.

The Bargain was presently struck;
The Marriage and this being done,
The old Woman wished them good luck,
Being proud of her Daughter and Son:
Then hye for a Girl or a Boy,
Young Siss looked as great as a Dutchess:
The old Woman capered for Joy,
And danced a Jigg in her Crutches.

The Scotch Lass's Lamentation

ANONYMOUS. FROM COLL. OF OLD BALLADS, 1723

THERE lived a Lass in our Town,
  Her name was Moggy Lawder,
And She would fain have plaid the Loon,
  But durst not tell her Father;
Now she's forgot her Father's fear,
  And on the same did venture,
And afterwards as you shall hear
  A lad did oft frequent her.

Now Moggy Lawder on a Day,
  A Barber Lad did meet her,
Both Joy and Heart to her did say,
  And kindly he did treat her:
My dear let me get thee with Bearn,
  And I shall be its Father,
And you'll be Mother of the same,
  My bonny Moggy Lawder.

Sweet-heart to him she says indeed.
  And so did fall a weeping,
I'm wearied with my Maidenhead
  While I have it in keeping:
But if thou'lt true and trusty be,
  As I am Moggy Lawder,
I then will give it unto thee,
  But do not tell my Father.

For if my Father hear the same,
  Right for he will abuse me,
But I think long to try the Game,
  Therefore I'll not refuse thee:
But first protest to marry me,
  To be my Baby's Father,
And be a Husband unto me,
  Bonny Moggy Lawder.

My Dear, says he, indeed I am,
  Unto my Trade a Shaver,
And there is not a living Man,
  Can call me a Deceiver;
Yea surely I will marry thee,
  And be thy Baby's Father,
And thou shalt be a Wife to me,
  My bonny Moggy Lawder.

And then to her he gave a Kiss,
  Saying, Dear, how shall I please thee,
Be sure I will do more than this,
  And of thy Troubles ease thee:

And all along upon her Back,
  He laid poor Moggy Lawder,
Gave her a Scope upon her dope,
  She durst not tell her Father.

With Kisses and Embraces then,
  In Peace and Love they parted,
And did appoint another time,
  To meet there loving hearted:
And with a merry Heart's content,
  With what the Lad had gave her,
Rejoicing homeward as she went
  She sung the jolly Shaver.

But now the Seed that late was sown,
  Is become a springing,
And she is melancholy grown,
  And has left off her singing:
And often in her heart could wish,
  That she had been at Calder,
For Edinborough is filled with
  The talk of Moggy Lawder.

And now the Word is spread abroad,
  That she with Bearn has proved,
The Barber Lad has ta'en the Road,
  And left the Lass he loved:
And to another Nation's gone,
  And left is Moggy Lawder,
Right sad in heart not knowing where,
  To find her Child a Father.

All you young Maids that marry would
  See that you be more coy,
Throw not your Maidenhead away,
  Lest it should you annoy:
And in the end you be beguiled,
  As was Moggy Lawder,
First marry then you may be sure,
  Your Child shall have a Father.

The Baffled Knight[1]

ANONYMOUS. FROM COLL. OF OLD BALLADS, 1723

THERE was a Knight was drunk with Wine,
  a riding along the way, Sir,
And there he did meet with a Lady fine,
  and among the Cocks of Hay, Sir.

[1] See another version on page 176.

One Favour he did crave of her,
  and ask'd to lay her down, Sir,
But he had neither Cloth nor Sheet,
  to keep her from the Ground, Sir.

There is a great Dew upon the Grass,
  and if you should lay me down, Sir,
You would spoil my gay clothing,
  that has cost me many a Pound, Sir.

I have a Cloak of Scarlet red,
  I'll lay it under thee, Love,
So you will grant me my request,
  that I shall ask of you, Love.

And if you'll go to my Father's Hall,
  that is moated all round about, Sir,
There you shall have your Will of me,
  within, Sir, and without, Sir.

Oh yonder stands my Milk-white Steed,
  and among the Cocks of Hay, Sir,
If the King's Penner should chance to come,
  he'll take my Steed away, Sir.

I have a Ring upon my Finger,
  it's made of the finest Gold, Love
And it shall serve to fetch your Steed,
  out of the Pinner's Fold, Love.

And if you'll go to my Father's House,
  round which there's many a Tree, Sir,
There you shall have your Chamber free,
  and your Chamberlain I'll be, Sir.

He sat her on a Milk-white Steed,
  himself upon another;
And then they rid along the way,
  like Sister and like Brother.

But when she came to her Father's House,
  which was moated all round about, Sir,
She slipped herself within the Gate,
  and she locked the Knight without, Sir.

I thank you kind Knight for seeing me here,
  and bringing me home a Maiden, Sir,
But you shall have two of my Father's Men,
  for to set you as far back again, Sir.

He drew his Sword out of his Scabbard,
  and whet it upon his Sleeve, Sir,
Saying, Cursed be to ev'ry Man,
  that will a Maid believe, Sir.

She drew her Handkerchief out of her Pocket,
  and threw it upon the Ground, Sir,
Saying, thrice cursed be to ev'ry Maid,
  that will believe a Man, Sir.

We have a Tree in our Garden,
  some call it of Rosemary, Sir;
There's Crowing-cocks in our Town,
  that will make a Capon of you, Sir.

We have a Flower in our Garden,
  some call it a Marygold, Sir;
And he that would not when he might,
  he shall not when he would, Sir.

But if you chance for to meet a Maid,
  a little below the Town, Sir,
You must not fear her gay clothing,
  nor the wrinkling of her Gown, Sir.

And if you chance for to meet a Maid,
  a little below the Hill, Sir,
You need not fear her shrieking out,
  for she quickly will lie still, Sir.

The baffled Knight was by the Lass
  ingeniously out-witted;
And since that time, it came to pass,
  he was again well fitted:

As he was riding across a Plain,
  in Boots, Spurs, Hat and Feather,
He met that Lady fair again,
  they talk'd a while together.

He said, tho' you did serve me so,
  and cunningly decoy me;
Yet now, before you further go,
  I must and will enjoy thee.

'Twas near a spacious River's side,
  where Rushes green were growing,
And Neptune's silver Streams did glide,
  four Fathom Waters flowing.

The Lady blush'd like Scarlet-red,
  and trembling at this Stranger;
How shall I guard my Maiden-head
  from this approaching danger?

With a lamenting sigh, said she,
  to die I now am ready:
Must this dishonour fall on me?
  a most unhappy Lady!

He from his Saddle did a-light
  in a gaudy rich attire;
And cried, I am a Noble Knight,
  who do your Charms admire.

He took the Lady by the Hand,
  who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand,
  she had a Plot invented,

How she might baffle him again,
  with much Delight and Pleasure;
And eke unspotted still remain
  with her pure Virgin Treasure.

Look yonder, good Sir Knight, I pray,
  methinks I do discover,
Well mounted on a Dapple-grey,
  my true entire Lover.

The Knight, he standing on the brink
  of the deep floating River;
Thought she, thou now shalt swim or sink,
  chuse which thou fancy rather.

Against his back the Lady run,
  the Waters strait he found:
He cried out, Love! What have you done!
  help! help! or I am drowned!

Said she, Sir Knight, farewell, adieu,
  you see what comes of fooling:
That is the fittest place for you,
  whose Courage wanted cooling.

Love, help me out, and I'll forgive
  this Fault which you're committed:
No, no, says she, Sir, as I live,
  I think you're finely fitted.

She rid home to her Father's House
  for speedy expedition;
While the gay Knight was soaked like Souce,
  in a sad wet condition.

When he came mounted to the Plain,
  he was in rich attire:
Yet when he back returned again,
  he was all Muck and Mire.

A solemn Vow he there did make,
  just as he came from swimming,
He'd love no Lady, for her sake,
  nor any other Women.

The Baffled Knight was fooled once more,
  you'll find by this pleasant ditty,
For she whose Charms he did adore
  was wonderful sharp and witty.

Returning from her Father's Park,
  just close by a Summer Bower,
She chanced to meet her angry Spark,
  Who gave her a frowning lower.

The thoughts of what she twice had done,
  did cause him to draw his Rapier,
And at the Lady then he run,
  and thus he began to vapour:

You chous'd me at your Father's Gate,
  then tumbled me into the River,
I seek for satisfaction, straight;
  Shall I be a Fool for ever?

He came with Resolution bent
  that Evening to enjoy her;
And if she did not give consent,
  that Minute he would destroy her.

I pray Sir Knight, and why so hot
  against a young silly Woman?
Such Crimes as these might be forgot,
  for merry intrigues are common.

What do you count it Mirth, he cried,
  to tumble me in and leave me?
What if I drowned there had died,
  a dangerous Jest, believe me.

Well, if I pardon you this Day
  those Injuries out of measure,
It is because without delay
  I mean to enjoy the Pleasure.

Your suit, she said, is not denied,
  but think of your Boots of Leather;
And let me pull them off, she cried,
  before we lie down together.

He set him down upon the Grass,
  and Violets so sweet and tender;
Now by this means it came to pass,
  that she did his purpose hinder.

For having pulled his Boots half way,
  she cried, I am now your betters;
You shall not make of me your Prey,
  sit there like a Thief in Fetters.

Now finding she had served him so,
  he rose and began to grumble;
Yet he could neither stand nor go,
  but did a Cripple tumble.

The Boots stuck fast, and would not stir,
  his folly she soon did mention,
And laughing said, I pray kind Sir,
  How like you my new Invention!

My laughing Fit you must excuse,
  you are but a stingless Nettle;
You'd ne'er a stood for Boots or Shoes,
  had you been a Man of Mettle.

Farewell, Sir Knight, 'tis almost Ten,
  I fear neither Wind nor Weather:
I'll send my Father's Serving-Men,
  to pull off your Boots of Leather.

She laughed out-right, as well she might,
  with merry conceits of Scorning,
And left him there to sit all Night,
  until the approaching Morning.

The fourth Part of the baffled Knight,
  the Lady hath fairly acted,
She did his Love and Kindness slight,
  which made him almost distracted.

She left him in her Father's Park,
  where nothing but Deer could hear him;
While he lay rouling in the dark,
  there's never a Soul came near him;

Until the Morning break of Day,
  and being warm Summer-weather,
A Shepherd chanced to come that way,
  who pulled on his Boots of Leather.

Then mounting on his Milk-white Steed,
  he shaking his Ears was ready,
And whip and spur he rid with speed
  to find out this crafty Lady.

If once this Lady I come nigh
  she shall be released by no Man;
Why should so brave a Knight as I,
  be fooled by a silly Woman?

Three times she has affronted me,
  in Crimes which I cannot Pardon;
But if I'm not reveng'd, said he,
  let me not be worth a Farthing.

I value not her Beauty fair,
  tho' once I did dote upon her;
This trusty Sword shall now repair
  My baffled, blasted Honour.

Unto her Father's House he came,
  which every side was moated;
The fair sweet youthful charming Dame,
  his angry brows she noted.

Thought she, I'll have the other bout,
  and tumble him in the River,
And let the Devil help him out,
  or there he shall soak for ever.

He will not let me live at rest,
  although I have often foiled him;
Therefore, once more I do protest,
  with flattering I'll beguile him;

The Bridge was drawn, the Gates locked fast,
  so that he could no ways enter;
She smiled to him, and cried at last,
  Sir Knight, if you please to venture,

A Plank lies over the Moat hard by,
  full Seventeen Foot in Measure,
There's no body now at home but I,
  therefore we'll take our pleasure.

This Word she had no sooner spoke,
  but straight he was tripping over;
The Plank was sawed, and snapping broke;
  he prov'd an unhappy Lover.

Robin and Nan

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC [C. 1705]; WORDS BY B. J. ALCOCK, JUNIOR, M. B.

NAN was Robin's fellow servant,
  She could milk, and he could plow;
Robin's love for Nan was fervent,
  But the damsel would not trow.
In the field or in the meadow,
  Where so e'er she daily went,
Robin follow'd like her shadow,
  All to give his passion vent.

See fair maid each living creature,
  (Only stubborn-hearted thou);
Do as all are taught by nature,
  And to love's dominion bow,

Long his passion Nan resisted,
  And had always kept her hold,
Had not fortune once assisted;
  Fortune often helps the bold.

Nan would go to bed as usual,
  Just as Robin went that way;
When her door made stout refusal,
  Dame forgot and took the key;
Robin, proud of this occasion,
  All his former hopes to crown,
Brought the maid, by fair persuasion,
  On his threshold to sit down.

Now, said he, my charming blowsy,
  Let us love and banish fear;
Dame, you know, is always drowsy,
  We may talk and she not hear.
Thus one lucky minute doing
  All the mighty work of love,
Ever after, without wooing,
  Bob and Nan went hand and glove.

In the Springly Month of May

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, IN AESOP, A COMEDY

In the sprightly month of May,
When males and females sport and play,
And kiss and toy away the day;
An eager sparrow and his mate
Chirping on a tree were sate,
Full of love—and full of prate.
They talk'd of nothing but their fires,
Of raging heats and strong desires,
Of eternal constancy:
How true and faithful they would be,
Of this and that, and endless joys,
And a thousand more such toys:
The only thing they apprehended,
Was that their lives would be so short,
They could not finish half their sport
Before their days were ended.
But as from bough to bough they rove,
  They chanced at last
  In furious haste,
On a twig with birdlime spread,
(Want of a more downy bed)
To act a scene of love.
Fatal it proved to both their fires.

For though at length they broke away,
And balk'd the schoolboy of his prey,
Which made him weep the livelong day,
The bridegroom in the hasty strife,
Was stuck so fast to his dear wife,
That though he used his utmost art,
He quickly found it was in vain,
To put himself to further pain,
They never more must part.
A gloomy shade o'creast his brow;
He found himself—I know not how:
He look'd—as husbands often do
Where'er he moved he felt her still,
She kiss'd him oft against his will:
Abroad, at home, at bed and board,
With favours she o'erwhelmed her lord.
Oft he turned his head away,
And seldom had a word to say.
Which absolutely spoiled her play,
For she was better stored.
Howe'er at length her stock was spent.
(For female fires sometimes may be
Subject to mortality;)
So back to back they sit and sullenly repent.
But the mute scene was quickly ended,
The lady, for her share, pretended
The want of love lay at his door;
For her part she had still in store
Enough for him and twenty more,
Which could not be contended.
He answer'd her in homely words.
(For sparrows are but ill-bred birds,)
That he already had enjoy'd.
So much, that truly he was cloy'd.
Which so provoked her spleen,
That after some good hearty prayers,
A jostle, and some spiteful tears,
They fell together by the ears,
And ne'er were fond again.

"Chloe Blush'd and Frown'd and Swore"

BY NICHOLAS ROWE. FROM THE BITER, 1705

CHLOE blush'd and frown'd and swore,
And pushed me rudely from her;
I call'd her Faithless, Jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour;

But when I rose and would be gone,
  She cried nay, whither go ye?
  Young Damon say, now we're alone,
Do, do, do what you will, do what you will with Chloe:
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with Chloe,
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with Chloe.

"Why Is Your Faithful Slave Disdain'd?"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

WHY is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd
  Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possest,
  Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
  That will suffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give,
  Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
  Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape so made to be embraced,
What would I give I might but taste,
  Of what I dare not name!

In Court I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
  And that vain Breath called Fame;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I would obtain,
  'Tis that I dare not name.

A Song

BY RICHARD DUKE. FROM MISCELLANY POEMS, 1707

AFTER the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
  Between Panthea's rising breasts,
  His bending breast Philander rests:
And vanquished, yet unknowing to retire,
Close hugs the charmer, and charmed to yield,
Tho' he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

When with a sigh the fair Panthea said,
  What pity 'tis, ye Gods, that all
  The noblest warriors soonest fall;
Then with a kiss he gently reared his head,
Armed him again to fight, for nobly she
More loved the combat than the victory.

But more enraged, for being beat before,
  With all his strength he does prepare
  More fiercely to renew the wars;
Nor ceased he till the noble prize he bore:
Even her much wondrous courage did surprise,
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

"The Night Her Blackest Sable Wore"

ATTRIBUTED TO T. DURFEY, PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY [1707], 202; AND ALSO TO SEMPLE OF BELTREES; SEE ROXBURGHE BALLADS [BALLAD SOC. REPT.], I. 197

THE Night her blackest Sable wore,
  And gloomy were the Skies;
And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
  Than those in Stella's Eyes;
When at her Father's Gate I knocked,
  Where I had often been,
And shrouded only with her Smock,
  The Fair one let me in.

Fast locked within her close Embrace,
  She trembling lay ashamed;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
  And every touch enflamed:
My eager Passion I obeyed,
  Resolved the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was soon betrayed,
  To yield and let me in.

Then! then! beyond expressing,
  Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater blessing,
  So great a god was I;
And she transported with delight,
  Oft prayed me come again;
And kindly vowed that every Night,
  She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh! at last she proved with Bearn,
  And sighing sat and dull;
And I that was as much concerned,
  Looked then just like a Fool:

Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er,
  Repenting her rash Sin;
She sighed and cursed the fatal hour,
  That e'er she let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
  Or from such Beauty part;
I loved her so, I could not leave
  The Charmer of my Heart:
But Wedded and concealed the Crime,
  Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the Blessed Hour,
  That e'er she let me in.

Susannah and the Elders

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC, C. 1707

SUSANNAH the fair
With her Beauties all bare,
Was bathing her, was bathing herself in an Arbour:
The Elders stood peeping, and pleased
With the dipping,
Would fain have steered into her Harbour.

But she in a rage,
Swore she'd never engage,
With monsters, with monsters, with monsters so old and so feeble.
This caused a great rout,
Which had ne'er come about,
Had the Elders been sprightly and able.

My Mistress That's Pretty

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

I'LL sing you a Song of my Mistress that's pretty,
  A Lady so frolic and gay;
It tickles my Fancy to tune her sweet Ditty,
  For Love was all her Play.

She's witty and pretty, and tunes like a Fiddle,
  A Lady so frolic and gay;
She begins at both Ends, and ends in the Middle,
  For Love was all her Play.

She hugs and she Kisses without a Word speaking,
  A Lady so frolic and gay;
She falls on her Back without flinching and squeaking,
  For Love was all her Play.

She's laden with Graces of Virtue and Honour,
  A Lady so frolic and gay;
'Twixt a fair pair of Sheets with warm Love upon her,
  For Love was all her Play.

"Jenny, My Blithest Maid"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

JENNY, my blithest Maid,
  Prithee listen to my true Love now;
I am a canny Lad,
Gang along with me to yonder Brow;
Aw the Boughs shall shade us round,
While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
  How the Lad the Lass may woo,
  Come, and I'll shew my Jenny how to do.

I ken full many a thing,
  I can dance, and can whistle too;
I many a Song can sing,
  Pitch-Bar, and run and wrestle too:
Bonny Mog of our Town,
Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
  Only Jenny 'twas could win,
  Jockey from aw the Lasses of the Green.

Then lig thee down, my Bearn,
  Ize not spoil the gawdy shining Geer;
I'll make a Bed of Fern,
  And I'll gently press my Jenny there:
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Kercher too that hides thy Bosom;
  Shew thy naked Beauty's store,
  Jenny alone's the Lass that I adore.

"Heaven First Created Woman To Be Kind"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

HEAVEN first created Woman to be Kind,
  Both to be beloved, and for to Love;
If you contradict what Heaven has designed,
  You'll be contemned by all the Powers above:
Then no more dispute me, for I am rashly bent,
  To subject your Beauty
  To kind Nature's Duty,
Let me then salute you by Consent.

Arguments and fair Intreats did I use,
  But with her Consent could not prevail;
She the Blessing modestly would still refuse,
  Seeming for to slight my amorous Tale:
Sometimes she would cry Sir, prithee, Dear be good,
  Oh, Sir, pray, Sir, why, Sir?
  Pray now, nay now, fye, Sir,
I would sooner die, Sir, than be rude.

I began to treat her then another way,
  Modestly I melted with a Kiss;
She then blushing looked like the rising Day,
  Fitting for me to attempt the Bliss;
I gave her a fall, Sir, she began to tear,
  Crying she would call, Sir,
  As loud as she could bawl, Sir,
But it prov'd as false, Sir, as she's Fair.

"Come, Jug, My Honey, Let's to Bed"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

John. Come, Jug, my Honey, let's to bed,
  It is no Sin, since we are wed;
  For when I am near thee by desire,
  I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Jug. To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
  Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
  All Night within my Arms shalt be,
  And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHO. Come on then, and couple together,
  Come all, the Old and the Young,
  The Short and the Tall;
  The richer than Croesus,
  And poorer than Job,
  For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
  That Peoples the Globe.

John. My Heart and all's at thy command,
  And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
  Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
  I think, my Jug, is Wealth enow.

Jug. A Wheel, six Platters and a Spoon,
  A Jacket, edg'd with blue Galoon;
  My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
  And something under best of all.
CHO. Come on then, &c.

"When First Amyntas Su'd For a Kiss"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

When first Amyntas sued for a Kiss,
  My innocent Heart was tender;
That tho' I pushed him away from the bliss,
  My eyes declared my Heart was won;
I fain an artful Coyness would use,
  Before I the Fort did Surrender:
But Love would suffer no more such abuse,
  And soon, alas! my cheat was known:
He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
  A thousand pretty things would say;
My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,
  Till farther on he got by degrees.

My Heart, just like a Vessel at Sea,
  Would toss when Amyntas was near me;
But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he,
  Thro Doubts and Fears he'd still sail on:
I thought in him no danger could be,
  Too wisely he knows how to steer me;
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,
  To taste of Joys before unknown:
Well might he boast his Pain not lost,
  For soon he found the Golden Coast;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the shore,
  Where never Merchant went before.

"Upon a Sunshine Summer's Day'

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

Upon a sunshine Summer's day,
When every Tree was green and gay;
The Morning blusht with Phoebus ray,
Just then ascending from the Sea:
As Strephon did a Hunting ride,
A lovely Cottage he espied;
Where lovely Chloe Spinning sat,
And still she turned her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown;
Her rolling Eyes all Hearts did win,
And white as Down of Swans her Skin:
So taking her plain Dress appears,
Her Age not passing Sixteen Years,
The Swain lay sighing at her Foot,
Yet still she turned her Wheel about.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy Mind;
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne'er designed for Woods and Groves:
Come, come with me, to Court, my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honor there;
And leave this Rural sordid route,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

And this with some few Modest sighs,
She turns to him her Charming Eyes;
Ah! tempt me, Sir, no more, she cries,
Nor seek my Weakness to surprise:
I know your Art's to be believed,
I know how Virgins are deceived;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turns my harmless Wheel about.

By that dear panting Breast, cries he,
And yet unseen divinity;
Nay, by my Soul that rests in thee,
I swear this cannot, must not be:
Ah! cause not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the Man that Loves thee so;
But go with me, and ease my doubt,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

His cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
He gain'd admission to her Heart;
And now she thinks it is no Sin,
To take Love's fatal poison in:
But ah! too late she found her fault,
For he her Charms had soon forgot;
And left her e'er the Year ran out,
In Tears to turn her Wheel about.

"Philander and Sylvia, a Gentle Soft Pair"

BY NAT. LEE; MUSIC IN PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

PHILANDER and Sylvia, a gentle soft Pair,
Whose business was loving, and kissing their Care;
In a sweet smelling Grove went smiling along,
Till the Youth gave a vent to his Heart with his Tongue:
Ah, Sylvia! said he, (and sighed when he spoke)
Your cruel resolves will you never revoke?
No never, she said. How never, he cried,
'Tis the Damned that shall only that Sentence abide.

She turned her about to look all around,
Then blushed, and her pretty Eyes cast on the Ground;
She kissed his warm Cheeks, then played with his Neck,
And urged that his Reason his Passion would check:
Ah, Philander! she said, 'tis a dangerous Bliss,
Ah! never ask more and I'll give thee a Kiss;
How never? he cried, then shivered all o'er,
No never, she said, then tripped to a Bower.

She stopped at the Wicket, he cried let me in,
She answered, I would if it were not a sin;
Heaven sees, and the Gods will chatise the poor Head
Of Philander for this; straight Trembling he said,
Heaven sees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are there,
She kissed him and cried, you're an Atheist, my Dear;
And should you prove false I should never endure:
How never? he cried, and straight down he threw her.

Her delicate Body he clasped in his Arms,
He kissed her, he pressed her, heaped charms upon charms;
He cried shall I now? no never, she said,
Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead:
Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
Yet even in Death bequeathed him a smile:
When emboldened the Youth his Charms to apply,
Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.

The Silly Maids

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

MAIDS are grown so Coy of late,
  Forsooth they will not Marry;
Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
  They say they yet can tarry:
But if they knew how sweet a thing
  It is in Youth to Marry,
They would sell their Hose and Smock,
  Ere they so long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long, you know,
  And bitter cold the Weather,
Then who's so fond to lie alone,
  When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
  With all the Fields inrolled,
To take a Green-Gown on the Grass,
  And wear it uncontrolled?

For she that is most Coy of all,
  If she had time and leisure,
Would lay away severest Thoughts,
  And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:

For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
  Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent so much
  As when they are too Holly.

"O the Time that Is Past"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

O THE time that is past
When she held me so fast,
And declared that her Honour no longer could last;
When no light but her languishing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

  When she sighed and unlaced
  With such Trembling and haste,
As if she had longed to be closer Embraced;
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoyed,
While my Mind was in search of hid Treasure employed.

  My Heart set on fire,
  With the flames of desire,
I boldly pursued what she seemed to require;
But she cried for pity-sake, change your ill Mind,
Pray Amyntas be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

  Dear Amyntas, she cries,
  Then casts down her Eyes,
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denies;
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
Till her free Consent had more sweetened the Prey.

  But too late I begun,
  For her Passion was done,
Now Amyntas, she cries, I will never be won;
Your Tears and your Courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the Critical minute of Love.

"Now That Love's Holiday Is Come"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

Now that Love's Holiday is come,
And Madge the Maid hath swept the room,
  And trimmed her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muse and Sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
  That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawned, 'tis said,
Clarinda broke out of her bed,
  Like Cynthia in her Pride,
Where all the Maiden Lights that were,
Comprised within our Hemisphere,
  Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dressed the Bride from top to toe!
  And brought her from her Chamber:
Decked in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long day,
  Or Stars enshrined in Amber.

The sparkling bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
  Beneath her Crystal brow;
To show, like those strange accidents,
Some sudden changeable events,
  Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreaked with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
  Presaged the blust'ring night,
Resolved to swallow and invade,
  And screen her virgin light.

Her lips, those threads of Scarlet dye,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,
  Legions of sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
  Anon they're not mine own.

Her breasts, those melting Alps of snow;
On whose fair hills in open show,
  The God of Love lay napping;
Like swelling Butts of lively wind,
Upon their Ivory Titts did shine,
  To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waist, that tender type of man,
Was but a small and single span,
  Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
  Lord of the Manor there.

But now before I pass the line,
Pray, Reader, give me leave to dine,
  And pause here in the middle;
The Bridegroom and the Parson knock,
With all the Hymeneal flock,
  The Plum-cake and the Fiddle.

Whenas the Priest Clarinda sees,
He stared, as't had been half his fees,
  To gaze upon her face:
And if the spirit did not move,
His countenance was far above
  Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joined their hands,
And hampered them in Marriage bands,
  As fast as fast may be:
Where still methinks, methinks, I hear,
That secret sigh in ev'ry ear,
  Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the dishes in a train
  Came smoking two and two;
With that they wiped their Mouths and sate,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
  Ay marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and Margaret, and Thomas and Kate,
  Ralph and Bess, Andrew and Maudlin;
And Valentine, eke with Sybil so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet,
  As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetched their freez,
And mired their stomachs quite up to their knees
  In Claret and good Cheer;
Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
  O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as Luck would have it, the Parson said grace,
And so frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
  Each Lad took his Lass by the Fist,
And when he had squeezed her, and gamed her, until,
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
  He tolled for the rest of the grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
They entered upon the last act of the play,
  The bride to her bed was conveyed,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found;
  'Twould have made a man's arm have strayed.

This clutter o'er Clarinda lay,
Half bedded, like the peeping day,
  Behind Olympus cap;
Whilst at her Head each twittering Girl,
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
  To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
All disappointed in the bustle,
  The Maidens had shaved his breeches,
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a storm I can you tell,
  He saved his other stitches.

And now he bounced into the Bed,
Even just as if a man had said,
  Fair Lady, have at all;
Where twisted at the Hug they lay,
Like Venus and the sprightly Boy,
  O! who would fear the fall?

Thus both with Love's sweet Tapers fired,
And thousand balmy kisses tired,
  They could not wait the rest;
But out the folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
  There lies the Cream o' the jest.

The Fair Lass of Islington

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

There was a Lass of Islington,
  As I have heard many tell;
And she would to Fair London go,
  Fine Apples and Pears to sell;
And as along the Streets she flung,
  With her basket on her Arms;
Her Pears to sell, you may know it right well,
  This fair Maid meant no harm.

But as she tript along the Street,
  Her pleasant Fruit to sell;
A Vintner did with her meet,
  Who liked this Maid full well;
Quoth he, fair Maid, what have you there?
  In Basket decked brave;
Fine Pears, quoth she, and if it please ye,
  A taste, Sir, you shall have.

The Vintner he took a Taste,
  And liked it well, for why;
This Maid he thought of all the rest,
  Most pleasing to his Eye:
Quoth he, fair Maid I have a Suit,
  That you to me must grant;
Which if I find you be so kind,
  Nothing that you shall want.

Thy Beauty doth so please my Eye,
  And dazzles so my sight;
That now of all my Liberty,
  I am deprived quite:
Then prithee now consent to me,
  And do not put me by;
It is but one small courtesie,
  All Night with you to lie.

Sir, if you lie with me one Night,
  As you propound to me;
I do expect that you should prove,
  Both courteous, kind, and free:
And for to tell you all in short,
  It will cost you Five Pound,
A Match, a Match, the Vintner said,
  And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all Night,
  Her Money she did crave,
O stay, quoth he, the other Night,
  And thy Money thou shalt have:
I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
  I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou may'st thy Money go look,
  For Money I'll pay thee none.

This Maid she made no more ado,
  But to a Justice went;
And unto him she made her moan,
  Who did her Case lament:
She said she had a Cellar Let out,
  To a Vintner in the Town;
And how that he did then agree
  Five Pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the Case is thus,
  No Rent that he will pay;
Therefore your Worship I beseech,
  To send for him this Day:
Then straight the Justice for him sent,
  And asked the Reason why;
That he would pay the Maid no Rent?
  To which he did Reply,

Although I hired a Cellar of her,
  And the Possession was mine,
I ne'er put any thing into it,
  But one poor Pipe of Wine:
Therefore my Bargain it was hard,
  As you plainly see;
I from my Freedom was Debarred,
  Then, good Sir, favour me.

This Fair Maid being ripe of Wit,
  She straight Reply'd again;
There were two Butts more at the Door,
  Why did you not roul them in?
You had your Freedom and your Will,
  As is to you well known;
Therefore I do desire still,
  For to receive my own.

The Justice hearing of their Case,
  Did then give Order straight;
That he the Money should pay down,
  She should no longer wait:
Withal he told the Vintner plain
  If he a Tenant be;
He must expect to pay the same,
  For he could not sit Rent-free.

But when the Money she had got,
  She put it in her Purse:
And clapt her Hand on the Cellar Door,
  And said it was never the worse:
Which caused the People all to Laugh,
  To see this Vintner Fine:
Out-witted by a Country Girl,
  About his Pipe of Wine.

Joan To Her Lady

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

Lady, sweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown,
For your servant Joan may prove,
Like your self, as deep in Love;
And as absolute a Bit,
Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.
  The Smock alone the difference makes,
  'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.

What avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father Adam?
Where does one exceed the other?
Was not Eve our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is Joan.
Joan's a Piece for a man to bore,
With his Wimble, yours no more.
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

It is not your flaunting Tires
Are the cause of Men's Desires;
They're other Darts which Lusts pursue,
Those Joan has as well as you.
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

What care we for Glorious Lights,
Women are used in the Nights;
And in Night in Women-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

Where there's two in Bed together,
There's no a Pin to chuse 'twixt either;
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs and both have Hips.
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

When your Hand puts out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do
What you should be done unto.
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

The Forgetful Mother

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

My Mother she will not endure
  That I should Married be,
Altho' my Father do procure
  A Husband fit for me;
    Wherein she doth me much abuse,
    My father's proffer to refuse;
For younger Maids than I are sped,
And yet forsooth, I must not Wed.

My Mother she breeds all the Jars,
  And ill she does me use,
And Love and Age breeds all the Wars,
  Which grieves me to refuse.

Before she was as old as I,
She with a Man six Weeks did lie;
Judge you how much she doth me wrong,
To make me live a Maid so long.

For now I am of lawful Years,
A Twelve Month's time and more,
As by the Church-Book plain appears,
Which doth my Age implore.
For now I am Sixteen years old,
Why should I then be thus controlled,
And discontent to lie alone;
Nonė knows my Grief, but by their own.

I do believe in Heart and Mind,
There is no greater Pain
Can fall upon us Woman-kind,
And breedeth all our Pain,
To lie alone, all by my self,
It breeds Disease, instead of Health;
And shortly it will end my Days,
For so I know the Doctor says.

My Father's Care I must commend,
And Pains that he doth take;
My Mother speaks not as a Friend,
That I shan't have a Mate.
Altho' my Mother doth refuse
That I my youthful time should use,
I mean not long to stay un-wed,
Nor yet to keep my Maiden-head.

The Lascivious Lover and the Coy Lass

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1707

PISH, fye, you're rude, Sir,
I never saw such idle fooling;
You're grown so lewd, Sir;
So debauched I hate your ways;
Leave, what are you doing?
I see you seek my ruin,
I'll cry out, pray make no delay,
But take your Hand away;
Ah! good Sir, pray, Sir, don't you do so,
Never was I thus abused so,
By any Man, but you alone,
Therefore, Sir, pray begone.

The Coy Lass Dress'd Up In Her Best

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1709

Do not rumple my Top-knot,
  I'll not be kissed to Day;
I'll not be hawled and pulled about,
  Thus on a Holy-day:
Then if your Rudeness you don't leave,
  No more is to be said:
See this long Pin upon my Sleeve,
  I'll run up to the Head;
And if you rumple my head Gear,
I'll give you a good flurt on the Ear.

Come upon a Worky-day,
  When I have my old Clothes on;
I shall not be so nice nor Coy,
  Nor stand so much upon:
Then hawl and pull, and do your best,
  Yet I shall gentle be:
Kiss hand, and Mouth, and fell my Breast,
  And tickle to my Knee:
I won't be put out of my rode,
You shall not rumple my Commode.

"If You Will Love Me"

A SONG BY THOS. DURFEY. FROM DON QUIXOTE, 1707

I

If you will love me, be free in expressing it,
  And henceforth give me no cause to complain;
Or if you hate me, be plain in confessing it,
  And in few Words put me out of my Pain.
This long delaying, with sighing and praying,
Breeds only decaying in Life and Amour,
        Cooing and wooing,
        And daily pursuing,
Is damned silly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

If you'll propose a kind Method of ruling me,
  I may return to my Duty again;
But if you stick to your old way of fooling me,
  I must be plain, I'm none of your Men;
Passion for Passion on each kind Occasion,
With free Inclination does kindle Love's Fire,
        But tedious prating,
        Coy folly debating,
And new Doubts creating still make it expire.

II. THE LADY'S ANSWER

You love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
Still have recourse to the Tricks of your Art,
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.
Fye, fye, deceiver,
No longer endeavour,
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won;
No fond caressing
Must be, nor unlacing,
Or tender embracing, 'till the Parson has done.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their Humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comfort's Destroyer, and Plague of their Lives:
Some are affirming,
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree,
Ventring that choose you
Must let me espouse you,
If e'er my dear Mouse you will nibble at me.

"Nay Pish, Sir! What Ails You?"

BY MR. CLISSOLD, 1711

Nay pish, nay pish, nay pish, Sir, what ails you;
Lord! what is't you do?
I ne'er met with one so uncivil as you;
You may think as you please, but if Evil it be,
I wou'd have you to know, you're mistaken in me.
You Men so rude, and so boisterous are grown,
A Woman can't trust her self with you alone:
I cannot but wonder what 'tis that shou'd move ye;
If you do so again, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear
I won't love ye.

The Fan

FROM THE FAN. BY JOHN GAY, 1713

* * * * * * *

See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arm she folds.

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown,
Here let her on some flowery bank be laid.
Where meeting beeches weave a grateful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds; fear Actaeon's head;
Let vig'rous Pan the unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please,
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
(Behind, her rosy mantle loosely flows,
Her blooming features youthful health disclose).
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
(Now unconstrain'd she will indulge her flame,
Prevailing love hath stifled all her shame).
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its power,
And soften Danae in a glitt'ring shower.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face;
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her piper cheers the resounding wood:
Her image in the looking glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivelled eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shattered ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell;
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains, farewell.
Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the growing flame;
The God of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.

(The prying Sun their am'rous strife betrays,
And through the casement darts his treach'rous rays.)
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
(The summon'd gods survey the struggling bride,
And with contemptuous smiles the spouse deride.)
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair as long as fans shall last
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

The Coquet Mother and Her Daughter

A SONG BY JOHN GAY, 1720

I

At the close of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
  Breathed odours in every wind:
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
  Each glance and each action was kind.

II

Molly, wanton and free,
Kissed and sat on each knee,
  Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
  What age and experience advise.

III

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
  All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again:
  What follows you need not be told.

IV

Look ye, mother, she cried,
You instruct me in pride,
  And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
  Than she who but trifles with one.

V

Prithee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
  Love should tingle in ev'ry vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
  You safely may trifle again.

VI

Molly, smiling, replied,
Then I'll soon be a bride;
  Old Roger had gold in his chest.
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives.
  And trifled no more with the rest.

The Mad-Dog

A TALE BY JOHN GAY, 1720

A PRUDE, at morn and ev'ning prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watched her soaring soul;
And when devotion warmed the crowd,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was completely lined
With painted saints of various kind:
But when in ev'ry page she viewed
Fine ladies who the flesh subdued;
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cried—such wonders are no more!
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression,
But ev'ry week set all things even,
And balanced her accounts with heaven.

  Behold her now in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes
Before the Priest: she thus begins,
And, sobbing, blubbers forth her sins;
"Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languished, as he kissed;
I strove—till I could strive no longer,
How can the weak subdue the stronger?
  The father asked her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft the frailty was repeated?

Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flushed with guilt before the bench,
The judges (wakèd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault,
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eased of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same;
The Priest, who female frailties pitied,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.
Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What, ev'ry day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confined!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgaged for her losses;
By use her fav'rite vice she loathes,
And loves new follies like new clothes:
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waist!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long?
Or is it luxury and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?
She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never erred by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
Which, (as she stroked and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

* * * * * * *

Fly, Fly From My Sight. Fly Far Away

A DIALOGUE SUNG AT A PLAY, BY A EUNUCH BOY AND A GIRL, 1719

SHE. Fly, fly from my sight, fly far away,
My scorn thou'lt only purchase by thy stay,
Away, away, away, fond Fool, away.
HE. Dear, dear Angel to
Here on this place I'll rooted grow,
Those pretty, pretty Eyes,
Have charmed me so,
I cannot, cannot stir, I cannot, cannot go.
SHE. Thou Silly, silly creature be advised,
And do not stay to be despised;
By all my Actions, thou may'st see,
My Heart can spare no room for thee.
HE. Why, why dost thou hate me, ah, confess
Thou sweet disposer of my Joys?
Why I can Kiss, and I can play,
And tell a thousand pretty tales;
Can Sing, can sing the livelong day,
If any other Talent fails.
SHE. Boast not thy Music, for I fear,
Thy singing Gift has cost thee dear;
Each warbling Linnet on the Tree
Has far a better Fate than thee:
For they Life's happy pleasures prove,
As they can sing, so they can Love.
HE. Why, so can I,
SHE. No, no, no poor Boy:
HE. Why, why cannot I?
SHE. The reason is, I only guess
There's something in thy Face and Voice,
That thou'rt not made like other Boys,
No, no poor Boy.
HE. Pray do but try, do but try, &c.
I know no reason, no reason why?
SHE. You know, you know, you know you Lie.

Would Ye Have a Young Virgin of Fifteen Years

A SONG IN THE LAST ACT OF THE MODERN PROPHETS, 1719

WOULD ye have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with sweets and dears,
Ever toying, and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears:

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown,
Sooth her, and smooth her,
And tease her, and please her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Widow well known in a Man?
With a front of Assurance come boldly on,
Let her rest not an Hour, but briskly, briskly,
Put her in mind how her Time steals on;
Rattle and prattle although she frown,
Rowse her, and towse her from Morn to Noon,
Shew her some Hour y'are able to grapple,
Then get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best Charm is Variety,
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with two Guineas, and all's your own.

"In a Cellar at Sodom"

A CATCH FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

In a Cellar at Sodom, at the Sign of the T—,
Two Buxom young Harlots were drinking with L—;
Some say they were his Daughters, no matter for that,
They're resolved they would souse their old Dad with a Pot;
All flustered and bousie, the Doting old Sot,
As great as a Monarch between 'em was got;
Till the Eldest and Wisest thus opened the Plot,
Pray shew us dear Daddy how we were begot;
Godzoukes, you young Jades, 'twas the first Oath I wot,
The Devil of a Serpent this Humour has taught;
No matter, they cried, you shall Pawn for the shot,
Unless you will shew us how we were begot

"A Gentle Breeze from the Lavinian Sea"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

A gentle Breeze from the Lavinian Sea,
Was gliding o'er the Coast of Sicily;
When lulled with soft Repose, a prostrate Maid,
Upon her bended Arm had raised her Head:

Her Soul was all tranquil and smooth with Rest,
Like the harmonious Slumbers of the Blest.
Wrapped up in Silence, innocent she lay,
And pressed the Flow'rs with Touch as soft as they.

My thoughts in gentlest Sounds she did impart,
Heightened by all the Graces of that Art;
And as I sung, I grasped her yielding Thighs,
Till broken Accents faltered into Sighs:
I kissed and wished, and foraged all her store,
Yet wallowing in the Pleasure, I was poor;
No kind Relief my Agonies could ease,
I groaned, and cursed Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er Confusion lay,
Her melting Looks in sweet Disorder play;
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppressed,
And all her Faculties are dispossessed,
At last impetuously her Pulses move,
She gives a mighty Loose to stifled Love;
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,
Alas! and thus in soft Convulsions dies.

"Celemene, Pray Tell Me"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY [1719], WITH MUSIC; SET BY MR. HENRY PURCELL, SUNG BY A BOY AND GIRL AT THE PLAYHOUSE

HE. Celemene, pray tell me,
Pray, pray tell me, Celemene,
When those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see,
Why my Heart beats, beats, beats, beats in my Breast,
Why, why it will not, it will not, why, why, it will not
let me rest:
Why this trembling, why this trembling too all o'er?
Pains I never, pains I never, never, never felt before:
And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your hand,
Why I wish, I wish, I wish, I was a Man?

SHE. How should I know more than you?
Yet would be a Woman too.
When you wash your self and play,
I methinks could look all day;
Nay, just now, nay, just now am pleased, am pleased
so well,
Should you, should you kiss me, I won't tell,
Should you, should you kiss me, I won't tell:
No, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I won't
tell.
Should you kiss me I won't tell,

HE. Tho' I could do that all day,
And desire no better play:
Sure, sure in Love there's something more,
Which makes Mamma so big, so big before.
SHE. Once by chance I heard it named,
Don't ask what, don't ask what, for I'm ashamed:
Stay but till you're past Fifteen,
Then you'll know, then, then, you'll know what 'tis I mean.
Then you'll know what, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.
HE. However, lose not present bliss,
But now we're alone, let's kiss:
But now we're alone, let's kiss, let's kiss.
SHE. My breasts do so heave, so heave, so heave,
HE. My heart does so pant, pant, pant;
SHE. There's Something, something, something more we want,
There's Something, something, something more we want.

An Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Honourable Charles Leigh

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

DRAW, draw the Curtain, fie, make haste,
The panting Lovers long to be alone,
The precious Time no more in talking waste,
There's better Business going on;
Our Absence will their Wishes crown,
The next swift Moment's not too soon,
Our artful Song sounds like a Drone,
For now all Music, but their own,
Is harsh, and out of Tune.

Now Love inflames the Bridegroom's Heart,
How weak, how poor a Charmer is the Flute;
And when the Bride's fair Eyes her Wishes dart,
How dully sounds the warbling Lute.
If this Divine, harmonious Bliss
Attends each happy Marriage Day,
Who such a blessed State would miss,
And such a charming Tune as this,
Who would not learn to play?

Oh, Joy too fierce to be exprest,
Thou sweet Atoner of Life's greatest Pain,
By thee are Men with Love's dear Treasure blest,
And Women still by losing gain.

Smile then divine, propitious Pow'rs,
Upon this Pair let Blessings flow,
Let Care mix with their Sweets, not Sours,
But may succeeding Days and Hours
Be charming all as now.

A Dialogue Between a Town Spark and His Miss

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

SHE. Did you not promise me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me, can you deny me?
HE. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

SHE. Ah, who would trust you men that swear and vow so,
Born only to deceive, how can you do so?
HE. If we can swear and lie, you can dissemble,
And then to hear the Lie, would make one tremble.

SHE. Had I not loved, you had found a Denial,
My tender Heart, alas, was but too real;
HE. Should a new Shower increase the Flood,
Too soon would overflow.

HE. Real I know you were, I've often tried ye,
Real to forty more Lovers beside me.
SHE. If thousands lov'd me, where was my transgression,
You were the only He, e'er got Possession?

HE. Thou could'st talk prettily, e'er thou could'st go, Child:
But I'm too old and wise to be shamed so, Child.
SHE. Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me,
You do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.
HE. Send your Kid home to me, I will take care on't,
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

"To Charming Caelia's Arms I Flew"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

To Charming Caelia's Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feasted,
No God such Transport ever knew,
Or Mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And bless'd beyond Expressing,
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing?

The whole Creation's Wealth survey,
  O'er both the Indies wander,
Ask what bribed Senates give away,
  And Fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air,
  The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
  To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cried, my life, My Dear,
  Since Caelia thus you Fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
  A rundlet of right Nantzy.

The Queen of May

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

Upon a time I chanced to walk along a Green,
Where pretty Lasses danced in strife to choose a Queen;
Some homely dressed, some handsome, some pretty and some gay,
But who excelled in Dancing, must be the Queen of May.

From Morning till the Evening, their Controversy held,
And I, as Judge, stood gazing on, to Crown her that excelled;
At last when Phœbus Steeds had drawn their Wain away,
We found and crowned a Damsel to be the Queen of May.

Full well her Nature from her Face I did admire,
Her Habit well become her, altho' in poor Attire;
Her Carriage was so good, as did appear that Day,
That she was justly chosen to be the Queen of May.

Then all the rest in Sorrow, and she in sweet Content,
Gave over till the Morrow, and homewards straight they went;
But she of all the rest, was hindered by the way,
For ev'ry Youth that met her, must Kiss the Queen of May.

At last I caught and stayed her a while with me alone,
And on a Bank I laid her, when all the rest were gone;
She fearing some Mischance, cried out, forbear I pray,
Yet I could still do nothing but Kiss the Queen of May.

Thus we together tumbled at least an hour or more,
And like a Fool, I fumbled, as I had done before:
But when that Night was come, by chance I got the day,
And yet alas, did nothing else but Kiss the Queen of May.

Her thoughts of coming thither, both Grief and Joy begot,
She smiled and wept together, yet knew not well for what,
And still desired to go, but yet she seemed to stay,
Yet I alas did nothing else but Kiss the Queen of May.

She sighed and prayed for pity that I would once give o'er,
Yet were her Words so Witty, they showed she wished for more:
Then seeming to defend it, her Fort she did betray;
Yet I alas did nothing else but Kiss the Queen of May.

Thus shaking Hands at last we part, but she appeared
Both heavy Eyed and Hearted, with that she felt and feared;
Then turning round we parted, she speechless went her way,
Because I could do nothing but Kiss the Queen of May.

To Choose a Friend, But Never Marry

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

To all young Men that love to Woo,
To Kiss and Dance, and Tumble too;
Draw near and counsel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be:
Kiss who you please, Joan, Kate, or Mary,
But still this Counsel with you carry,
Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
Knows not how to value thee;
She hath no am'rous Passion, but
What Tray, or Quando has for Slut:
To lick, to Whine, to Frisk, or Cover,
She'll suffer thee, or any other,
Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown;
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whitings Eyes:
With List for Garters 'bove her Knee,
And Breath that smells of Firmity,
'S not for thee.

Of Widow's Witchcrafts have a care,
For if they catch you in their Snare;
You must as daily Laborers do,
Be still a shoving with your Plow:
If any rest you do require,
They then deceive you of your Hire,
And retire.

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
For when you have possession got,
Or Venus Mark, or Honey-pot:
There's such a stir with marry me
That one would half forswear to see
Any she.

If that thy Fancy do desire,
A glorious out-side, rich Attire;
Come to the Court, and there you'll find,
Enough of such to Please your Mind:
But if you get too near their Lap,
You're sure to meet with a Mishap.

* * * * * * *

In fine, if thou delight'st to be,
Concern'd in Woman's Company:
Make it the Study of thy Life,
To find a Rich, young, handsome Wife:
That can with much discretion be
Dear to her husband, kind to thee,
Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss;
And in th' Embraces of her Waist,
A Million more of Pleasures taste:
Who e'er would Marry that could be
Blest with such Opportunity,
Never me!

The Quaker's Song

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

Amongst the pure ones all,
Which Conscience doth profess;
And yet that sort of Conscience,
Doth practice nothing less:
I mean the Sect of those Elect,
That loathe to live by Merit;
That lead their Lives with other Men's Wives,
According unto the Spirit.

One met with a Holy Sister of ours,
A Saint who dearly loved him:
And fain he would have kissed her,
Because the Spirit moved him:

But she denied, and he replied,
  You're damned unless you do it;
Therefore consent, do not repent,
  For the Spirit doth move me to it,

She not willing to offend, poor Soul,
  Yielded unto his Motion;
And what these two did intend,
  Was out of pure Devotion;
To lie with a Friend and a Brother,
  She thought she should die no Sinner,
But e'er five Months were past,
  The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the Wicked say,
  When they shall hear of this Rumour;
They'd laugh at us every Day,
  And Scoff us in every Corner:
Let 'em do so still if that they will,
  We mean not to follow their Fashion,
They're none of our Sect, nor of our Elect,
  Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the time was come,
  That she was to be laid;
It was no very great Crime,
  Committed by her they said:
'Cause they did know, and she did show,
  'Twas done by a friend and a Brother,
But a very great Sin they said it had been,
  If it had been done by another.

The Winchester Wedding

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

At Winchester was a Wedding,
  The like was never seen,
Twixt Lusty Ralph of Redding,
  And bonny black Bess of the Green:
The Fiddlers were Crowding before,
  Each Lass was as fine as a Queen;
There was a Hundred and more,
  For all the Country came in:
Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,
  She looked like a Lilly o' the Vale;
And Ruddy Faced Harry led Mary,
  And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,
  He helped her over the Stile;
And swore there was none so pretty,
  In forty, and forty long Mile:
Kit gave a Green-Gown to Betty,
  And lent her his Hand to rise;
But Jenny was jeered by Watty,
  For looking blue under the Eyes:
Thus merrily Chatting all,
  They passed to the Bride-house long;
With Johnny and pretty faced Nanny,
  The fairest of all the throng.

The Bride came out to meet 'em,
  Afraid the Dinner was spoiled;
And ushered 'em in to treat 'em,
  With Baked, and Roasted, and Boiled:
The lads were so frolic and jolly,
  For each had his Love by his side;
But Willy was Melancholy,
  For he had a Mind to the Bride:
Then Philip begins her Health,
  And turns a Beer Glass on his Thumb;
But Jenkins was reckoned for Drinking,
  The best in Christendom.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
  Into the midst of the Hall;
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
  And Jeremy led up the Brawl:
But Margery kept a quarter,
  A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,
Cause Arthur had stolen her Garter,
  And swore he would tie it himself:
She struggled, and blushed, and frowned,
  And ready with Anger to cry;
'Cause Arthur with tying her Garter,
  Had slipped his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
  The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking,
  For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But Robin that found him Silly,
  Most friendly took him aside;
The While that his Wife with Willy,
  Was playing at Hoopers-hide;
And now the warm Game begins,
  The Critical Minute was come;
And chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
  Went Merrily round the Room.

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
  And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;
And Tommy was so to Katy,
  And Wedded her with a Rush Ring:
Sukey that Danc'd with the Cushion,
  An Hour from the Room had been gone;
And Barnaby knew by her Blushing,
  That some other Dance had been done:
And thus of Fifty fair Maids,
  That came to the Wedding with Men;
Scarce Five of the Fifty was left ye,
  That so did return again.

Tom and Doll

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

When the Kine had given a Pail full,
  And the Sheep came bleating home;
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
  Went a walking with young Tom:
    Hand in hand, Sir,
    O'er the Land, Sir?
As they walked to and fro,
  Tom made jolly Love to Dolly,
But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, no &c.

Faith, says Tom, the time is fitting,
  We shall never get the like;
You can never get from Knitting,
  Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:
    Now we're gone too,
    And alone too,
No one by to see or know;
  Come, come, Dolly, prithee shall I,
Still she answered, No, no, no, no, &c.

Fie upon you Men, quoth Dolly,
  In what snares you'd make us fall;
You'll get nothing but the folly,
  But I shall get the Devil and all:
    Tom with sobs,
    And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd, you're a fool to argue so;
  Come, come, Dolly, shall I? shall I?
Still she answered, No, no, no, no, &c.

To the Tavern then he took her,
  Wine to Love's a Friend confest
By the hand he often shook her,
  And frank brimmers to the best, &c.

Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm;
Till after a brisk pint or two,
To what he said the silly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, No, no, no, no, &c.

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down;
Tom came to her,
For to woo her
Thinking this the time to try:
Something past so kind at last,
Her no was chang'd to I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.

Closely then they join'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what I mean;
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in;
Both now lying,
Panting, dying,
Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
Tom would fain renew't again,
And She consents with I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.

Sit Down, My Dear Sylvia

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

ALEXIS. Sit down, my dear Sylvia,
And then tell me, tell me true,
When we the fierce pleasure of Passion first knew;
What Senses were charmed,
And what Raptures did dwell,
Within thy fond Heart, my dear Nymph, prithee tell!
That when thy Delights in their fulness are known,
I may have the joy to relate all my own.

SYLVIA. Oh fie, my Alexis!
How dare you propose,
To me, silly Girl, things immodest as those!
Nice Candor and Modesty glow in my Breast,
Whose Virtue can utter no Words so unchaste;
But if your impatience admits no delay,
Describe your own Raptures,
And teach me the way.

ALEXIS. A pain mixed with Pleasure my Senses first found,
When crowds of Delight strait my Heart did surround;
A Joy so transporting, I sighed when it was done:
And fain would renew, but alas! all was gone;
Coy nature was treacherous, when first she meant,
A Treasure so precious so soon should be spent.

SYLVIA. This free kind Confession does so much prevail,
That I in your bosom would blush out my Tale;
But Dearest, you know, 'tis too much to declare,
The Joys that our Souls, when united, do share.
Let this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last,
A Saint would leave Heaven, still so to be blest.

Walking Down the Highland Town

A NEW SCOTCH SONG FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

WALKING down the Highland Town,
There I saw Lasses many;
But upon the Bank in the highest Rank,
Was one more gay than any:

I Look'd about for one kind Face,
And I saw Billy Scrogy;
I asked of him what her Name,
They call'd her Catherine Logy.

I travelled east, and I travelled west,
And I travelled through Strabogy;
But the fairest Lass that e'er I did see,
Was pretty Catherine Logy.

I travelled east, and I travelled west,
And travel'd through Strabogy;
But I'd watch a long Winter's Night,
To see fair Catherine Logy.

I've a Love in Lamermoor,
A dainty Love in Leith, Sir;
And another Love in Edinborough,
And twa Loves in Dalkeith, Sir.

Ride I east, or Ride I west,
My Love she's still before me,
But gin my Wife shou'd ken aw this,
I should be very sorry.

As I Sat at My Spinning-Wheel

A SONG FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
  A bonny Lad there passed by,
I kenned him round, and I liked him weel,
  Geud Feth he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turned my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
As he my Presence did draw near,
And round about my slender waist
He clasped his Arms, and me embraced:
  To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
  As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk white hand he did extol,
And praised my Fingers long and small,
And said, there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
  Those pleasing Words my Heart did feel,
  But still I turned my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be denied,
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my Heart was Wounded sore;
  That I my Love could scarce conceal,
  But yet I turned my Spinning-Wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with Speed
And gang with him yonder Mead:
  My panting Heart strange Flames did feel,
  Yet still I turned my Spinning-Wheel.

He stopped and gazed, and blithely said,
Now Speed the Wheel, my bonny Maid,
But if thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work I trow,
  Geud Feth, I lik'd him passing weel,
  But still I turned my Spinning-Wheel.

He lowly veiled his Bonnet off,
And sweetly kist my Lips so soft;
Yet still between each Honey Kiss,
He urged me on to farther Bliss:
  'Till I resistless Fire did feel,
  Then let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
What Damsel ever could deny,
A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
It far surpast the Spinning-Wheel.

The Cumberland Lass

A SONG FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1719

THERE was a Lass in Cumberland,
A bonny Lass of high Degree:
There was a Lass, her Name was Nell,
The blithest Lass that e'er you see:
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me:
Blithe and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well,
So did her Brother fancy Nell;
But all their Loves came short of mine,
As far as Tweed is from the Tyne.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
Four of them she gave to me;
She cut her Mother's Winding-Sheet,
And all to make a sark for me.

She plucked a Box out of her Purse,
Of four Gold Rings she gave me three;
She thought herself no whit the worse,
She was so very kind to me,

If I were Lord of all the North,
To Bed and Board she should be free,
For why, she is the bonniest Lass,
That is in all her own Country,

Her Cherry-Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
Doth with the Damask Rose agree,
With other Parts which I'll not Name,
Which are so pleasing unto me:

For I have rid both East and West,
And been in many a strange Country,
Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
Compared with Cumberland Nelly.

When I embrace her in my Arms,
  She takes it kind and courteously,
And hath such pretty winning Charms,
  The like whereof you ne'er did see:

There's not a Lass in Cumberland
  To be compared to smiling Nell,
She hath so soft and white a Hand,
  And something more that I'll not tell.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
  There I did treat her courteously,
I told her, I thought it was her Lot
  To stay all night and Lig with me,

She, pretty Rogue, could not say nay,
  But by consent we did agree,
That she for a fancy, there should stay,
  And come at night to Bed to me:

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
  And with her Hand she smoothed it down;
She kissed me thrice, and smiling said,
  My Love, I fear thou wilt sleep too soon:

Into my Bed I hastened strait,
  And presently she followed me,
It was in vain to make her wait,
  For a Bargain must a Bargain be,

Then I embraced this lovely Lass,
  And strok'd her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest we'll let it pass,
  For she afterward sung Lullaby;
Oh! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
  The Lass that came to Bed to me,
Blithe and Bonny sure was she,
  The Lass that came to Bed to me.

Sylvia a May Roving

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC, C. 1720

CURIOSITY made Sylvia Seek the various Flowers of May
When Spring the op'ning Buds does break in Blossoms sweet and Gay.
Her pleased and lovely Eyes intent, a Beauteous Bank Espied,
Where Curious nature Chiefly meant to Manifest her Pride.

Hard by the Brooks and murmuring stream,
  The Silver Current Plaid,
And Phoebus with his brightest Beams
  The Morning had arrayed,
The whispering Zephyrs gently blow,
  A cool and Pleasant Breeze,
To shake the Clust'ring pearly Dews
  From off the verdant Trees.

Delighted was the Rural Maid,
  And did her Joys Express,
To see each Meadow and each glade,
  Adorned in such a dress,
Her snowy Fingers called and wrest,
  The Flowers of the Mead,
To make a Posie for her Brest,
  That did their sweets exceed.

But Musing as she walked along,
  She heard with great Surprise,
Soft accents break in to a Song,
  But where could not devise,
She cast her beamy Eyes around,
  And thought that from the Shade,
Proceeded the Harmonious sound,
  That did her ease invade.

The melting voice did please so well
  That unalarmed by fear,
Down on a Flow'ry Bank she fell
  And lent her Ravished Ear,
O Love, O Nature, then she cried,
  What Strength can Woman boast
When you much Greater do provide,
  That we may quite be lost.

At this young Strephon strait appear'd.
  How Great was then her Joy,
How Small, how careless was the fear
  This did her Breast employ,
He wond'ring saw her Case was such,
  To Blush and then turn Pale,
But then he ailed himself too much,
  To ask what She did ail.

Confused he Pressed her in his Arms
  She knew not what he did,
She gave up all her Virgin Charms,
  And nothing could forbid,
To Gather Flowers the pretty Maid,
  Came Innocently Thither,
Tho' some malicious Tongues have said,
  'Twas to be Gathered rather.

"As I Was Walking, I Heard a Maid Talking"

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC; THE WORDS BY MR. ESTCOURT, C. 1720

As I was walking, I heard a Maid talking,
Oh I could, how I could, oh I could, now I could,
As I was walking, I heard a Maid talking,
Oh I could do it with Pleasure:
Tall was her shape, she tripped like a Fairy.
Up and down, ripe and Brown,
Sprightly and Airy:
Advancing I called her my life and my Treasure,
Pray Sir forbear, I don't know what you mean.
Pretty lass I am afraid
That thou wilt die a Maid.
Oh that's a sad Case, said She,
Pray Sir how can that be
Now you and I are together?
Prithee, come into the Grove,
The prettiest place for Love,
There we'll Act between us Adonis and Venus,
No, no, Sir, not so hasty Neither.

Clasping her waist, I kissed her in haste,
I hugged her, I tugged her, I lugged her, I mou'd her,
I made her Cheeks glow, and I Nuzzled her Breast,
I was for taking the Fort of Monjoy.
Leaning upon my Arms sighing and panting,
Oh my dear, nay my dear, fy my dear, pray my dear,
Nature did never disclose such pleasure.
She looked like the Queen of Love, I like her Boy,
In this dear Confusion Blest, the pretty Rouge fell down,
Guess if you can the Sight,
'Twas such a dear delight,
I Blest the time that I met her,
Watching like an Engineer, what Breach was in the town,
Rustled upon her,
And once or twice won her,
And both of us parted much better.

"Says Dicky to Dolly, I Love Thee So Well"

FROM THE VIRGIN SACRIFICE; [C. 1720]; SET BY MR. TURNER

SAYS Dicky to Dolly, I love thee so well,
That I'll teach thee more wit than to lead Apes in Hell,
Then Honey, quoth he,
If mine thou wilt be,

No longer deny me,
But come and sit by me;
My Lambs and my Kids, my Cattle and Kine,
My Pigs and my Sow, and my all shall be thine.

What tho' I can't keep thee a Coach and a Chaise,
Nor dress thee in Silk, but plain Russet and Frieze,
I'll give thee the Joys,
Of Sweet Girls and Boys;
Let Knights, Lords and Ladies
Boast their half gotten Babies,
Not puny young Squire, nor Miss in her Pride,
Can match the Stout Bantlings by a Country fire Side.

Tho' waked with the Lark, I can't lie till Noon,
By my Puggy's dear Side like ye drones of the Town,
Ne'er fear my sweet Joy,
The Jolly brisk Boy,
When merrily Jogging,
Home to the Brown Noggin,
Thou from milking the cows, and I from the Plough,
We'll laugh and we'll frolic, upon the Hay-Mow.

Thus heartily wooed, by her Dicky so stout,
The melting poor Thing, could no longer hold out,
But tickled and pleased
Her fancy so raised,
She heaved, and She panted
For Something She wanted;
Whilst to hear her dear Dick such a brisk Lad of Mettle,
She Simpered and smil'd like a Furmity Kettle.

The Bashful Maid

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC, C. 1720

MUCH I love a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn,
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor her wit nor sprightly turn,
  But for her down a down down, down derry,
  Hey down down a down derry down.

On the Grass I saw her Lying,
Strait I seized her tender waist,
On her Back she lay complying,
With her lovely Body placed,
  Under my down a down down, down derry, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,
Could not bear the dreadful smart,
Still unwilling to surrender,
Called Mamma to take the part,
  Of her down a down down, down derry, &c.

Out of breath Mamma came Running,
To prevent poor Nancy's Fate,
But the Girl now grown more cunning,
Cried, Mamma you're come too late,
  For I am down a down down, down a,
  For I am down, a down derry down.

The Schoolmaster's Lesson

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC, C. 1720

I WILL fly into your Arms,
  And Smother you with kisses,
I will rifle all your Charms,
  And teach you Am'rous blisses,
For it is my Concern,
And a means that you should learn,
  The Pranks of other Misses.

Don't be coy when I invade,
  And kindly yield the Blessing,
For it is high time your Maidenhead
  Were in my Possession,
Don't cry out and be a Fool,
For if that you come to School
  You must peruse your Lesson.

Open then the Books, my dear,
  The Leaves shall be separated,
All things that comprehensive are,
  Shall soon be penetrated.
Lessons three she had that Night,
Taking pleasure with delight,
  She begged for more next Morning.

Lovely master try again,
  Don't so soon forsake me,
For to learn I am in Pain
  Till you a Scholar make me,
Such pretty Things you show
The more you teach the more I'd know,
  For now the Fit does take me.

Never Master pleas'd me more,
  To such great Perfection,
And of all the schools I'm sure,
  Kind is your Correction,
For whene'er you give the same
Never a Scholar can you blame,
  'Tis done with such affection.

Open then my Leaves so Fair,
  And kindly to me show, Sir,
What knowledge is, how sweet, how rare,
  And what I long to know, Sir,
Cupid tells me very Plain,
That your learning is not vain,
  But useful as his Bow, Sir.

When he was departing then,
  She said with kind Expression,
When will you, pray Sir, come again,
  And teach me t'other Lesson.
He reply'd with great delight,
My dear, I'll come but ev'ry Night,
  And think it as a Blessing.

Thus each Night he do (e)s repair
  To tell her of her Duty,
While He's taken in the snare
  Shot to the Heart by Cupid,
When the School master is Love,
Then the Scholars kinder prove
  For Love is Kin to Beauty.

"A Young Man and a Maid"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

A YOUNG Man and a Maid, put in all, put in all
Together lately played, put in all;
The Young Man was in Jest,
O the Maid she did protest:
She bid him do his best, put in all, put in all.

With that her rolling Eyes, put in all, put in all,
Turned upward to the Skies, put in all;
My Skin is White you see,
My Smock above my Knee,
What would you more of me, put in all, put in all.

I hope my Neck and Breast, put in all, put in all,
Lie open to your chest, put in all,
The Young Man was in heat,
The Maid did soundly Sweat,
A little farther get, put in all, put in all.

According to her Will, put in all, put in all,
This Young Man try'd his Skill, put in all;
But the Proverb plain does tell,
That use them ne'er so well,
For an Inch they'd take an Ell, put in all, put in all.

When they had ended sport, put in all, put in all,
She found him all too short, put in all;
For when he'd done his best,
The Maid she did protest,
'Twas nothing but a Jest, put in all, put in all.

Young Strephon and Phillis

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

YOUNG Strephon and Phillis,
They sat on a Hill;
But the Shepherd was wanton,
And would not sit still:
His Head on her Bosom,
And Arms round her Waist;
He Hugged her, and kissed her,
And clasped her so fast:
Till playing and jumbling,
At last they fell tumbling;
And down they got 'em,
But oh! they fell soft on the Grass at the Bottom.

As the Shepherdess tumbled,
The rude Wind got in,
And blew up her Clothes,
And her Smock to her Chin:
The Shepherd he saw
The bright Venus, he swore,
For he knew her own Dove,
By the Feathers she wore:
Till furious Love sallying,
At last he fell dallying,
And won, down he got him,
But oh! oh! how sweet, and how soft at the Bottom.

The Shepherdess blushing,
  To think what she'd done;
Away from the Shepherd,
  She fain would have run;
Which Strephon perceiving,
  The wand'rer did seize;
And cried do be angry,
  Fair Nymph if you please:
  'Tis too late to be cruel,
  Thy Frowns my dear Jewel,
Now no more Stings have got 'em,
For oh! Thou'rt all kind, and all soft at the Bottom.

The Enjoyment

ANONYMOUS. FROM MISCELLANY POEMS, 1709

Ye Gods! the raptures of that night!
What fierce convulsions of delight!
How in each other's arms involv'd
We lay confounded, and dissolved!
Bodies mingling, sexes blending,
Which should most be lost contending,
Darting fierce and flaming kisses,
Plunging into boundless blisses;
Our bodies, and our souls on fire.
Tost by a tempest of Desire;
Till with utmost fury driven,
Down, at once, we sunk to heaven.

"The Night Is Come That Will Allow"

FROM PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, 1720

The Night is come that will allow,
No longer any Coyness now,
But every freedom must to Love be given;
  What tho' the Shadows of the Night,
  Withdraw her Beauty from his sight,
  The Youth another way, another way,
Another way will find his Heaven.

  See, see the charming Nymph is laid,
  Never again to rise a Maid,
The vigorous Bridegroom now impatient grown;
  Thrown himself by her side,
  With eager Joy, and amorous Pride,
Ready to seize the Prey that's now his own.

And now that all have left the Place,
Transporting Joys crowd on space,
The Nymph contends like one that would not win;
Entrained with Pleasure now she lies,
The Youth has gained the noble Prize,
And now her Fears are past, and Joys begin.

Sally's Sweetbread's Soliloquy

BY HENRY CAREY; SUNG BY MRS. ROBERTS IN THE CHARACTER OF A BUTCHER'S WIFE

Now ye good man's from home,
I would cast away care;
And with some brisk Fellow,
Steal out to the Fair;
But some are too bashful,
And others too bold
And Women's intentions,
Are not to be told.

But could I once meet
With a Spark to my mind,
One fit to be trusted,
I then might prove kind;
With him I'd steal out
And we'd range the Fair round,
Both eating and drinking
The best could be found.

O there I should see
All the Gentlemen Rakes,
And hear the sweet cry
Of Beer, Ale, Wine and Cakes;
While I in blue Apron
And clean Linen Gown;
Do allure the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And there's Bullock and Hall
A Pinchbeck and Fawks
And the Devil and all:
I'd have the best places,
I'd see ev'ry Sight;
And wanton in pleasure,
From Morning till Night.

Then home got secure
E'er my Husband comes back,
And cry most demure
"What d'ye buy, what d'ye lack?"
What tho' I've been cheery,
Gallanted, and kissed?
No harm to my Deary,
If nothing is missed.

The Disappointed Maid

BY WILLIAM PATTISON. FROM POETICAL WORKS, 1728

As Dolly and her favourite Swain
Were interrupted by the rain,
From tedding out the fragrant hay;
Beneath a sheltering cock they lay:
When thus the lovely, longing jade,
Unto the drowsy shepherd said,
Nay, prithee Lobby, why so sleepy?
Indeed, upon my word I'll nip ye.—
How pretty might we sit and chat,
Tell o'er old stories, and all that.—
But you—O Lord, the careless beast!
As if folks lie down to take rest.
Lob, half asleep, made no replies,
Or answered with a grunt her sighs.
While she to be revenged, arose,
And played a tickler on his nose.
(But come, the virgin to disgrace,
Will say, 'twas in another place.)
Be that—as 'twill, she waked the swain,
And tickled him with words again.
Come sweeting, Lobby, come my dear,
I'm sure that nobody is near;
Indeed we may, pray ben't afraid,
Poor I am, but an harmless maid.
For since you're so disposed to rest,
Pray take a nap upon my breast.
You see time, leisure, place, and all
For such enjoyment seem to call.
And you remember people say,
When the sun shines, then make your hay.
Augh! augh! quoth Lob, waked with surprise,
To see the sun flame in his eyes.
Heigh Hoa! come Doll, for as you say.
The sun shines, we must make our hay:
So reach me there my rake and prong,
'Twas well you waked—we've slept too long.

The Enjoyment

BY WILLIAM PATTISON. FROM POETICAL WORKS, 1728

Come my Laura, come my love;
Come my tender turtle-dove;
Let me from this host retire,
To languish in a softer fire,
How the waving elms invite us!
How the rosy bowers delight us!
How their am'rous foldings twine,
To imitate thy arms and mine!
See these snowy lilies blowing,
With the blushing roses glowing,
Silently the soul inspire,
To kindle at thy lover's fire:
See these springing violets rise,
Animated by thy eyes;
Lavishly their charms they spread,
To make a soft enamelled bed;
And like this downy swelling breast,
They rise, and languish to be pressed.

But O thou happy, happy grove,
Sacred to the God of love,
With the thickest umbrage shade us,
Let no piercing rays invade us:
Let no light but Beauty's charm us,
Let no heat but Beauty's warm us;
Make our artificial light,
Close and sweet as our delight.

And now, my dear, no longer coy,
Let us give a thought to joy!
Then, closely lay thy lips to mine,
And let our souls and bodies join:
Let me suck thy balmy breath,
And fainting, glory in my death.
Take me dying to thy arms,
Ah me! I die with pleasing pain,
O kindle me to life again.
And now, my brighter Queen of Love,
I'll confess the stronger Jove.

O happiest transport, dearest blessing,
Sweetest-rapture past expressing!
Who can tell the thrilling pleasure,
When the nymph resigns her treasure!
When she melts in ripen'd blisses,
Breathing out her soul in kisses!
When in Paradise she lies,
And rolls her pretty dying eyes:

While the Snake with softer strains,
Sweetly stings her tickling veins!
She pants, she sighs, she heaves her charms,
And locks her vig'rous lover in her arms.

Nancy the Bed-Maker

BY WILLIAM PATTISON. FROM POETICAL WORKS, 1728

'Twas once upon a summer's day,
As on my downy bed I lay:
All over in tedious sweat,
To ease my limbs, and cool the heat;
When pretty Nancy gently came,
Nancy, the object of my flame!
So soft she looked, so sweet, so fair,
With such a winning, yielding air;
With such an easy comely pride,
She seemed a lovely, longing bride!
Obedient to her eyes' command,
I seized her warm consenting hand;
Upon the downy bed displayed,
The unmurmuring, panting, struggling maid.
There ravished, feasted on her charms,
Her heaving breast, her twining arms,
Her Ivory neck, her roguish eyes,
Her slender waist, her taper thighs,
With magic beauties these between
Too soft; too dazzling to be seen.
Melting, I clasped them close to mine,
And in a moment grew divine!

The Presbyterian Wedding

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM MUSICAL MISCELLANY, 1729

—Procul ô procul este Profani!
Conclamat Vates totoque absistite Luco.—VIRGIL.

A CERTAIN Presbyterian Pair
Were wedded t'other day;
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
Their Pastor came to pray.

But first he bade each Guest depart,
Nor sacred Rites profane;
For carnal Eyes such Mysteries
Can never entertain.

Then with a Puritanic Air,
  Unto the Lord he pray'd,
That he would please to grant Encrease
  To that same man and maid:

And that the Husbandman might dress
  Full well the Vine his Wife;
And like a Vine she still might twine
  About him all her Life.

Sack Posset then he gave them both,
  And said with lifted Eyes,
Blest of the Lord! with one Accord
  Begin your Enterprise.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,
  T'apply Prolific Balm;
And while they strove in mutual Love,
  The Parson sang a Psalm.

The Gallant Schemer's Petition to The Honourable Mrs. F———s

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM MUSICAL MISCELLANY, 1731

By the Mole on your Bubbies so round and so white,
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would delight,
By what-ever Mole else you have got out of sight.
  I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Kiss just a starting from off your moist Lips,
By the delicate up-and-down Jott of your Hips,
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues out-tips
  I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Down on your Bosom on which my Soul dies,
By the Thing of all Things which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when you rise,
  I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't dare.
  I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

"O Mither Dear, I 'Gin to Fear"

WORDS FROM THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1733

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear
  Tho' I'm baith good, and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
  I start and dream of Johnny.

When Johnny then comes down the Glen,
  To woo me dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Consent;
  For we two ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
  For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool
  I dinna bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the Crime,
  That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With Hainches few, and Een sae blew,
  To a' the Bedrals bindging.

Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
  The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the Word's gane thro' the town
  Alack! how can she mend it?
Now Tam maun face the Minister,
  And she maun mount the Pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae
  For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
  Reply'd the kindly Mither,
Get Johnny's Hand in holy Band,
  Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
  Ye'll do your part discreetly;
And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
  And Barrel run right sweetly.

An Imitation of Chaucer

BY ALEXANDER POPE, C. 1728

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken not sans secresie.
Thilke Moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond;
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filche the grey Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he bent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent,
  But ho! our Nephew, crieth one;
Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out—
This sely Clerke full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
Lo, here is Coz, and here is Miss.

But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The Ducke sore tickleth his Erse-roote:
Four-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest,
Te-hee, cried ladies; clerks nought spake;
O Moder, Moder! quoth the Daughter,
Be thilke same thing Maids logen a'ter?
Better is to pine on coals and chalke,
Then trust on Mon whose yerde can talke.

Phryne

BY ALEXANDER POPE

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open she was and unconfin'd,
  Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
  Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch;
  Spaniards or French, came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear;
'T was Si Signior, 't was Yaw Mynheer,
  'T was S'il vous plait, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
  At length she turns a bride;
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
  And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
  Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
  Then painted butterflies.

Prologue to the Wife of Bath

PARAPHRASE FROM CHAUCER, BY ALEXANDER POPE

YE sov'reign Wives! give ear, and understand:
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
For never was it given to mortal man
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! (it was thus I used to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleased to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immured at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say), she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.

* * * * * * *

Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger, too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within:
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun:
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

* * * * * * *

If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
"What! so familiar with your spouse?" I cried:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'t was a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold;
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.

Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and child, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
Thou shouldst be always thus resign'd and meek!"

* * * * * * *

The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
Fie! 't is unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
What means my dear?—indeed—you are to blame.
Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.

* * * * * * *

My fourth spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—As how? you'll say:
Not with my body, in a filthy way;
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, Hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.

* * * * * * *

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)

Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone,
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains.
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap,
  In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.

* * * * * * *

This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade;
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay:
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
  'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engaged my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need.
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown
All this I said; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

* * * * * * *

Phyllis

BY JONATHAN SWIFT. MISCELLANIES IN PROSE AND VERSE, 1727-32

RESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turned her ear:

If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practised how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling.
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
  At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother screamed, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulked for shame;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way!
  Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wished to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
  Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honoured father—these—"
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,)
Filled with the choicest common-places,
By others used in the like cases.
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in Heaven:

His pardon begged: but, to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife."
One argument she summ'd up all in,
"The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favour when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all, attend the Muse,
Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemired;
The horse and both the riders tired:
Their vituals bad, their lodgings worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wished that she had strained a limb,
When first she ventured out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befell 'em,
The Muse hath no time to tell 'em;
How Johnny wheedled, threatened, fawned,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage vows,
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoiled the trade;
For now the surgeon must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep, at Stains, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

The Power of Love

FROM THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY, C. 1729

At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep
The peaceful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,

Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip;
  Love led the Nymph a-stray.
His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
  And, so assuage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys:
At such an Hour, in such a Place,
  What Lover could contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
  The Moon no Succour gave:
The cruel Stars unmoved, looked on,
And seemed to smile at what was done,
  Nor could her Honour save.

Vanquished at last, by powerful Love,
  The Nymph expiring lay;
No more she sighed, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
  She blushed and died away.

Yet blest the Grove, her conscious Flight,
  And Youth, that did betray;
And panting, dying with Delight,
She blest the kind transporting Night,
  And cursed approaching Day.

A Satire on Marriage

BY THOMAS BROWN. WORKS IN PROSE AND VERSE, 1730

THE husband's the pilot, the wife is the ocean,
He always in danger, she always in motion:
And she that in wedlock twice hazards his carcass,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a hard case;
Even at our own weapons the females defeat us,
And death, only death, can sign our quietus.
Not to tell you sad stories of Liberty lost,
How all our mirth is all palled, and our pleasures all crost;
This pagan confinement, this damnable station,
Suits no order, nor age, nor degree in thy nation.
  The Levite it keeps from parochial duty,
For who can at once mind religion and beauty?
The rich it charms with expenses and trouble.
And a poor beast, you know, can scarce carry double;
'Twas invented they tell you to keep us from falling,
Oh, the virtue and grace of a shrill caterwauling.
But it pulls in your game, ah, but how do you know, sir,
How often your neighbour breaks up your enclosure?
  For this is the principal comfort of marriage,
You must eat, tho' a hundred have a spit in your porridge.
If at night you're inactive, and fail of performing,
Enter thunder and lightning, and bloodshed next morning.

Cries the bone of your side, thanks, dear Mr. Horner,
This comes of your sinning with Crape in the corner.
Then to make up the breach, all your strength you must rally,
And labor and sweat like a slave at the galley.
Yet still you must charge, oh, blessed condition!
Tho' you know, to your cost, you've no ammunition.
Till at last, my dear mortified fool of a man,
You're not able to make a poor flash in the pan.
  Fire, female and flood, begin with a letter,
And the world's for them all not a farthing the better.

Your flood is soon gone; you your fire may humble,
If into the flame store of water you tumble;
But to cool the damned heat of your wife's titillation
You may use half the engines and pumps in the nation.
Thus, sir, I have sent you my thoughts of the matter.
Judge as you please, but I scorn for to flatter.

Melisinda's Misfortune

BY THOMAS BROWN. WORKS IN PROSE AND VERSE, 1730

TIRED with business of the day,
Upon her couch supinely lay
Fair Melisinda void of care,
No living creature being near:
When straight a calm and gentle sleep
Did o'er her drowsy eyelids creep;
Her senses thus by fetters tied,
By nimble fancy were supplied:
Her quick imagination brought
The ideas of her waking thought.
She dreamt herself a new made bride
In bed, by young Philander's side:
The posset eat, the stocking throw,
And all the company withdrawn;
And now the blest Elysium,
Of all her wished for joys, is come.
Philander, all dissolved in charms,
Lies raptured in her circling arms,
With panting breasts and swimming eyes
She meets the visionary joys;
In all the amorous postures love,
Which the height of ecstasy could move;
But as she roving did advance
Her trembling legs, O dire mischance!
The couch being near the fireside,
She expanded them, alas! too wide:
She exposed her nethermost attire
Unto the embraces of the fire;
So the chaste Phoenix of the East
With fluttering fires her spicy nest.

The flames at first did trembling seize
The dangling hem of the lost prize;
But finding no resistance, higher
As 'tis their nature to aspire,
Approaching near the seat of bliss,
The centre of earthly happiness,
Which vastly more of pleasure yields,
Than all the feigned Elysian fields.

At last the flames were grown so rude,
They boldly everywhere intrude;
They soon recalled the lady's sense,
And chased the pleasing vision thence:
Soon as her eyes recovered light,
She straight beheld, the dismal sight.

Then viewing of her half-burnt smock,
Thus to herself the sad nymph spoke:
"Is this the effect of dreams? Is this
The fruit of all my fancy's bliss?
Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
When maidens throw their legs too wide:
Had I but kept my legs across,
I and my smock had had no loss:
I ought, I'm sure, to have more heed,
For ne'er had virgin greater need:
My kindness and my little care
Has left me scarce a smock to wear.
But I could bear the loss of them
Had not the fire disturbed my dream.
Ah! cruel flames, you're too unkind
To chase these fancies from my mind:
Down, down into your native cell
In your own blazing regions dwell:
Vex me no more, let me possess
My linen, or my dream in peace.
Thus the poor nymph, bewailed her treacherous
luck,
At once to lose so good a dream and smock.

The Mill, Mill—O—

AN OLD SCOTS COUNTRYSIDE SONG; (1731) FROM MUSICAL MISCELLANY, VI. 76; ALSO IN MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA (C. 1800), COLLECTED BY ROBERT BURNS

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still, O;
A lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will, O;

Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest
  She stirr'dna my joy to spill, O,
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
  And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
  T' employ my courage and skill, O,
Frae her quietly I saw, hoist sails and awa,
  For the wind blew fair on the billow.
'Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
  Tauld me, with a voice right shrill, O,
My lass, like a fool, has mounted the stool,
  Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
  I ferlyin' speir'd how she fell, O,
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, "let me die,
  "Sweet sir, gin I can tell, O."
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
  And bad her a' fears expel, O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man,
  Wha had done her the deed mysel', O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
  Beneath the Shilling hill, O;
If I did offence, I'll make ye amends,
  Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.
O the mill, mill, O; an' the kill, kill, O,
  An' the coggin' of the wheel, O;
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
  An' round with a sodger reel, O.

ANOTHER VERSION

As I came down yon water side,
  And by yon Shilling hill, O,
There I spied a bonny lass,
  A Lass that I lo'ed right weel, O.
    The mill, mill, O; and the kill, kill, O,
      An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
    The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
      An' danc'd the miller's reel, O.

I spier'd at her, gin she cou'd play,
  But the lassie had nae skill, O,
An' yet she wasna a' to blame,
  She pat it in my will, O.
    The mill, mill, O; and the kill, kill, O,
      An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
    The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
      An' danc'd the miller's reel, O.

Then she fell o'er, an' sae did I,
  An' danc'd the miller's reel, O,
Whene'er that bonny lassie comes again,
  She shall hae her ma't ground weel, O.
    The mill, mill, O; and the kill, kill, O,
      An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
    The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
      An' danc'd the miller's reel, O.

Cloe's Precaution

FROM WINDSOR MEDLEY, 1731

FORGIVE me, Venus, if I tell,
What on thy sacred Eve befel;
When happy, if forbid to boast,
Much of the Happiness is lost.
  Cloe, a Nymph of matchless Mien,
Who long the reigning Toast had been,
Of all the Wits, and Rakes, and Smarts,
That prowl, to prey on Virgin's Hearts;
Yet ever to her Honour true,
Unless—what's that?—with one or two.
One night as we together sat,
Passing the smiling Hours in chat,
We took a Glass—'twas pretty late.
The Nymph relaxed, her Eyes confessed,
Her Virtue scarce would stand the test.
Love, Wine, or both, had filled her Head,
The Spies were sent away to bed;
Spight of her Pride, the engaging she,
Avowed a Passion—and for me.
Then let's to bed—you shan't,—I will;
Don't offer't, for I vow I'll squeal.
Child, if you do, 'twill be all one.
Nay, then—but keep your Breeches on;
Agreed,—'twas done as soon as said,
I in my Breeches—went to bed.

The Penitent Nun

BY JOHN LOCKMAN; FROM MUSICAL MISCELLANY, 1731

DAME Jane a sprightly Nun, and gay,
  And formed of very yielding Clay,
Had long with resolution strove
  To guard against the Shafts of Love.

Fond Cupid smiling, spies the Fair,
And soon he baffles all her Care,
In vain she tries her Pain to smother,
The Nymph too frail, the Nymph too frail,
Becomes a Mother.

But no, these little Follies o'er,
She firmly vows she'll sin no more;
No more to Vice will fall a Prey,
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.
Close in her Cell immur'd she lies,
Nor from the Cross removes her Eyes;
Whilst Sisters crowding at the Crate,
Spend all their Time, spend all their Time in
Worldly Prate.

The Abbess, overjoyed to find
This happy Change in Jenny's Mind,
The rest, with Air composed, addressing,
"Daughters, if you expect a Blessing,
"From pious Jane, Example take,
"The World and all its Joys forsake."
"We will" (they all reply'd as One)
"But first let's do as Jane has done."

Fancy's All

WORDS BY MITCHELL; FROM MUSICAL MISCELLANY, 1731

Black, White, Yellow or Red,
Woman's a charming lovely Creature,
Get her but fairly to Bed
And boggle no more about the Matter,
'Tis not Complexion
That causes Affection;
Nor Graces appearing,
That make her endearing;
But Fancy in Lovers,
Such secrets discovers
As presently set their Spirits in motion.
Woman's a Treasure,
Created for Pleasure;
And what are their Faces,
Compared to Embraces?
If Joan is but ready,
She's good as her Lady:
A Proof that Delight is the Daughter of Notion.

The Country Lass

FROM THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, II. 85

ALTHO' I be but a Country Lass,
  Yet a lofty Mind I bear-O,
And think my sel' as good as those,
  That rich Apparel wear-O.
Altho' my Gown be hame spun Gray,
  My skin it is as saft-O,
As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
  And carry their heads alaft-O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
  The thing that must be done-O,
With Garlands of the Finest Flowers
  To shade me frae the Sun-O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
  Where Grass and Flowers do spring-O,
Then on a flowry Bank at Noon,
  I set me down and sing-O.

My Paisly Piggy, corked with Sage,
  Contains my Drink but thin-O:
No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
  Or tempt my Mind to sin-O;
My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
  I think them unco fine-O;
And on a flowry Bank at Noon,
  I set me down and dine-O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise
  Great Bags of shining Gold-O,
Like them whose Daughters, now-a-days,
  Like Swine are bought and sold-O;
Yet my fair Body it shall keep
  And honest Heart within-O,
And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
  I value not a Pin-O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
  Nor Chains about my Neck-O,
Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
  My Fingers straight to deck-O;
But for that Lad to me shall fa',
  And I have Grace to wed-O,
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
  I mean my Maidenhead-O.

If canny Fortune give to me,
  The Man I dearly love-O,
Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
  My hands I can improve-O;

Expecting for a Blessing still,
  Descending from above-O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
  Repeating Tales of Love-O.

Down the Burn Davie

FROM THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
  And Broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was compleat Fifteen,
  And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
Blyth Davie's Blinks her Heart did move,
  To speak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn, Davie, Love,
  And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each Lad surpass,
  That dwelt on this Burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest Lass,
  Just meet to be a Bride;
Her Cheeks were rosy, red and white,
  Her Een were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like Aurora bright,
  Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,
  What tender Tales they said!
His Cheeks to hers he oft did lay,
  And with her Bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
  To be mair fully blest,
In yonder Vale, they lean'd them down;
  Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd I guess, was harmless Play,
  And naithing sure unmeet;
For ganging hame, I heard him say,
  They liked a wa'k sae sweet;
And that they aften shou'd return,
  Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the Burn,
  And ay shall follow you.

"My Jockey Blyth for What Thou Hast Done"

FROM ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, II., C. 1733

PEGGY

My Jockey blyth for what thou hast done,
  There is nae help nor mending;
For thou hast jogg'd me out of Tune,
  For a' thy fair pretending.
My Mither sees a Change on me,
  For my Complexion dashes,
And this alas! has been with thee
  Sae late amang the Rashes.

JOCKEY

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
  To free thee frae her Scoulding;
Come then, and let us buckle to,
  Nae langer let's be folling:
For her content I'll instant wed,
  Since thy Complexion dashes;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
  'Tis faster than the Rashes.

PEGGY

Then Jockey since thy Love's so true,
  Let Mither scoul, I'm easy:
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
  For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I'll ne'er complain:
  O! well's me on the Rashes;
When e'er thou likes I'll do't again
  And a Feg for a' their Clashes.

The Ravish'd Lover

A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC, C. 1736

When Fanny blooming fair
  First met my ravished Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air
  I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gazed,
  Admiring ev'ry part,
I every feature praised,
  She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
  Young smiling Loves appear,
There Cupid basking lyes,
  His Shafts are hoarded there:
Her Blooming cheeks are dyed
  With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
  Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turned limbs confess
  The lucky hand of Jove,
Her Features all express,
  The Beauteous Queen of Love.
What Flames my Nerves invade,
  When I behold the Breast
Of that too lovely Maid,
  Rise suing to be prest.

Venus round Fanny's waist,
  Hath her own Cestus Bound,
With Guardian Cupids graced,
  Who sport the circle round;
How happy will he be,
  Who shall her Zone unloose;
That bliss to all but me
  May Heav'n and she refuse.

Song

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE CUPID, 1736

Oh fie! what mean I, foolish Maid,
In this remote and silent shade,
  To meet with you alone?
My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your friends than mine:
  Oh! I shall be undone.

A savage beast I would not fear;
Or, should I meet with villains here,
  I to some cave wou'd run:
But such enchanting arts you show,
I cannot strive, I cannot go:
  Oh! I shall be undone.

Ah! give those sweet temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dang'rous lips no more—
  What, must we yet fool on?
Ah! now I yield; ah! now I fall:
And now I have no Breath at all:
  And now I'm quite undone.

I'll see no more your tempting face,
Nor meet you in this dangerous place;
  My fame's for ever gone.

But fame, to speak the truth, is vain,
And every yielding maid does gain,
  By being so undone.

In such a pleasing storm of bliss,
To such a bank of paradise,
  Who would not swiftly run?
If you but truth to me will swear,
We'll meet again, nor do I care
  How oft I am undone.

Song

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE CUPID, 1736

CUSTOM, alas! doth partial prove,
  Nor gives us even measure:
To maids it is a pain to love,
  But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts explain,
  Whilst ours must burn within:
We have got eyes and tongues in vain,
  And truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
  And yet no hazard run.
Poor we are left if we deny;
  Or if we yield, undone.

Then equal laws let custom find,
  Nor either sex opress:
More freedom give to womankind,
  Or give to mankind less.

When I Court Thee

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE CUPID, 1736

WHEN I court thee, dear Molly, to grant me the bliss,
With a Squeeze by the hand, and then with a kiss;
You, like an arch baggage, for ever reply,
In the same loving mood, can you live, sir, and die?
Then you ask me, how long this same passion will last,
And if I shan't cool, when the moment is past?
Such questions as these might e'en damp a beginner,
And must certainly puzzle an old battered sinner.
But to shew you, for once, how much I despise
To tell you, like some men, a thousand damned lies,
My mind, dearest girl, in few Words you shall know,
And if, on these Terms, you think well of it, so;
If not, for my part, I shall ne'er take it ill,
For if one woman won't, there are thousands that will.

That I like you at present, you never can doubt;
For what do I take all this trouble about?
That my passion is real, and void of disguise,
You may feel my pulse; you may read in my eyes:
When these roll so fast, and that beats so quick,
The deuce must be in't, if it's all but a trick.

Thy fresh ruddy lips, and thy teeth all so white,
Thy round tempting bubbies, which heave with delight,
Thy trim taper shape, and thy dear little feet,
Thy voice that's so soft, and thy breath that's so sweet;
Thy bright beaming eyes, and thy gay golden hair,
Provoke a sensation too killing to bear;
Above or below nothing faulty is seen;
And, faith, I dare answer for what lies between.

So many rare charms surely never can cloy,
But Night, after Night, wou'd afford one new joy;
Methinks, in my passion, I never cou'd vary,
If a thousand examples didn't prove the contrary:
For, like other men, I am but flesh and blood;
Yet, if I'm no better, I hope I'm as good;
Then since, dearest Molly, any one whom you take,
Is as likely as me, to prove false and forsake,
If you e'er run the hazard, let me be your man,
And I'll love you as much, and as long as I can.
We'll toy, ramp, and revel, we'll bill, and we'll coo,
And do everything else, which young lovers do.
But if, upon trial, and often repeating,
(For the proof of the pudding's, you know, in the eating)
Your passion or mine from the bias shou'd run,
As in crowds of each sex it already has done;
Shou'd we grow cool and civil, why e'en let us part,
Nor strive to keep up a dull passion by art;
For 'tis folly, 'tis nonsense, our nature to force,
As spurring a jade only makes her the worse:
At formal restraint let us neither repine,
But give back my Heart, and I'll return thine.

Denial

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE CUPID, 1736

WHAT! put off with one denial?
And not make a second trial?
You might see my eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women, obliged to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth who boldly storms.
Lovers, when you sigh and languish;
When you tell us of your anguish;

To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those sorrows you are easing;
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wish the foe shou'd spare.

In Chloe's Chamber

JOHN BANCKS, MISC. WKS., I. 260; "THE WHOLE TALE, OF WHICH THIS IS A RELICK, CONSISTED OF ABOUT THREE TIMES AS MANY LINES AS ARE NOW LEFT," 1738

In Chloe's Chamber, She and I
Together sat, no Creature nigh:
The Time and Place conspir'd to move
A Longing for the Joys of Love,
I sigh'd, and kiss'd, and press'd her Hand.
Did all—to make her understand.
She, pretty, tender-hearted Creature,
Obey'd the Dictates of Good-Nature,
As far as Modesty would let her.
  Melting Virgin seldom speaks.
But with her Breasts, and Eyes and Cheeks
Nor was it hard from These to find
That Chloe had—almost a Mind.
  Thus far 'twas well; but, to proceed,
What should I do?—Grow bold—I did.—
At last she falter'd, What would'st have?—
Your Love, said I, or else my Grave.—
  Suppose, it were the first, quoth she,
Could you for-ever constant be?
For-ever Chloe, by those Eyes,
Those Bubbies, which so fall and rise,
By all that's soft, and all that's fair,
By your whole sacred Self, I swear,
Your fondest Wishes ne'er shall crave
So constant, so complete a Slave!
  Damon, you know too well the Art,
She sighing said, to reach my Heart!
Yet oh! I can't, I won't comply.—
Why will you press? dear Damon why?

* * * * * * *

DESUNT CÆTERA

For Chloe, coming in one day,
As on my Desk the Copy lay;
What means this rhyming Fool? she cries,
Why some Folks may believe these Lies!
So on the Fire she threw the Sheet.
I burn'd my Hand—to save this Bit.

The Progress of Love

BY JAMES OSWALD; A BROADSIDE SONG WITH MUSIC, C. 1740

BENEATH the Myrtle's secret Shade
When Delia blest my Eyes,
At first I viewed the lovely Maid
In silent soft surprise:
With trembling Voice, and Anxious Mind,
I softly whispered Love,
She blush'd a Smile so sweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove;
Did all my fears remove.

Her lovely yielding form I prest,
Sweet Maddening Kisses stole;
And soon her swimming Eyes confest,
The wishes of her Soul:
In wild tumultuous Bliss I cry,
O Delia now be kind,
She prest me close and with a Sigh,
To melting joys resign'd;
To melting joys resign'd.

An Imitation of Ovid's Amours

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, MISC. POEMS, 1740

CHLOE, since you a handsome woman are,
And consequently frail as you are fair,
Be not to any of my rivals coy,
But all the sweets of Liberty enjoy:
Through ev'ry various scene of loving rove,
And to the best your youth and charms improve;
I, all this freedom can with ease allow;
I meant not to confine you to a vow;
Provided that you act with secrecy,
And keep your jilting tricks concealed from me.
She sins not to the world who can deny,
And brazen out the rumour with a lie.
'Tis folly, nay, 'tis madness to reveal
That which you can but any way conceal.
You what the world would ne'er suspect proclaim,
And double by your impudence your shame.
The lewdest, bawdiest drab in all the town,
Will shut the door before she lays her down.
Is't not enough that fame proclaims your guilt,
But you, yourself, must tell, you are a jilt?
For your own sake be with your pleasure wise,
And sin at least under a chaste disguise.
Nay, if to me, your tricks should be betrayed,
Now they're all false, and that the world is mad;

Blush, weep, sigh, rage, and all your passions vent,
As if you did your injured fame lament:
And I shall fondly think you innocent.
When to some secret grotto you resort,
That love will suit, conceal the am'rous sport;
There then unmasked, let loose your fierce desire,
Inflame with every lecherous trick your fire,
Thy soul in its own native dress expose,
And what, without disguise, you are disclose;
Baulk nothing that can add to your delight,
But vigorously pursue love's pleasing fight.
Without a blush your folding arms, fast lock,
That links you closer, and improves the shock.
Your tongue in his in humid kisses dart,
And let each single member have a part.
As still your acting the soft scenes of love,
Your body in a thousand postures move;
Art does the dry insipid act advance,
And different motion does the bliss enhance.
All dying, amorous, soft expressions use,
Your melting looks new vigor will infuse,
But when you meet me, do not disabuse;
Hide with thy waving robe the rising blush,
By strong denial all suspicion crush,
'Til scandal's self confirm the general hush.
To me, to all the world thy truth declare,
That if deceived, unknowing I may err.
My dear credulity O ne'er destroy,
That paradise of fools let me enjoy.
But why! oh why! so often must I see
The billet sent, and brought again to thee?
Why deep indented, when I come, is seen
The couch without, the conscious bed within;
And ev'ry pot a witness of thy sin?
Why discompose the ringlets of thy hair,
Move them with sleep? Why all thy bosom bare,
And all the marks of love unprinted there?
Lost reputation though you may despise,
Set not at least your guilt before my eyes.
Consider me, if not your ruined fame;
To me 'tis death, to you what is not shame.
When you confess I feel the fatal pains,
And the chill'd blood creeps slowly through my veins,
But ah! in vain thy falsehood I would hate;
No; I must love thee, faithless and ingrate!
Even while I fly from thy destructive charms,
I wish myself expiring in thy arms,
O there conceal what I shall not inquire!
Each spark of jealousy wou'd soon expire.
Nay, wert thou taken in the guilty act,
And even these eyes were witness to the fact,

What well I saw, as well would'st thou deny,
And swear my sense imposed on me a lie,
My willing eyes their evidence should quit,
And all my soul in sorrow should submit.
Prepared to yield, how easy is thy task!
To say, 'tis false, is all that I can ask,
And since two words thy conquest may secure,
And since thy judge, if not thy cause, is sure,
At least be constant in a fixed denial;
Thy truth, my girl, shall never come on trial.

An Ode to Lord Lincoln

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS, 1744

O LINCOLN! joy of womankind!
To you this humble ode's designed:
  Let —— inspire my song:
Gods! with what powers are you endu'd!
Tiberius was not half so lewd,
  Nor Hercules so strong.

'Tis —— now my pen employs,
And since I sing of heav'nly joys,
  From heavenly notes I'll bring;
And tho' the lyric strain I chuse,
I'll open like the Mantuan muse—
  "——, and the man I sing."

But don't expect much flattery
From such an honest bard as me,
  Dear, noble, vigorous youth;
For when I say that you —— more
Than ever mortal did before,
  You know I say the truth.

Four times a night, some happy fair,
You —— throughout the gliding year,
  This course of joy pursuing;
Of feats like these what annals speak,
'Tis eight and twenty times a week,
  And, Faith! that's glorious doing.

Had Messalina —— with you,
Whom no man then could e'er subdue,
  Tho' many a Roman tried:
She'd own your vigour and your charms,
And, melting, lying in your arms,
  Cry out —— "I'm satisfied!"

Then still love on with loosen'd reins,
While youth is boiling in your veins,
  And sparkles in your face;
With whores be lewd, with whigs be hearty,
And both in ——, and in party,
  Confess your noble race.

To you and steady Pelham then,
With joy I'll dedicate my pen,
  For both shall be my theme
Since both divided England share,
You have the love of every fair,
  He every man's esteem.

A Lamentable Case

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS, 1744

Ye famed physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case
  Nor think that I am joking;
When she would, he cannot comply,
When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;
  And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe received him on her breast,
  With fondly folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
  Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With rising flames young Strephon burns,
  And then, wou'd fain be doing:
But Chloe, now asleep or sick,
Has no great relish for the trick,
  And sadly balks his wooing.

O cruel and disastrous case,
When in the critical embrace
  That only one is burning!
Dear Doctors, set this matter right;
Give Strephon spirits over night,
  Or Chloe in the morning.

The Lover: a Ballad

BY THE LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, C. 1758

I

At length, by so much importunity pressed,
Take, Congreve, at once, the inside of my breast:
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame.
I am not so cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh, was there a man (but where shall I find
Good-sense and good-nature so equally joined?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boast, nor would lewdly design,
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III

No pedant, yet learned; nor rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet ne'er be he fond of any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, or foppishly low.

IV

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V

And that my delight may be solidly fixed,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mixed,
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide,
From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe;
But till this astonishing creature I know
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

VI

I never will stare with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loathe the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies:
And as Ovid has sweetly in parables told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

Charles VII and Agnes Sorel

BY VOLTAIRE. FROM LA PUCELLE. TRANSLATED BY ERNEST DOWSON, 1899

Our good King Charles within his youthful prime
His revels kept at Tours, at Eastertime,
Where at a ball (for well he loved to dance)
It so fell out, that for the good of France
He met a maid who beggared all compare,
Named Agnes Sorel (Love had framed the fair).
Let your warm fancy youthful Flora trace,
Of Venus add her most enchanting grace,
The wood-nymph's stature and bewitching guise,
With Love's seductive air and brilliant eyes,
Arachne's art, the Syren's dulcet song,—
All these were hers and she could lead along
Kings, Heroes, Sages in her captive chain.
To see her, love her, feel the increasing pain,
Of young Desire, its growing warmth to prove,
With faltering utterance to speak of Love;
To tremble and regard with dove-like eyes,
To strive and speak and utter nought but sighs,
Her hand, with a caressing hand to hold,
Till panting all the flames her breast enfold;
By turns each other's tender pains impart,
And own the luscious thrill that sways the heart;
To please, in short, is just a day's affair,
For Kings in love are swift and debonnaire.
Agnes was fain—she knew the art to please
To deck the thing in garb of mysteries,
Veils of thin gauze, through which will always pry,
The envious courtier's keen, malignant eye.
To mask this business, that none might know
The King made choice of Councillor Bonneau;
A trusty man of Tours, skilled in device
Who filled a post that is not over nice,
Which, though the court, that always seeks to lend
Beauty to all things, calls the Prince's friend,
The vulgar town and every rustic imp
Are grossly apt to designate a Pimp.
Upon Loire's banks thus worthy Sieur Bonneau
Stood seigneur of an elegant château,
Whither one day, about the time of shade,
In a light skiff fair Agnes was conveyed,
There the same night King Charles would fain recline
And there they supped, while Bonneau poured the wine.
State was dismissed, though all was served with care,
Banquets of gods could not with this compare!
Our Lovers their delight and joy confessed,
Desire inflamed and transport filled each breast,
Supremely formed by sprightly wit to please
Eager they listen and alternate gaze;

While their discourse, without indecence, free,
Gave their impatience fresh vivacity.
The ardent prince's eyes her charms devoured,
While in her ear soft tales of love he poured,
And with his knee her gentle knees deflowered.
The supper over, music played awhile,
Italian music—the chromatic style.
Flutes, hautboys, viols softly breathed around,
While three melodious voices swelled the sound;
They sang historic allegories, their strain
Told of those heroes mighty Love had slain,
And those they sang, who some proud Fair to please,
Quit fields of glory for inglorious ease.
In a recess this skilful band was set
Hard by the chamber where the good king ate;
As yet they sought their secret joys to screen
And Agnes fair enjoyed the whole unseen.
The moon upon the sky begins to glower;
Midnight has struck; it is Love's magic hour;
In an alcove begilt with art most sure,
Not lit too much and yet not too obscure,
Between two sheets of finest Holland made
The lovely Agnes' glowing charms were laid.
Here did Dame Alix leave her to repose;
But, cunning Abigail! forgot to close
The private door that ope'd an easy way
To eager Charles, impatient of delay.
Perfumes most exquisite, with timely care
Are poured already on his braided hair:
And ye, who best have loved, can tell the rest
The anxious throbbings of our monarch's breast
The sanctuary gained which shrines her charms,
In bed he clasps her naked to his arms,
Moment of ecstasy! propitious night!
Their hearts responsive beat with fond delight.
Love's brightest roses glow on Agnes' cheek;
In the warm blush, her fears and wishes speak.
But maiden fears in transport melt away,
And Love triumphant rules with sovran sway.
The ardent Prince now pressed her to his breast,
His eyes surveyed, his eager hands caressed,
Beauties enough which had been given her
To make a hermit an idolater.
Beneath a neck, whose dazzling whiteness shone
Pure and resplendent as the Parian stone,
With gentlest swell two breasts serenely move,
Severed and moulded by the hand of Love.
Each crowned with vermeil bud of damask rose,
Enchanting nipples, which ne'er know repose;
You seemed the gaze and pressure to invite,
And wooed the longing lips to seek delight.

Ever complying with my reader's taste,
I meant to paint as low as Agnes' waist;
To show that symmetry, devoid of blot,
Where Argus' self could not discern a spot;
But Virtue, which the world good manners calls,
Stops short my hand:—and lo! the pencil falls.
In Agnes all was beauty, all was fair;
Voluptuousness, whereof she had her share,
Spurred every sense which instant took the alarm,
Adding new grace to every brilliant charm
It animated: Love can use disguise,
And pleasure heightens beauty in our eyes.

* * * * * * *

Monrose and Agnes Sorel

BY VOLTAIRE. FROM LA PUCELLE. TRANSLATED BY ERNEST DOWSON, 1899

True, I had sworn to moralise no more,
To narrate brief, avoiding long discourse,
But garrulous the God-head I adore,
And who is proof against Don Cupid's force?
His inspiration fires my fevered brain,
And my pen scribbles on the unequal strain.
Young beauties, maidens, widows, wives enrolled
Upon his charming banners' ample fold;
Ye who alike receive his flames or darts,
Now tell me, when two glowing youthful hearts,
Equal in talents, merit and in grace,
When both would court you in the fond embrace,
Pressing alike, and fanning rapture's fire,
Awakening in the breast each keen desire;
Does not a strange embarrassment ensue?

* * * * * * *

More than the king, Monrose already knew,
And with address from prating pages drew
Full information where fair Agnes lay;
Discreetly reconnoitering his way,
Just as a cat when quiet lies the house,
Watches the stealthy passage of a mouse,
And stealing forth the feeble foe to meet,
Lets not the earth feel the impress of her feet,
But once in view upon the prey she springs;
Monrose alike impelled by love's own wings,
With arms extended onward cautious steals,
Planting the toes, and raising high the heels:
O Agnes! Agnes! in thy room he kneels.
Less quickly fly to amber lightest straws,
Less quickly steel obeys magnetic laws,

Than on his knees the bold Monrose we find
Beside the couch where the fond belle reclined.
For words they had nor leisure nor desire,
Sudden as thought bright blazed the amorous kiss,
Their half-closed mouths united straight in bliss;
Their dying eyes the tender fires disclose,
Their soul comes floating to their lips of rose;
Their lips, which kissing, closer contact seek
And eloquently thus their passion speak!
Mute intercourse, the language of desire,
Enchanting prelude, organ of love's fire:
Yet for a trice, 't was fitting to forget
This concert sweet, this exquisite duet.
  Fair Agnes' hand assists to disengage
The cumbrous garments of the impatient page,
Who casts aside his troublesome attire,
Disguise averse to nature and desire,
To mortals in the golden age unknown,
Shunned by the God who still hath naked gone.
Ye Gods, what treasures! Is it Flora say,
With Youthful Zephyrus in wanton play?
Or is it Psyche fair caressing Love?
Or is it Venus in the Idalian grove
Clips fast the boy afar from the emprise
Of garish day, while Mars is wrath and sighs?

The Husband-Confessor

FROM TALES AND NOVELS OF JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, 1764

When Francis (named the first) o'er Frenchmen reigned,
In Italy young Arthur laurels gained,
And oft such daring valour showed in fight,
With ev'ry honour he was made a knight;
The monarch placed the spur upon his heel,
That all around his proper worth might feel.
Then household deities at home he sought,
Where—not at prayers his beauteous dame he caught.
He'd left her, truly, quite dissolv'd in tears;
But now the belle had bid adieu to fears;
And oft was dancing joyously around,
With all the company that could be found.

  Gallants in crowds Sir Arthur soon perceived;
At sight of these the knight was sorely grieved;
And, turning in his mind how best to act;
Cried he, Can this be truly held a fact,
That I've been worthy, while I'd fame in view,
Of cuckoldom at home, and knighthood too?
It ought to be but half:—the truth let's know;
From constancy the purest blessings flow.
Then like a father-confessor he dressed,
And took his seat where priests their flock confessed.

His lady absolution sought that day,
And on her knees before him 'gan to pray;
The minor sins were told with downcast eyes,
And then for hearing those of larger size,
The husband-confessor prepared his ears:—
Said she, Good father ('mid a flood of tears),
My bed received (the fault I fear's not slight),
A gentleman, a parson, and a knight.
Still more had followed, but, by rage o'ercome,
Sir Arthur cut the thread, and she was mum;
Though, doubtless, had the fair been let proceed,
Quite long her Litany had been decreed.

The husband, in a rage, exclaimed, thou jade,
A parson, say'st thou? t' whom dost think thou'st made
This curst confession?—To my spouse, cried she,
I saw you enter here, and came with glee.
Supposing you'd a trick to raise surprise;
Howe'er, 'tis strange that one so very wise,
The riddle should not fully comprehend:—
A KNIGHT, the king created you, my friend;
A GENTLEMAN, your rank was long ago;
A PARSON, you have made yourself you know.

Good heavens! exclaimed the knight, 'tis very clear,
And I a blockhead surely must appear.

The Two Friends

BY JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

Axiochus, a handsome youth of old,
And Alcibiades (both gay and bold),
So well agreed, they kept a beauteous belle,
With whom by turns they equally would dwell.

It happened, one of them so nicely played,
The fav'rite lass produced a little maid,
Which both extolled, and each his own believed,
Though doubtless one or t'other was deceived.

But when to riper years the bantling grew,
And sought her mother's foot-steps to pursue,
Each friend desired to be her chosen swain,
And neither would a parent's name retain.

Said one, why brother, she's your very shade;
The features are the same:—your looks pervade.
Oh no, the other cried, it cannot be:
Her chin, mouth, nose, and eyes, with yours agree;
But that as 'twill, let me her favours win,
And for the pleasure I will risk the sin

The Pack-Saddle

BY JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

A FAMOUS painter, jealous of his wife,
Whose charms he valued more than fame or life,
When going on a journey used his art,
To paint an ass upon a certain part,
(Umbilical, 'tis said) and like a seal:
Impressive token, nothing thence to steal.

A BROTHER brush, enamoured of the dame,
Now took advantage, and declared his flame:
The ASS effaced, but God knows how 'twas done;
Another soon howe'er he had begun,
And finished well, upon the very spot;
In painting, few more praises ever got;
But want of recollection made him place
A saddle, where before he none could trace.

The husband, when returned, desired to look
At what he drew, when leave he lately took.
Yes, see my dear, the wily wife replied,
The ASS is witness, faithful I abide.
Zounds! said the painter, when he got a sight,—
What!—you'd persuade me ev'ry thing is right?
I wish the witness you display so well,
And him who saddled it, were both in Hell.

The Dress-Maker

BY JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

A CLOISTERED nun had a lover
Dwelling in the neighb'ring town;
Both racked their brains to discover
How they best their love might crown.
The swain to pass the convent-door!—
No easy matter!—Thus they swore,
And wished it light.—I ne'er knew nun
In such a pass to be outdone:—
In woman's clothes the youth must dress,
And gain admission, I confess
The ruse has oft been tried before,
But it succeeded as of yore,
Together in a close barred cell
The lovers were, and sewed all day.
Nor heeded how time flew away.—
"What's that I hear? Reflection bell!
" 'Tis time to part, Adieu!—Farewell!—
"How's this? exclaimed the abbess, why
"The last at table?"—"Madam, I

"Have had my dress-maker."—"The rent
"On which you've both been so intent
"Is hard to stop, for the whole day
"To sew and mend, you made her stay;
"Much work indeed you've had to do!
"—Madam, 't would last the whole night through,
"When in our task we find enjoyment
"There is no end of the employment."

A Song

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE. FROM THE PLATONICK LOVER, 1761

As I walked forth one May morning,
I heard a pretty maid sweetly sing
As she sat under the cow a-milking,
  Shall I be married a Tuesday;
  I mun look smug upon Tuesday.

I prithee sweetheart what makes thee to marry,
Is your maidenhead grown a burden to carry?
  Or are you afraid that you will mis-carry?
  I prithee now tarry till Wednesday.

I pray, good sir, don't wish me such ill,
I've kept it these seven years against my own will;
I have made a vow, and I will it fulfill,
  That I will be married on Tuesday,
  So I mun look smug upon Tuesday.

An Tuesday morn it will be all my care
To powder my locks and to curl up my hair,
And two pretty maids for to wait on me there;
  So I mun look smug on Tuesday,
  So fine and so smug on Tuesday.

Then two young men to the church will me bring,
Where my husband will give me a gray gold ring,
But at night he will give me a far better thing.
  So I mun look smug on Tuesday,
  So fine and smug on Tuesday.

Songs from Plays

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE, 1761

THE devil a bit care I for a wife,
  So I have but wine and a fire;
A wench when I please, my passion to ease,
  The devil a wife I desire.

* * * * * * *

To gain all women there's a certain rule;
If wit should fail to please, then act the fool;
And where you find simplicity not take,
Throw off disguises, and profess the rake;
Observe which way their strongest humours run,
They're by their own lov'd cant the surest way undone.

* * * * * * *

Each trifling toy would tempt in times of old,
Now nothing melts a woman's heart like gold.
Some, bargains drive, others more nice than they,
Who'd have you think they scorn to kiss for pay;
To purchase them you must lose deep at play,
With several women, several ways prevail;
But gold's a certain way that—cannot fail.

Chaste Florimel

FROM THE POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR, 1765

No—I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
  Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh! sir, no man on earth that breathes
  Had ever yet his hand so high!

Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
  Undaunted see me meet the wound,
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part
  A second Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the pressing Corydon,
  Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by love to be undone,
  In broken dying accents said.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
  Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing that, sixteen months before,
  Our Lucrece had her second child.

And, hark ye! madam, cried the bawd,
  None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
  Oblige the squire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
  Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
  If by her friends she is betrayed?

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
  Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
  Let my last succour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and fortune's frown,
  A wretched love-sick maid deliver!
Oh! tip me but another crown,
  Dear sir, and make me yours for ever.

Pallas and Venus

BY MATTHEW PRIOR

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
  Yield, sister; rival, yield: naked, you see,
I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest;
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest!

  The warrior goddess with disdain replied:
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
Thou to be strong must put off every dress;
Thy only armour is thy nakedness:
And more than once, (or thou art much belied)
By Mars himself that armour has been tried.

To a Young Gentleman in Love

A TALE. BY MATTHEW PRIOR

FROM public noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast,
And lull my wearied soul to rest.
Forever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs, and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state.
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May Heaven around this destined head
The choicest of its curses shed!
To sum up all the rage of Fate,
In the two things I dread and hate;
Mayest thou be false, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celadon his soul express'd;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid:
Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth!
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine:
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy passion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
Through waters, and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and solace of thy woe:
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my constant passion known,
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die to let it out again.
No; Venus shall my witness be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I would not quit
My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Persian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.
O happy these of human race!
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea:
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.

While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL

While men have these ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our sex will—What? out with it. Lie;
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring)
In this short verse will be confined:
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

A Song

BY MATTHEW PRIOR

I

For God's-sake-nay, dear sir,
Lord, what do you mean,
I protest, and I vow, sir,
Your ways are obscene.

II

Pray give over, O! fie,
Pish, leave off your fooling.
Forbear, or I'll cry,—
I hate this rude doing.

III

Let me die if I stay,
Does the devil possess you?
Your hand take away,
Then perhaps I may bless you.

Since We Your Husband Daily See

BY MATTHEW PRIOR

Since we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
  A sot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
  Should sully all your charms;

While fretting I must lie alone,
  Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
  A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
  My burning passion cool;
Let me at least in thee have part
  With thy insipid fool.

"When Fanny to Woman Is Growing Apace"

W. YATES, NEW SONGS, ETC. SUNG AT VAUXHALL, NO. 4, 1765

When Fanny to woman is growing apace,
The rose-bud beginning to blow in her face,
For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a Jot,
Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than among the gay youths a tyrant she reigns;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendor she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout;
Tho' flatter'd and envy'd she pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something—but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best makes her ready to die;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell what.

Ye fair take advice, and be bless'd while you may;
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray,
Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pant e'er so much—you'll soon know for what.

Dick and Kate

FROM THE RATTLE, 1766

As Kate was driving home her cows
  Last May-day in the morning,
The birds sung sweetly on the boughs,
  Bright Sol the hills adorning;

Dick overtook the rosy maid,
  With love his bosom glowing,
He caught her round the waist, and said,
  "How far, Kate, are you going?"

"I'm going homewards (she reply'd)
  "Then, prythee, do not hold me,
"For should I here with you abide,
  "My mother she will scold me."
But Dick's bewitching artful tongue,
  With pleasing words o'erflowing,
Soon gained its point, the maid was young,
  And thought no more of going.

Beneath an oak's broad chequered shade
  Young Cupid saw 'em seated;
And there sly Kate was not afraid
  To grant all he entreated.
But while love's meadow, happy Dick,
  With nature's scythe was mowing;
She smiling cry'd, just in the nick,
  "How far are you now going?"

The Way to Win Her

FROM THE RATTLE, BY DURFEY THE YOUNGER, C. 1766

Ye Swains who roam from fair to fair,
  And strive each heart to bind,
Give ear to what I now declare
  The precepts of a friend.
Would you in Venus wars succeed,
Oh bashfulness be sure take heed,
  And that's the Way to Win her.

When first you meet the blooming lass,
  More ripe than peach or pear,
Let not the minutes idly pass,
  Of dull delays beware:
With kisses sweet your flame confess,
Her panting snowy bosom press,
  And that's the Way to Win her.

But should the crafty nymph prove coy,
  Cry "fye, Sir, you are rude,"
Let not those arts your hopes destroy,
  By nature all are lewd.
Then shilly shally never stand,
But boldly march up sword in hand
  And that's the Way to Win her.

And when love's fire you have fann'd,
  And she begins to melt,
And finds her virtue can't withstand
  The raptures she has felt;
Then gently force her to the sport
With resolution storm the fort,
  And that's the Way to Win her.

How Can I Keep My Maidenhead?

ANONYMOUS. 18TH CENT.

How can I keep my maidenhead,
  My maidenhead, my maidenhead,
How can I keep my maidenhead,
  Among sae mony men, O?

The Captain bad a guinea for't,
  A guinea for't, a guinea for't;
The Captain bad a guinea for't,
  The Colonel he bad ten, O.

But I'll do as my minnie did,
  My minnie did, my minnie did;
But I'll do as my minnie did,
  For siller I'll hae nane, O.

I'll gie it to a bonnie lad,
  A bonnie lad, a bonnie lad,
I'll gie it to a bonnie lad,
  For just as good again, O.

The Fickle Maid

ANONYMOUS. 18TH CENT.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm! she played, she danced, she sung,
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart,
Ah! why, cried I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.

Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess!
Ah! fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
She sank into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

The Pipe of Love

FROM SONGS COMIC AND SATYRICAL, BY G. A. STEVENS, 1782

ONE primrose time, a maiden brown,
  Wishing for what we will not say,
By side of shepherd sat her down,
  And softly ask'd him, would he play?
Mild shone the sun through red-streak morn,
  And glist'ning dew-drops pearled the grass;
The rustic, stretched beneath the thorn,
  Grinning, reply'd—I'll please thee, Lass.

All on the greenfield's turfy bed,
  Smiling, the fond one fell along;
The thick-leaf shade her face o'erspread,
  While, lisping, she began this song:—
" 'Tis love which gives life holidays,
  "And Love, I'll always take thy part;
"My shepherd's pipe so sweetly plays,
  "It finds the way to win my heart.

"The ladies dress'd with silks so fine,
  "In golden chains to visits go;
"On costly dishes they can dine,
  "And ev'ry night see ev'ry show;
"Yet, if 'tis true what I've heard speak,
  "Those high degrees lead lonely lives;
"Husbands are wilful, husbands weak,
  "And seldom pipe to please their wives."

Blue broke the clouds, the day yet young,
  The flowers fragrant fill'd the breeze;
Wanton the lass, half whisp'ring, sung,
  Yes, shepherd,—once more if you please.

Awaking from embrac'd delight,
  She heard her dame, and dar'd not stay;
They kiss, they part, but first—at night,
  She charg'd him come again and play.

His team to gear, home hy'd the loon,
  The love-sheer'd lass blithe bore her pail,
And thus she gave her ditty tune,
  Tripping it deftly down the dale;
"Tho' organ pipes play music fine,
  "And fountain-pipes folks run to see;
"Tho' thirsty souls love pipes of wine,
  "The pipe of love's the pipe for me."

Maria

FROM SONGS COMIC AND SATYRICAL, BY G. A. STEVENS, 1782

One day, by appointment, Maria I met,
That day of delight I remember it yet;
As the meadow we cross'd to avoid the town's crowd,
The sun seem'd eclips'd, by a black spreading cloud:
Escaping the shower, to barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the pattering rain overhead.

Some moments I suffer'd my fair to take breath,
Then, sighing, she cry'd, "Lord I'm frighted to death;
"Suppose nay, now, by any one I should be seen?
"Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now—dear—what do you mean?
"Had I thought you wou'd be half so rude—fie! for shame!
"I wish I'd been wet to the skin e'er I came.

"You will have a kiss, then!—why, take one or two!
"I beg you won't tease me!—Lord! what wou'd you do?
"You'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a man!
"I will hold your hands too!—Aye, do if you can:
"Is this your love for me? Is this all you care?
"I'll never come near you again,—now, I swear!"

As she push'd me away, love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the prize;
Her face chang'd alternate, from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low:
Such beauty! but more of that scene was not shown—
For Decency here bid her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
When instant rose up, the yet love-looking fair,
Crying, hark! there's one listens—do look out, dear,
I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here,
My things how they are rumpled!—Lord, let me be gone;
What have you been doing? and what have I done?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now?
I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—
I'll leap in the brook,—for I'm sure I can't live!—
If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,
Unless here tomorrow you'll give me relief.

A Love Song

FROM SONGS COMIC AND SATYRICAL, BY G. A. STEVENS, 1782

LET him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll choose,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Madam the Muse;
Great names in the classical kingdom of letters
But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,
No Beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
She has charms upon charms, such as few people may view,
She has charms,—for the tooth-ache, and eke for the ague.

Her lips; she has two, and her teeth they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
Black and all black her eyes, but what's worthy remark,
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing;
The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is so-so, so waste no words about it,
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when you see,
You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries;
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd;
But wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse so she's serv'd when he throws them aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good size—in the middling way,
She's—aye—that she is,—she is all, but I'm wrong,
Her All I can't say, for I've sung All my song.

The End

FROM SONGS COMIC AND SATYRICAL, BY G. A. STEVENS, 1782

PAPILIO the rich, in the hurry of love,
Resolving to wed, to fair Arabell drove;
He made his proposals, he begg'd she would fix,—
What maid could say no to a new Coach-and-six?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper done,
The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown:
The Bride lay expecting to what this wou'd tend,
Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
The Bridegroom's lips stopp'd, on Love's pillows, her breasts:
All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair,
With a sigh seem'd to prompt him don't stay too long there.

Round her waist, and round such a waist circling his arms,
He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms.
Says the fair one, and gap'd, I hear all you pretend,
But now for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd,
But still unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side:
She made feints, as if something she meant to defend,
But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
She, sighing, pronounc'd, there's an end of my joy;
They resolv'd this advice to her sex she wou'd send,
Ne'er to wed till they're sure they can wed to some end.

And which end is that? why the end which prevails,
Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes are steer'd by their tails:
And tho' man and wife for the head may contend,
I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress and male,
Tho' the head may design, has its end in the tail.

'Tis time tho' to finish, if ought I intend,
Lest, like a bad husband, I come to no end;
The ending I mean is what none will think wrong,
And that is, to make now an end of my song.

The Fight

FROM SONGS COMIC AND SATYRICAL, BY G. A. STEVENS, 1782

One ev'ning alone in the grove,
  Miss sat on the side of the green,
She wonder'd at what they call Love
  And what it was marry'd folks mean.
"All night how I tumble and toss,
  "Yet neither want manner nor means;
"Alas! must I live to my loss,
  "And wither away in my teens?"

Young Rhodophil ran up the slope,
  As if he some sport had in view;
She trembl'd, betwixt Fear and Hope,
  Irresolute what she should do:
She saw him advance to her seat,
  She saw him, but could not away;
Love fix'd a large weight to her feet,
  Curiosity told her to stay.

Desire gave grace to his tongue,
  As lovers to lovers will speak;
Enamour'd, he over her hung,
  Then bow'd down his lips to her cheek:
He knelt, she attempted to rise,
  Tho' 'twas but a feeble essay;
The wildness he wore in his eyes,
  So scar'd her she fainted away.

Dick and Doll

FROM CONVIVIAL SONGSTER, 1782

As one bright summer's sultry day,
  For sake of shade I sought the grove
Thro' thickset-hedge, on top of hay,
  I met with mutual love.
A youth with one arm round his pretty girl's waist,
On small swelling-breasts he his other hand plac'd,
    While she cry'd, Dick, be still,
    Pray tell me what's your will?

"I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat,"
  And close to hers his lips he squeez'd;
"I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,
  But now I won't be teas'd."
She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,
She called out for help! and petitioned the clown,
    "O Dick—O dear—lie still!
    You shall not have your will.

"I'll tear your soul out!—Lord these men!—
  "If ever—well—I won't submit.
"Why?—what? the devil!—Curse me then!—
  "You'll fling me in a fit!"
Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd aslant;
Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scant,
    And feebly on her tongue
    Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sang o'er their heads;
  The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove;
Sweet smelt the hay, on new-mown meads:
  All seem'd the scene of love.
Dick offer'd to lift up the lass as she lay;
A look, full of tenderness told him to stay.
    "So soon, Dick, will you go?
    "I wish—dear me!—heigh ho!"

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
  Her tucker trembling to and fro'
Her crimson'd cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
  Proclaim'd possession's glow.
Dick bid her farewell; but she lovingly cry'd,
As wanton she play'd by her fallen shepherd's side;
    "A moment, pray sit still,
    "Since now you've had your will."

"Lord! (cries the girl) you hasty men,
  "Of love afford but one poor proof;
"Our fowls at home, each sparrow-hen,
  "Are ten times better off."
Dick knew by her languishing what Dolly meant;
Once more view'd her beauties, and soon took the hint:
    Her wishes to fulfill,
    He let her have her will.

Chastity

FROM SONGS COMIC AND SATYRICAL, BY G. A. STEVENS, 1782

I WONDER, quoth Dame, as her Spouse she embraces,
How strumpets can look, how they dare show their faces,
And those wicked Wives who from Husbands' arms fly;
Lord, where do they think they must go when they die?

But next day, by Husband, with 'Prentice Boy caught,
When she from the bed was to Toilet-glass brought,
Her head he held up, with this gentle Rebuke—
My Dear! you were wishing to know how Whores look!

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see
What faces Jades wear; then, my Dear, behold me
Your Features confess the Adultress clear,
My visage exhibits how Cuckolds appear.

You ask'd where bad Wives go? why, really, my Chick,
You must with the rest of them go to Old Nick!
If Belzebub don't such damned Tennants disown,
For bad Wives, he knows make a Hell of their own.

All the world would be wed, if the Clergy could show
Any rule in the service to change I for O:
How happy the Union of Marriage would prove,
Not long as we Live joined, but long as we Love.

At his feet she sunk down, Sorrow let her such Moans
That Resentment was gagged by her Tears and her Tones.
What could Hubby do then? what could then Hubby do?
But Sympathy struck, as she cried, he cried too.

O Corregio! could I Sigismunda design
Or exhibit a Magdalen, Guido, like thine,
I would paint the fond Look which the Penitent stole,
That pierced her soft Partner, and sunk to his Soul!

Transported to doating! he raised the Distressed,
And tenderly held her long time to his Breast;
On the Bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,
And the Breach there was closed the same way it was made.

The Wonderful Grot

ANONYMOUS. FROM NEW CRAZY TALES, 1783

BENEATH a chalky cliff is found,
Nor in the air, nor on the ground
A Grot! There Cupid keeps his court.
There Venus and her nymphs resort.
Close shaded, it on pillars stands;
Pillars ne'er raised by mortal hands,
No marble can so polished show,
Whiter they than alpine snow,
From hence proceeds a magic dew,
That gives all things a glossy hue
To glittering stars it gives their birth,
With dewy gems it spangles earth.
When that the precious nectar flows.
Sporting beneath fond zephyr glows.

On his glad wings aloft it flies,
And soaring twinkles o'er the skies.
O would it but unveil its face,
And with new light our dull world grace.
Deserted Sol would cease to shine,
Extinguished in a blaze divine.
O thither would the wanton tend,
And make that point his journey's end.

There would he revel, balk, and joy,
'Mongst blooming sweets that never cloy.
O 'tis so sweet, so mild, so gay,
As Autumn ripe, as wild as May.
'Tis sweeter than the flowers in June,
The saddest heart would put in tune.
Than sportive kids, than fauns, more gay:
The gods themselves with it will play.
Than infants hushed it is more wild,
Yet sometimes pouting like a child;
And angry swells into a pet,
If it too scant allowance get;
And fondly mounting seems to say,
Ah, why my dear this long delay?

Most strange it is, a thing so wild,
Should choose a mate than storms more wild.
No barrier can his rage withhold,
As tigers fierce, as lions bold;
And let him have his head-strong way,
Like froward infants tired with play,
When of his wish he's quite possest
He'll nodding, sobbing, soundly rest.
He's of the gamesome merry kind,
But various like the changing wind.
His body's of a snowy hue,
Neatly diversified with blue:
He's soft as silk, as hot as fire:
His very touch makes belles expire.

But, lo! he comes all blushing red,
As Phoebus hastes to Thetis' bed.
To meet, she obvious fain would go,
And speaks his welcome in dumb show:
And be he great, or be he small,
With eager love she clasps him all.
She greets him round with balmy kisses,
Fondly excites transporting blisses.
    How close she presses,
    Hugs and caresses:
To her he sighs his tender fears,
And, doomed to part, bursts out in tears.

The Ramblers

ANONYMOUS. FROM NEW CRAZY TALES, 1783

ONCE on a day when summer dressed the green,
And nought around but fragrant flowers were seen,
When golden Phoebus shot a gentle ray,
Olympus smiled and all the fields were gay.

Athwart the meads advanced a lovely pair,
Daphnis the young, and Rosalind the fair,
Of equal fortune both, of equal years,
Both warm in youth, and both devoid of cares,
With mutual ardour fired; as on they went,
The pleasing hours in amorous talk they spent.
The youth industrious to allure his love,
Brought every flower that bloomed in mead, or grove.
He culled the fairest to adorn her breast,
And fondly wished to be as closely pressed.

Now they arrive at the long wished for place,
Kind nature decked with a peculiar grace,
There cooling zephyrs found the opening glade,
There flowed a gentle stream, there rose an ambient shade.
As here they sat protected from the sun,
With a fond smile the loving youth begun.

"Beloved fair maid, how bounteous nature round,
With flowery gems bespangles all the ground;
Their birth to know, makes reasoning blockheads pause;
O blind to truth—productive love's the cause.
When the soft cloud descends in kindly showers,
And through the earth its genial moisture pours,
The juice prolific makes each bud appear,
And thence arise the glories of the year."

"The feathered wooers in the shady grove,
Fondly proclaim the energy of love,
The purling stream that flows beneath our feet,
Murmurs its love in melody so sweet.
Since then all things kind Venus' transports know,
Oh, why should we the pleasing talk forego?
O let us now, the precious time employ,
While whisp'ring nature prompts us on to joy."

Thus spoke the youth, and with a kiss instilled
The inviting passion—the warm virgin thrilled
In ev'ry vein—the ardour gains her heart;
But Miss must play the coy coquettish part.
Her heaving breasts with indignation swell;
She calls him villain, reprobate most fell.
The Phantom honor, starts before her eyes,
Rapid as lightning from the youth she flies.
He not to lose the conquest of the day,
Pursues the fair through every winding way.

At length she turns to make this stern reply:
"From whence, bold youth, take you this liberty?
Lost is my fame should we be seen alone."
Of fame she talks, and in a haughty tone,
The youth persists his fair one to implore:
She still denies, but he still urges more.

Cupid by chance lit near them in the grove,
And saw the fond contention of their love.
The partial God to Daphnis' succour flies,
Plies quick his bow, "Yield, yield fair maid," he cries,
Stricken she feels love's sharp resistless dart,
Sighs, falls, to Daphnis yields a willing heart,
Of conquest sure, the charmed, impatient boy,
Rushes, impetuous, to inviting joy.

Cupid around them draws a fragrant veil,
From prying eyes their raptures to conceal.
Soon as the endearments of their love were o'er,
And the God wafted to Idalia's shore,
Exposed to sight shone Rosalinda's charms;
The raptured youth lay panting in her arms.
Amazed they started as they heard me near:
He fled for shame, she cried, "Good sir, what cheer?
Pray make no noise, for this is sacred ground,
I and my cousin have a bird's nest found.
Did'st meet him, sir, he's just about my age:
The bird belongs to him, but mine the cage."

Smiling, I heard, and smiling went away,
Pleased at the adventure of the sportful day.

The Question

ANONYMOUS. FROM NEW CRAZY TALES, 1783

TELL me, good doctor, what's the cause,
(You have studied nature's laws)
Why women, of one shape and feature,
So far should differ in their nature.
By nature here I do not mean
A temper eaten with the spleen;
No one whose happy soul's at ease,
And has no thought but how to please.
But what I mean is only this,
Why one delights in amorous bliss,
While t'other, who has equal charms,
A stranger is to love's alarms,
And talks of love with great despite
In which her sister takes delight?

To vouch the truth of what I say,
Two men I know both young and gay,
Who wearied of a single life,
Took each of them a lovely wife,
The daughters of a certain knight,
Alike in features, shape, and height;
I saw them married, put to bed
Each husband got a maidenhead.
Next day the bridegrooms were content,
And I down to the country went.

Within a week I came to town,
And found my friends were both cast down;
I could not bear to see them so,
And to the one did frankly go,
And asked the reason of his grief,
He said, I'm ruined past relief.
You see, my wife's a lovely sight,
And formed to give a man delight;
Her eyes and face to love entice,
But, ah! my friend she's cold as ice:
No joy she gives, no joy can feel,
Nor meets my love with equal zeal;
And spite of all her outward charms,
Like marble lies within my arms;
No calenture can warm her blood,
Nor thaw the dull, the stagnate flood.
Thus I am made a slave for life,
Tied to a fair, but joyless wife.
I left this friend in discontent,
And to the other straightway went;
I saw he was but ill at ease,
And kindly asked him his disease.
My friend, said he, then made a pause,
You see me sad and ask the cause;
From such a friend I'll nothing hide,
Cursed be the day I got a bride;
For tho' she is made up of charms,
And came a virgin to my arms,
Yet I am wearied of my life,
And wish I ne'er had got a wife;
She is so full of wanton play,
I get no rest by night or day;
Her youthful blood is still on fire,
She is all love and hot desire;
Her pulse beats high, her bosom heaves,
The more I do, the more she craves.
But when by her resistless charms,
She draws me to her eager arms,
She's with the joy transported quite,
And dies away in vast delight.
Last night I like a parson toiled,
But was, in spite of vigour, foiled;
I laid me down, and would have slept,
When to my breast she fondly crept.
And, giving me a burning kiss,
Begged that I would renew the bliss.

I asked her how she could support
The violence of amorous sport.
My life, said she, and squeezed my finger
The more I'm thinged, I'm still the thinger.

Good sir, as for your natural question,
(A thing too true to make a jest on)
At present I decline the task,
'Tis you should answer, I should ask.
Some things there are, if I might quote them,
Which can never reach to bottom;
Too ticklish to be nearly touched,
Yet may in simile be couched.
Two fiddles lay, in size and frame
Alike, their wood and strings the same;
Them both by turns a minstrel tried,
And with the stick their bellies plied.
A clown stood by astonished much
How with the same apparent touch,
One sounded with melodious voice,
Whilst t'other made a jarring noise.
To him the minstrel thus; Thou dunderhead,
With as just cause thou might have wondered
At Winter's frost, or heat in June,
This fiddle here is out of tune.
Fiddles alone are not to blame,
The sticks must often take the shame;
Too feeble, short, or limber chosen,
And often fail for want of resin.

The Curious Maid

A TALE

BY HILDEBRAND JACOBS. FROM THE MUSE IN GOOD HUMOR, 1785

BEAUTY's gaudy sign, no more,
To tempt the gazer to the door;
Without the entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar eyes.
Thus Chloe, beautiful and gay,
As on her bed the Wanton lay,
Hardly awake from dreaming o'er
Her conquests of the day before.
And what's this hidden charm? (she cry'd)
And spurned th' embracing cloaths aside,
From limbs of such a shape and hue,
As Titian's pencil never drew;
Resol'd the Dark-Abode to trace,
Of female honour or disgrace;
Where Virtue finds her talk too hard,
And often slumbers on the guard.
Th' attempt she makes, and buckles to
With all her might; but 'twou'd not do;
Still, as she bent, the Part requir'd,
As conscious of its shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? We're all-aground!
Some other method must be found—
Water Narcissus' Face cou'd show,
And why not Chloe's charms below?
Big with this project she applies
The Jordan to her virgin thighs;
But the dull Lake her wish denies.
What luck is here? We're foil'd again!
The Devil's in the Dice, that's plain!
No Chymist e'er was so perplexed;
No jilted Coxcomb half so vex'd;
No Bard, whose gentle muse excells
At Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom-Wells,
Ordain'd by Phoebus' special grace,
To sing the beauties of the place,
E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that degree,
To tag his fav'rite simile.
Thus folks are often at a stand,
When remedies are near at hand.
For lo! the Glass—ay, That indeed!
'Tis Ten to One we now succeed!
To this relief she flies amain,
And straddles o'er the shining Plain,
The shining Plain reflects at large
All Damon's wish and Chloe's charge.
The Curious Maid, in deep surprise,
On the Grim Feature, fix'd her eyes:
(Far less amaz'd Æneas stood,
When by Avernus' sacred flood,
He saw Hell's Portal fringed with Wood.)
And is this all? Is this (she cry'd)
Man's great Desire, and Woman's Pride:
The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,
The Ocean where 'tis lost again,
By Fate for ever doom'd to prove
The Nursery and Grove of Love?
O thou of dire and horrid mien,
Far always better felt than seen!
Fit rapture for the gloomy Night,
O, never more approach the Light!
Like other Myst'ries men adore,
Be hid to be rever'd the more.

The Dream

BY MR. OLDHAM. FROM THE MUSE IN GOOD HUMOR, 1785

LATE on my bed, as I reposing lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the toils of day,
Myself, my cares, and love, all charmed to rest,
And all the tumults of my waking breast

Quiet and calm, as was the silent night,
Whose stillness did to that bless'd sleep invite;
I dreamt, and strait this visionary scene
Did with delight my fancy entertain.
    I saw, methought, a lonely privacy,
Remote alike from man's and heaven's eye,
Girt with the covert of a shady grove,
Dark as my thoughts, and secret as my love:
Hard by, a stream did with that softness creep,
As 'twere by its own murmurs hush'd asleep;
On its green bank, under a spreading tree,
At once a pleasant, and a shelt'ring canopy.
There I, and there my dear Cosmelia sat,
Nor envied monarchs in our safe retreat:
So heretofore were the first lovers laid
On the same turf of which themselves were made.
A while I did her charming glories view,
Which to her former conquest added new;
Awhile my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove
Through all the hidden labyrinths of love;
Ten thousand kisses on her lips I fix'd,
Which she with interfering kisses mix'd,
Eager as those of lovers are in death,
When they give up their souls too with their breath.
    Love, by these freedoms, first became more bold,
At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:
See then (said I) and pity, charming fair,
Yield quickly, yield: I can no longer bear
Th' impatient sallies of a bliss so near;
You must, and you alone, these storms appease,
And lay those spirits which your charms could raise;
Come, and in equal floods let's quench our flame,
Come, let's—and unawares I went to name
The thing, but stopt and blush'd methought in Dream.
    At first she did the rude address disown,
And check'd my boldness with an angry frown;
But yielding glances and consenting eyes,
Prov'd the soft traitors to her forc'd disguise;
And soon her looks, with anger rough erewhile,
Sunk in the dimples of a charming smile:
Then with a sigh into these words she broke,
(And printed melting kisses as she spoke)
Too strong, Philander, is thy pow'rful art
To take a feeble maid's ill-guarded heart:
Too long I've struggled with my bliss in vain,
Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,
Loath to consent, yet loather to deny,
At once I court, and shun felicity:
I cannot, will not yield;—and yet I must,
Lest to my own desires I prove unjust:
Sweet ravisher! what love command thee, do;
Tho' I'm displeased, I shall forgive thee too,

Too well thou know'st—and here my hand she press'd,
And said no more, but blush'd and smil'd the rest.
O'erjoy'd at this blest grant, fierce eager I
Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling prey;
With guarding arms she first my force repell'd,
Shrunk, and drew back, and would not see, to yield;
Unwilling to o'ercome, she faintly strove;
One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
So feeble are the strugglings, and so weak
In sleep we seem, and only seem to make.
Forbear! (said she) ah, gentle youth, forbear!
(And still she hug'd, and clasp'd me still more near)
Ah! will you? will you force my ruin so?
Ah! do not, do not, do not—let me go.
What follow'd was above the power of verse,
Above the reach of fancy to rehearse:
Not dying saints enjoy such ecstasies,
When they in vision antedate their bliss;
Not dreams of a young prophet are so bless'd
When holy trances first inspire his breast,
And the God enters there to be a guest.
Let duller mortals other pleasures prize,
Pleasures that enter at the waking eyes,
Might I each night such sweet enjoyments find,
I'd sleep for ever, be for ever blind.

Kitty's Dream

BY MR. HENRY BAKER. FROM THE MUSE IN GOOD HUMOR, 1785

On her couch, one summer's day;
Beauteous, youthful Kitty lay:
Venus saw her from above,
(Smiling Venus, queen of love:)
Amaz'd at each celestial grace,
Her polish'd limbs, her blooming face;
Come here, my son, she said, and see
One you might have took for me.
Roguish Cupid, laughing, cries,
O give me leave to quit the skies,
And make that heav'nly maiden prove
The various mysteries of love:
The close embrace, the juicy kiss,
The raging, dying, melting bliss.
Venus consented; go, my boy,
Make her know the heights of joy.
Away the archer and his train
Sport along th' ethereal plain.
Now, around the sleeping fair,
A thousand Cupids fill the air;

In her bosom some inspire
Tender wishes, warm desire;
Some in balmy kisses sip
Nectar from her glowing lip;
Her each heaving snowy breast,
Some with wanton ardor press;
Twining round her slender waist,
Some with eager joy embrac'd;
While at random others rove
Through the fragrant groves of love.
While thus the god his revel keeps,
Kitty, happy virgin! sleeps:
A pleasing dream her soul employs,
Rich with imaginary joys.
She thinks Sir Charles upon his knees,
Beseeching her to give him ease;
That she disdainful looks a while;
At length with a complying smile
His fears dispelling, lets him see
She burns with love as well as he:
That folded in his eager arms,
He boldly rifles all her charms,
While she returns the warm embrace,
Breast to breast, and face to face!
Sighing, she wakes: ah, love! she cries,
How vast must be thy real joys!
When thus divinely great they seem,
Tho' but imagin'd in a dream!
Scarcely this reflection o'er,
A footman thunders at the door:
Kitty, disorder'd, leaves her couch,
And Betty tells the knight's approach.
He enters with becoming grace,
Blushes overspread her face;
In a soft persuasive strain
He begs her to relieve his pain:
Nothing she says; but from her eyes
He learns that nothing she denies.
Encourag'd thence, her lips, her breast
He tries, and wanders o'er the rest;
The glowing maid, no longer coy,
Gives an unbounded loose to joy;
Around him folds her snowy arms,
At once bestowing all her charms:
And now, this happy couple prove
All the substantial sweets of love,
While thousand Cupids, laughing by,
Assist their blissful ecstasy.
Loosen'd from his fond embrace,
My dream, she cries, is come to pass!—

And did my charmer dream of this?
(Sir Charles replies, and takes a kiss)
Henceforth, whene'er you dream, my dear,
Let me be your interpreter.

To Lydia

BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE, 1789

Lovely Lydia! lovely maid!
Either rose in thee's displayed;
Roses of a blushing red,
O'er thy lips and cheeks are shed:
Roses of a paly hue
In thy fairer charms we view.
Now thy braided hair unbind;
Now luxuriant, unconfined
Let thy wavy tresses flow;
Tresses bright, of burnished glow!
Bare thy ivory neck, my fair!
Now thy snowy shoulders bare:
Bid the vivid lustre rise,
In thy passion-streaming eyes;
See, the lucent meteors gleam!
See, they speak the wishful flame!
And how gracefully above,
Modelled from the bow of love,
Are thy arching brows displayed,
Soft'ning in a sable shade!
Let a warmer crimson streak
The velvet of thy downy cheek:
Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now assume:
Give me little billing kisses,
Intermixt with murmuring blisses.
Soft! my love!—my angel stay!—
Soft!—you suck my breath away:
Drink the life-drops of my heart;
Draw my soul from every part:
Scarce my senses can sustain,
So much pleasure, so much pain!
Hide thy broad voluptuous breast!
Hide that balmy heaven of rest!
See, to feast the enamoured eyes,
How the snowy hillocks rise,
Parted by the luscious vale,
Whence luxurious sweets exhale:
Nature framed thee but t'inspire,
Never-ending, fond desire!

Again, above its envious vest,
See, thy bosom heaves confest!
Hide the rapturous dear delight!
Hide it from my ravished sight!
Hide it!—for through all my soul
Tides of madd'ning transport roll:
Venting now the impassioned sigh,
See me languish, see me die!
Tear not from me then thy charms!
Snatch, oh, snatch me to thine arms!
With a life-inspiring kiss,
Wake my sinking soul to bliss!

On Lesbia

BY LORD S———. FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE, 1789

When beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul,
(She, who the torch and bow from Cupid stole)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss;
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss:
Through all my frame the madd'ning transport glows,
Through every vein the tide of rapture flows,
As many stars as o'er heav'ns concave shine,
Or clusters as adore the fruitful vine;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
To inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
But dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,
Why thus d'ye wound my lips in am'rous play.
With kisses, smiles, and every wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart?
Let us, my love! on yon soft couch reclined,
Each other's arms around each other twined,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire;
And panting, struggling both at once expire!
For, oh, my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,
Which Lovers in the fond contention meet!

Hymn to Venus: From Sappho

BY FRANCIS FAWKES. FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE, 1789

Venus, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumbered temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
Oh, listen gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you heard,
By Cupid's friendly aid preferred,
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew,
Through liquid air they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play:
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect wild, and look serene.

Soon as you came by your command,
Back flew the wantoned, feathered band,
Then, with a sweet enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke;
"Why didst thou call me to thy cell?"
"Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell."

"What healing medicine shall I find,
"To cure thy love-distempered mind?
"Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
"To win young Phaon to thy arms?
"Or does some other swain subdue
"Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who?

"Though now, averse, thy charms he flight,
"He soon shall view thee with delight:
"Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
"He soon to thee shall offerings make;
"Though now thy beauties fail to move,
"He soon shall melt with equal love."

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast!
To THEE bright queen, my vows aspire;
O grant me all my heart's desire!

An Answer

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE, 1789

Be quiet, Sir! begone, I say!
Lord bless us! How you romp and tear!
There!
I swear!
Now you left my bosom bare!

I do not like such boisterous play,
So take that saucy hand away——
Why now, you're ruder than before!
Nay. I'll be hanged if I comply——
Fie!
I'll cry!
Oh—I can't bear it—I shall die!
I vow I'll never see you more!
But—are you sure you've shut the door?

A Logical Song

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE, 1789

WHY, Chloe, thus squander your prime!
In debate between fear and temptation?
If adulterous love be a crime,
Why quarrel with plain fornication?

But your beauties with age you may lose;
Then seize the short moment of joy!
If not—then with confidence use,
What by using you cannot destroy.

The Geranium

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, 1789

IN the close covert of a grove,
By nature formed for scenes of love,
Said Susan in a lucky hour,
Observe yon sweet geranium flower;
How straight upon its stalk it stands,
And tempts our violating hands:
Whilst the soft bud as yet unspread,
Hangs down its pale declining head:
Yet, soon as it is ripe to blow,
The stems shall rise, the head shall glow.
Nature, said I, my lovely Sue,
To all her followers lends a clue;
Her simple laws themselves explain,
As links of one continued chain;
For her the mysteries of creation,
Are but the works of generation:
Yon blushing, strong, triumphant flower,
Is in the crisis of its power:
But short, alas! its vigorous reign,
He sheds his seed, and drops again;

The bud that hangs in pale decay,
Feels not, as yet, the plastic ray;
To-morrow's sun shall bid him rise,
Then, too, he sheds his seed and dies:
But words, my love, are vain and weak,
For proof, let bright example speak;
Then straight before the wondering maid,
The tree of life I gently laid;
Observe, sweet Sire, his drooping head,
How pale, how languid, and how dead;
Yet, let the sun of thy bright eyes,
Shine but a moment, it shall rise;
Let but the dew of thy soft hand
Refresh the stem, it straight shall stand:
Already, see, it swells, it grows,
Its head is redder than the rose,
Its shrivelled fruit, of dusky hue,
Now glows, a present fit for Sue:
The balm of life each artery fills,
And in o'erflowing drops distils.
Oh me! cried Susan, when is this?
What strange tumultuous throbs of bliss!
Sure, never mortal, till this hour,
Felt such emotion at a flower:
Oh, serpent! cunning to deceive,
Sure, 'tis this tree that tempted Eve;
The crimson apples hang so fair,
Alas! what woman could forbear?
Well, hast thou guessed, my love, I cried,
It is the tree by which she died;
The tree which could content her,
All nature, Susan, seeks the centre;
Yet, let us still, poor Eve forgive,
It's the tree by which we live;
For lovely woman still it grows,
And in the centre only blows.
But chief for thee, it spreads its charms,
For paradise is in thy arms.—
I ceased, for nature kindly here
Began to whisper in her ear:
And lovely Sue, lay softly panting,
While the geranium tree was planting.
'Till in the heat of amorous strife,
She burst the mellow tree of life.
"Oh, heaven!" cried Susan, with a sigh,
"The hour we taste,—we surely die;
Strange raptures seize my fainting frame,
And all my body glows with flame;
Yet let me snatch one parting kiss
To tell my love I die with bliss:
That pleased, thy Susan yields her breath;
Oh! who would live if this be death!"

The Honeymoon

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE, 1789

Come, Cytherea, with thy doves,
And all thy train of little loves,
Come from Idalia's pleasing shade,
For joy and amorous frolics made;
Come, and assist an artless tune
Which strives to warble forth the Honey-moon.

When Hymen does the pair unite,
And promises supreme delight;
With sparkling torch comes bright to view,
And points at raptures great and new:
What pleasure is expected soon!
Then, then! comes on the pleasing Honey-moon.

Cynthia, the virgin goddess bright,
With greater speed rides down the night;
Her modesty betrays her heart,
Shows in such sports she'd take a part;
But that her wish she dares not own
Or Jove with her would have an Honey-moon.

"An Honey-moon!" cries simpering miss,
"I wonder much what's meant by this!
I have all sweets quite near me, handy,
Is Honey-moon like sugar-candy?"
The joyful time will tell you soon,
When you will bless the Honey-moon.

Ah! then those sweets, unknown before,
Will make you long, dear miss, for more;
Will make you lick your lips, and cry
"Till now, O what a fool was I!
What pleasing touches!—what a tune
Can e'er be played that's like a Honey-moon?"

Could but the virgin in her teens,
Tell what the joys of wedlock means;
She would not long the bliss delay,
But with the first dear youth away;
On Venus' bed would tumble down,
And there prolong the Honey-moon.

When heaving breasts delightful rise,
And pant with soft ecstatic sighs!
When folding arms fond arms embrace,
And love seems furious for the chase;
Unnumbered joys the pair must crown,
Who then begin the pleasing Honey-moon.

Ah! then encounter breast with breast,
And tenderest accents are expressed;
"My love, I melt! I burn! I burst!"
The next is better than the first;
And so progressive they go on,
To make a heaven of their Honey-moon.

Then all the youthful poet's dream,
Beneath the shade, or by the stream,
Is realized, and certain found,
Beyond imagination's bound;
All that can please is felt, or shown
During the happy time of Honey-moon.

Then haste, ye youths, and haste ye fair,
Love's banquet of delight to share;
Advance to Hymen's sacred fane,
A rich reward you'll surely gain;
Each rapture will attend you soon,
And give you all the joys of Honey-moon.

The Willing Maid, a Day Too Young

FROM A CHOICE GARLAND, C. 1790

As I was walking one May Morning,
I leaned my back up to a tree,
There I was aware of a pretty young maid,
Come tripping over the lee to me.

She was as fair to look upon,
As any pretty maid under the sun,
I asked her then how she was,
But she smiled and said I'm a day too young.

I am too young to be your bride,
I am too young to lie by your side,
It will bring disgrace to all my kin,
Therefore my love you ne'er shall win.

He clasped her round the middle so small,
And gently laid her on the ground,
It was once or twice he served her so,
And he found she was not a day too young.

Now, kind sir, you have had your will
And robbed me of my virginity,
O pray young man come tell to me,
When our wedding day must be.

My wedding day does not trouble me,
I ne'er intend to marry thee,
Of all the pastime we have had,
You have had your share as well as me.

As you have brewed so you must bake,
And draw your ale when it is new,
Go carry your baby home to your mam,
And tell her you were not a day too young.

I wish to God my babe was born,
And smiling on his daddy's knee,
And I myself laid in my grave,
And the green grass growing over me.

My Cousin's Tale: Or, a Cock and Bull

BY JOHN HALL STEVENSON. 1718-1785. CRAZY TALES

In Italy there is a town,
Anciently of great renown,
Called by the Volscians Privernum;
A fortress against the Romans;
Maintained because it did concern them,
Spite of Rome, and all her omens;
But to their cost,
At the long run the town was lost.

Whether 'twas forced, or did surrender,
You never need, my dear sir, know,
Provided you will but remember,
Privernum signified Piperno.

Close by the Franciscan Friars,
There'd lived a saint as all declare;
All the world cannot be liars,
Which saint wrought miracles by prayer.

Her life, so holy was, and pure,
Her prayers, at all times, they believe,
Could heirs or heiresses secure
And make the barren womb conceive.

Which was a safe expedient,
And wonderfully convenient;
For there was not a barren womb,
That might not try.
Going between Naples and Rome
As she passes by.

My story will not be the worse,
  If you'll reflect with patience,
Upon the constant intercourse
  Between the neighbor nations.

It is so great, that I dare say,
  The saint could have but little ease;
She must have been, both night and day,
  Continually upon her knees.

For I can prove it very clear,
  That many of these wombs are barren,
Which wombs, were they transplanted here,
  Would breed like rabbits in a warren.

Near Terracina, once called Anaxur,
  There is a place called Bosco Folto,
A castle standing on a bank, sir,
  The seat of the Marchese Stolto.

In history you all have read,
  Most of you have, I'm pretty sure,
How on that road there is no bed,
  Nor any inn you can endure.

For Stolto I had got a letter,
  From my good friend, Prince Mala Fede;
And from the Princess a much better,
  Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.

The Marquis is advanced in years
  And dries you so, there's no escaping.
The merriest when he appears,
  Yawn and the vest a-gaping.

Seccare is a word of fun;
  It means to dry, as you may find,
Not like the fire, or like the sun,
  But like a cold unpleasant wind.

But she is perfectly well-bred,
  Neither too forward, nor too shy;
I never did, in any head,
  In all my life, see such an eye.

Nor such a head on any shoulders,
  Nor such a neck with such a swell,
  That would present itself so well,
To all the critical beholders.

For years the Marquis was hum-drumming,
  In that same place with his bed-fellow,
Waiting for the happy coming
  Of a young Marquis, a Stoltello.

As soon as ever he arrives,
  The family is to be sent to
  The Cardinal at Benevento,
For the remainder of their lives.

The Cardinal is Stolto's nephew,
  His age is only twenty-seven;
And of that age there are but few,
  Who think like him, of nought but heaven.

His aunt will manage and take care
  Of all the Cardinal's affairs,
Stoltello's to be his heir,
  When he has finished all his prayers.

Stolto may live as he thinks good,
  His life delightfully will run,
Between his castle in the wood,
  His wife, his nephew, and his son.

And yet, according to fame's trumpet,
  Who very seldom trumpets right,
His wife was reckoned a great strumpet,
  His nephew a great hypocrite.

I don't believe a word of that,
The world will talk, and let it chat:
  You cannot think her in the wrong,
To grow quite weary of the place.
She thought Stoltello stayed so long,
  He was ashamed to show his face.

Stolto has heard the Holy Maid
  Always cried up, both far and near,
And he believed she could persuade
  His son Stoltello to appear.

Considering what time was past,
  How they had tried, and better tried,
Stolto advised his wife at last,
  To go and be fecundified.

The Marquis told me the whole story,
  Which he had from the Marchesina,
And it is so much to her glory
  'Tis all the talk of Terracina.

The very night that she came back,
  He was in such a drifting cue,
He almost put her to the rack,
  'Till she discovered all she knew.

First his acknowledgment being paid,
  A pepper-cornish kind of due,
As they were laid, composed and staid,
  She told him, just as I tell you.

Before the Marchioness sets out,
  'Tis proper on reflection,
To obviate a certain doubt,
  That looks like an objection.

Here, because they know no better,
  The snarlers think they've found a bone;
They think the Marquis would not let her,
  Go such an errand alone.

A lady, you must understand,
  That visits, to fulfill her vows,
A Holy house, or holy land,
  Commonly goes without her spouse.

And so, by keeping herself still,
  Quiet and sober in her bed,
She never thinks of any ill,
  Nothing unclean enters her head.

  You're satisfied your doubt was weak,
  And now the Marchioness may speak.
As you foretold before I went,
  The Saint was so engaged and watched,
That a whole week and more was spent,
  Before my business was dispatched.

"Indeed, you would have greatly pitied
  If you had seen me, but my dear;
How'e'er, at last I was admitted
  And what I met with you shall hear.

"The Saint and I sat on a bench:
  Before us, on a couch, there lay
A pretty little naked wench,
  That minded nothing but her play.

"Her play, was playing with a mouse,
  That popped its head in, went and came,
And nestled in its little house,
  It was so docile and tame.

"Guess where the mouse had found a bower?
  You are so dull, it is a shame;
You cannot guess in half an hour;
  I'll lay your hand upon the same.

"These," cried the Saint, "are ill indeed,
  Visions all, and nothing real,
Yet they will animate your blood,
  And rouse and warm the pregnant powers,
Just like the ling'ring, sickly bud,
  Opened by fructifying showers.

"If you are violently heated,
  Remember, in your greatest needs,
Your Ave Mary be repeated,
  'Till you have gone through all your beads.
Take heed; they're going to begin;
  I see the visions coming in.

"First came a Cock, and then a Bull,
  And then a heifer and a hen;
'Till they had got their bellies full,
  On and off, and on again.

"And then I spied a foolish filly,
  That was reduced to a strange pass,
Languishing, and looking silly,
  At the proposals of an Ass.

"I turned about and saw a sight,
  Which was a sight I could not bear,
A filthy horse, with all his might,
  Gallanting with a filthy mare.

"And lo! there came a dozen priests;
  And all the priests shaven and shorn;
And they were like a dozen beasts,
  Naked as ever they were born;
    And they passed on,
    One by one,
  Ev'ry one with an exalted horn.

"Then they drew up and stood awhile,
  In rank and file,
And after marched off the parade,
    One by one,
    Falling upon
  This miserable naked maid.

"Nothing could equal my surprise,
  To see her go through great and small!
And after that, to see her rise,
  And turn the joke upon them all!

"And I kept praying still, and counting,
  In a prodigious fret and heat
And she successively kept mounting,
  And always kept a steady seat;

"Till having finished her career,
  The priests were terribly perplexed,
They could not tell which way to steer,
  Nor whereabout to settle next.

"Brother was running after brother,
  Turning their horns against each other:

The Holy Maid cried out aloud,
  Heaven deliver us from sin:
And I turned up my eyes, and bowed,
  And said Amen within:"

And so at last, his cost and toil,
  The Marquis was obliged to own,
Were laid out on a grateful soil,
  At last he reaped as he had sown.

The Court of Equity

BY ROBERT BURNS; [C. 1796] FROM AN AUTOGRAPH COPY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

In *Truth* and *Honour's* name.—Amen.
Know all men by these presents plain,
The *Twelfth of May,* at Mauchline given,
The year 'tween eighty-five and seven;
We, old practitioners by profession,
As per extracts frae Books o' Session,
In way and manner here narrated,
All *con amore* congregated,
Are by our brethren constituted
A *Court of Equity;* deputed,
With special authorised direction
To take within our strict protection
The open stay-laced *quondam* maiden,
With growing life, and anguish laden,
Who by the miscreant is denied
That led her thoughtless steps aside.
He who disowns the ruin'd fair one
And for her wants and woes doth care none;
The wretch who can deny subsistence
To life he raked into existence;
The coof wha stands on *clishmaclaver*
When lassies halflins offer favour;
The sneak wha, at a lasses by-job
Defrauds her wi' a frig or dry-bob;
The knave who takes a private stroke
Beneath his sanctimonious cloak—
In short, all who in any manner,
Shall stain the Fornicator's Honour,—
To take cognizance there anent,
We are the judges competent.

First,—poet *BURNS* he takes the chair,
Allow'd by all, his title's clear;
He shows a duplicate pretension
To pass *nem. con*—without dissension.

Next, merchant Smith, our trusty fiscal,
To cow each pertinacious rascal;
In this his very foes admit
His merit is conspicuous great.

Richmond, the third, our worthy clerk,
Our minutes he will duly mark;
A fit dispenser o' the law,
In absence o' the other twa.

And fourth, our messenger at arms,
When failing a' the milder terms,
Hunter, a willing, hearty brither,
Weel skilled in dead and living leather.

Without preamble less or more said,
We-body politic aforesaid—
Shall now, wi' due "whereas" and "wherefore,"
Dispatch the business we came here for,
And punish contravening truants,
At instance of our constituents;
And thus, by proper regulation,
We'll purge the lists of fornication.

Our fiscal here, by his petition
Informs us there is strong suspicion
That coachman *Dow,* and clocky *Brown*—
Baith residenters in this town,—
In other words, you, *Jock* and *Sandy,*
Hae been at warks o' *Houghmagandie;*
And now when facts are brought to light,
Those facts ye baith deny outright.

First, clocky Brown, there's witness borne,
And affidavit made and sworn
Last Mauchline February Fair
That Jeanie's masts ye laid them bare;
For ye had furled up her sails
And was at play o' heads and tails
And that ye wroucht a hurly-burly
In Jeanie Mitchell's turly-wurly:

That ye her pend'lum tried to alter
And graizled at her regulator:
And further still, ye cruel vandal!—
A tale might e'en in hell be scandal—
That ye hae made repeated trials
Wi' dregs and droggs in doctor's vials
Mixt, as ye thought, in fell infusion,

Your ain-begotten wean to poison;
And yet ye are sae scant o' grace
As daur to lift your brazen face
And offer there to give your aith
Ye never lifted Jeanie's claith.

Next, *Sandy Dow,* ye are indicted—
As publicly ye hae been wyted—
For aft clandestinely up-whirlin'
The petticoats of Maggy's Borlan;
And gien her cannister a rattle
That months hereafter winna settle,
And yet, ye loon, ye still protest,
Ye never herried Maggy's nest;
Tho' it's weel-kenn'd that a her gyvel
Ye've done what Time will soon unravel.

Then, *Brown* and *Dow,* above designed
For clags and claims hereto subjoined
The Court aforesaid cite and summon
That on the fourth of June just comin',
The hour of cause, in our court-ha'
At Whitefoord Arms, ye'll answer a';
Exculpate proof ye needna bring
For we're resolved about the thing,—
Yet, as reluctantly we punish,
And rather would with zeal admonish,
We, for that *ancient secret* sake
You have the honour to partake,
And for that noble badge you wear,—
You Sandy Dow, our brother dear,
We give you, as a man and mason,
This serious, sober, friendly lesson:
Your crime, a manly deed we trow it,
As man alone can rightly do it,
And he's nae man that won't avow't.

Therefore, confess, and join our core
And keep reproach outside the door.
The best o' men hae been surprised,
The doucest women been advised,
The cleverest lads hae had a trick o't,
The bonniest lasses ta'en a lick o't;
Kings hae been proud our name to own—
The brightest jewel in their crown;
The rhyming sons o' bleak Parnassus,
Were ay red-wud about the lasses,
And soul and body, all would venture,
Rejoicing in our list to enter;
E'en (what wad trow't?)—the cleric order
Aft slyly break the hallow'd border,
And show-in { kittle / certain } time and place—
They are as scant a' boasted grace,
As ony o' the human race.
So, Brother Dow, be not ashamed
In sic a *quorum* to be named,

But lift a dauntless brow upon it,
And say, "I am the man has done it,—
I, Sandy Dow, gat Meg wi' bairn,
An' fit to do as much again!"

For you, John Brown, sae black your faut is,
Sae double-dyed, we gie you notice,
Without ye, by a quick repentance,
Acknowledge Jean's and your acquaintance
Remember this shall be your sentence:—
Our beagles to the Cross shall tak ye
And there shall mither-naked mak ye;
Around the rump a rope they'll tack,
And tye your hands ahint your back,
Wi' jist an ell of string allow'd
To jink and hide ye frae the crowd;
There shall ye stand a lawful seizure,
Induring Jeanie Mitchell's pleasure,
So be her pleasure don't surpass
Five turnings o' a hauf-hour glass;
Nor shall it in her pleasure be
To turn you loose in less than three.
This our *futurum esse* decreet,
We mean not to be kept a secret,
But in our Summons here insert it
And whoso dare—let him subvert it!

Thus, marked above, the date and place is,
Sigillum est, per *Burns* the presis;
This Summons, wi' the Signet mark,
Extractum est, per Richmond clerk;
At Mauchline, idem date of May
'Tween four and five, decline of day
You twa, in *propria personae,*
Before designed, Sandy and Johnnie,
This Summons, legally you've got it,
As *vide* witness under-noted,
Within the house of John Dow, vintner,
Nunc facia hoc GULLIELMUS HUNTER.

Anna

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA, C. 1800

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine,
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
  Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss,
  Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs take the east and west,
  Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me within my straining grasp,
  The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise Imperial charms,
  An Empress or Sultana;
While dying raptures in her arms,
  I give and take with Anna.

Awa thou flaunting God of Day!
  Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
  When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven-plumage, Night,
  Sun, moon and stars withdrawn a'!
An' bring an angel-pen to write
  My transports wi' my Anna.

POSTSCRIPT

The kirk and state may join and tell
  To do sic things I manna;
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
  An' I shall gae to Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my ee',
  To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
  The first should be my Anna.

Sodger Laddie

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM THE JOLLY BEGGARS

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
An' still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

The first of my loves was a swagg'rin' blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body,
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot.
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the life I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

An' now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
An' still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Whistle O'er the Lave O't

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM THE JOLLY BEGGARS

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me to be my dear,
An' then your every care and fear
May whistle ore the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was "Whistle owre the lave o't."

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
An' O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursel's about the dyke,
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade, &c.

I Am a Bard

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM THE JOLLY BEGGARS

I AM a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muse's stank,
Castaglia's burn, an' a' that;
But there is streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that,
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly Will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear the decks, and here's the sex,
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

Gie the Lass Her Fairin'

BY ROBERT BURNS IN MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA, C. 1800

O GIE the lass her fairin', lad,
O gie the lass her fairin',
An' something else she'll gie to you,
That's wallow worth the wearin';
Syne coup her o'er amang the creels,
When ye hae ta'en your brandy,
The mair ye bang, the mair she squeels,
An' hey for houghmagandie.

Then gie the lass her fairin', lad,
O gie the lass her fairin',
An' she'll gie you a hairy thing,
An' of it be na sparin';

But lay her o'er amang the creels,
  An' bar the door wi' baith your heels,
The mair she gets, the mair she squeals,
  An' hey for houghmagandie.

The Bower of Bliss

AN OLD SCOTS COUNTRYSIDE SONG. FROM THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA (C. 1800), COLLECTED BY ROBERT BURNS

WHILST others to thy bosom rise
And paint the glories of thine eyes;
Or bid thy lips and cheeks disclose
The unfading bloom of Eden's rose;
Which fell, not fear we most admire,
Less obvious charms, not less divine,
I sing that lovely bower of thine.

Rich gems worth India's wealth alone,
How much pursued, how little known;
Tho' rough its face, tho' dim its hue,
It soils the lustre of Peru.
The vet'ran such a prize to gain,
Might all the toils of war sustain;
A devotee forsake his shrine
To venerate that bower of thine.

When the stung heart feels keen desire,
And through each vein pours liquid fire;
When with flush'd cheeks and burning eyes,
Thy lover to thy bosom flies;
Believe, dear maid, believe my vow,
By Venus' self, I swear, 'tis true,
More bright the higher beauties shine,
Illum'd by that strange bower of thine.

What thought sublime, what lofty strains
Its wondrous virtues can explain?
No place, howe'er remote, can be
From its intense attraction free.
Tho' more elastic far than steel,
Its force ten thousand needles feel;
Pleas'd their high temper to resign
In that magnetic bower of thine.

Irriguous vale, embrown'd with shades,
Which no intrinsic storm pervades!
Soft clime, where native summer glows,
And nectar's living current flows!
Not Tempe's vale, renoun'd of yore,
Of charms could boast such endless store;
More than Elysian sweets combine
To grace that smiling bower of thine?

O may no rash invader stain
Love's warm, sequestered virgin fane!
For me alone let gentle fate
Reserve the dear august retreat!
Along its banks when shall I stray?
Its beauteous landscape when survey?
How long in fruitless anguish pine
Nor view unveil'd that bower of thine?

O! let my tender trembling hand
The awful gate of life expand!
With all its wonders feast my sight
Dear prelude to immense delight!
Till plung'd in liquid joy profound,
The dark unfathom'd deep I sound;
All panting on thy breast recline,
And, murmuring, bless that bower of thine.

Jockey Was a Bonny Lad

AN OLD SCOTS COUNTRYSIDE SONG. FROM THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA (C. 1800), COLLECTED BY ROBERT BURNS

My Jockey is a bonny lad,
A dainty lad, a merry lad,
A neat sweet pretty little lad,
An' just the lad for me.
For when we o'r the meadows stray,
He's ay sae lively, ay sae gay,
An' aft right canty does he say
There's nane he loves like me.
An' he's ay huggin', ay dawtin',
Ay clappin', ay pressin',
Ay squeezin', ay kissin',
An' winna let me be.

I met my lad the ither day,
Friskin' thro' a field o' hay,
Sayes he, "Dear Jenny, will ye stay
"An' crack a while wi' me?"
"Na, Jockey lad, darena stay,
"My mither she'd miss me away,
"Syne she'll flyte an' scauld a' day,
"An' play she deil wi' me."
But Jockey still continued
Huggin', dawtin', clappin', squeezin', &c.

"Hoot! Jockey, see my hair is down,
"An' look, you've torn a' my gown,
"An' how will I gae thro' the town?
"Dear laddie, tell to me."

He never minded what I said,
  But wi' my neck an' bosom play'd;
Tho' I entreated, begg'd an' pray'd
  Him no to touzle me.
    But Jockey still continued
      Huggin', dawtin', clappin', squeezin',
    An' ay kissin', kissin', kissin',
      Till down cam we.

As breathless an' fatigued I lay
  In his arms among the hay,
My blood fast thro' my veins did play
  As he lay huggin' me;
I thought my breath would never last,
  For Jockey danc'd sae devilish fast;
But what cam o'e, I trow, at last,
  There's deil ane kens but be.
    But soon he wearied of his dance,
      O' a' his jumpin' an' his prance,
    An' confess'd without romance,
      He was fain to let me be.

The Fornicator

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA

You Jovial boys who love the joys,
  The blessfu' joys of lovers;
An' dare avow't wi' daintless brow,
  Whate'er the lass discovers;
I pray draw near, and you shall hear,
  An' welcome in a frater,
I've lately been on quarantine,
  A proven Fornicator.

Before the congregation wide,
  I past the muster fairly;
My handsome Betsey by my side,
  We gat our ditty rarely.
My down cast eye, by chance did spy,
  What made my mouth to water,
Those limbs sae clean, where I between
  Commenced Fornicator.

Wi' rueful face and signs o' grace,
  I paid the buttock hire;
The night was dark, and thro' the park
  I cou'dna but convoy her;
A parting kiss, what cou'd I less,
  My vows began to scatter;
Sweet Betsey fell, fal lal de ral!
  I am a Fornicator.

But, by the sun an' moon I swear,
  An' I'll fulfil ilk hair o't,
That while I own a single crown,
  She's welcome to a share o't;
My roguish boy, his mother's joy,
  An' darling of his pater,
I for his sake the name will take,
  A harden'd Fornicator.

The Yellow, Yellow Yorlin'

AN OLD SCOTS COUNTRYSIDE SONG. FROM THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA (C. 1800), COLLECTED BY ROBERT BURNS

It fell on a day, in the flow'ry month o' May,
  All on a merry, merry mornin',
I met a pretty maid, an' unto her I said,
  "I wad fain fin' your yellow, yellow yorlin."

"O no, young man," says she, "you're a stranger to me,
  "An' I am anither man's darlin',
"Wha has baith sheep an' cows, that's feedin' in the hows,
  "An' a cock for my yellow, yellow yorlin'."

"But, if I lay you down upon the dewy ground,
  "You wad na be the waur ae farthin',
"An' that happy, happy man, he never cou'd ken
  "That I play'd wi' your yellow, yellow yorlin'."

"O fie, young man," says she, "I pray you let me be,
  "I wad na for five pounds sterling;
"My mither wad gae mad, an' see wad my dad,
  "If you play'd with my yellow, yellow yorlin'."

But I took her by the waist, an' laid her down in haste,
  For a' her squeakin' an' squallin',
The lassie soon grew tame, an' bade me come again
  For to play wi' her yellow, yellow yorlin'.

Godly Girzie

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA

The night it was a holy night,
  The day had been a holy day;
Kilmarnock gleam'd wi' candle light,
  As Girzie hameward took her way,
A man of sin, ill may he thrive!
  And never holy meeting see!
With godly Girzie met belyve,
  Amang the Craigie hills sae hie.

The chiel' was wight, the chiel' was stark,
  He wad na wait to chap nor ca',
And she was faint wi' holy wark,
  She had no pith to say him na.
But ay she glowr'd up to the moon,
  And ay she sigh'd most piouslie,
"I trust my heart's in heaven aboon,
  "Whare'er your sinfu' pintle be."

John Anderson, My Jo

FROM THE MASQUE (2ND ED., P. 292); ALSO IN MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA; COLLECTED AND RETOUCHED BY ROBERT BURNS

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
  I wonder what ye mean,
To lie sae lang i' the mornin',
  And sit sae late at e'en?
Ye'll bleer a' your een, John,
  And why do ye so?
Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  When first that ye began,
Ye had as good a tail-tree
  As ony ither man;
But now it's waxen wan, John,
  And aft requires my helping hand,
And John Anderson, my jo.

When we were young and yauld, John,
  We've lain out'owre the dyke,
And O! it was a fine thing
  To see your hurdies fyke;—
To see your hurdies fyke, John,
  And strike the risin' blow;
'Twas then I lik'd your chanter-pipe,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  You're welcome when you please;
It's either in the warm bed,
  Or else aboon the claes.
Do ye your part aboon, John,
  And trust to me below;
I've twa gae-ups for your gae-down,
  John Anderson, my jo.

When ye come on before, John,
  See that ye do your best;
When I begin to haud ye,
  See that ye grip me fast;
See that ye grip me fast, John,
  Until that I cry "Oh!"
Your back shall crack, or I do that,
  John Anderson, my jo.

I'm backet like a salmon,
  I'm breastit like a swan;
My wyme is like a down-cod,
  My waist ye weel may span;
My skin frae tap to tae, John,
  Is like the new fa'n snow,
And it's a' for your conveniency,
  John Anderson, my jo.

Wha Is That at My Bower Door?

BY ROBERT BURNS

WHA is that at my bower-door?
  O wha is it but Findlay.
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!
  Indeed maun, I quo' Findlay.
What makes ye sae like a thief?
  O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise an' let you in;
  Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll kep me waukin' wi' your din,
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower, if you should stay?
  Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night, if ye remain,
  I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again,
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
  Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!

The Lass That Made the Bed for Me

BY ROBERT BURNS. FROM JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796

When Januar' wind war blawin' cauld,
As to the north I took my way.
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew not where to lodge till day;
But by good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into her chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtsie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An' bade her make a bed to me;
She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank—"Young man, now sleep ye soun."

Chorus:
The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed for me.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I called her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head;
A cod she laid below my head,
And served me with due respect,
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud off your hands, young man!" she said,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae any Love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie."
Her hair was like the links of gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polished marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay she wist na what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
  I thanked her for her courtsie;
But aye she blushed and aye she sigh'd,
  And said, "Alas, ye've ruin'd me."
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her—
  While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
  For ye ay shall make the bed for me."

She took her mither's holland sheets,
  And made them a' in sarks to me.
Blythe and merry may she be,
  The lass that made the bed to me.

Too Cold To Lie Alone

FROM ANE PLEASANT GARDEN (C. 1800); EDITED BY C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

DEAREST Jenny, thou must love me,
  Troth, my bonny lad, I do;
Since thou says so, come I'll prove thee,
  Dearest thou must kiss me too.
Take a kiss or two, my own dear Jockie,
  For more I dare give none, I trow;
Fush, quoth he, be not unlucky,
  Pray, wed me first and all will do.

Not for all Fife and lands about it,
  I'll ne'er wed for to be bound,
Neither can I live without thee
  For five hundred thousand pound.
Then thou will die if I forsake thee,
  Better die as be undone;
Since thou says so, come I'll take thee,
  It's too cold to lie alone.

The Wee One

FROM ANE PLEASANT GARDEN (C. 1800); EDITED BY C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

A SLEE one, a slee one,
  I neere saw sic a slee one;
The first night that I with him lay,
  Oh, then he got this wee one.

This wee one, this wee one,
  This bonny winking wee one;
I'de bin a maid amongst the rest
  Wer't not I got this wee one.

The Nameless Maiden

c. 1800

A MAID, I dare not tell her name;
  For fear I should disgrace her,
Tempted a young man for to come
  One night for to embrace her.
When at the door he made a stop, he made a stop,
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
"The latch will up, the latch will up."

This young man, hearing of her words,
  Pull'd up the latch and entered;
But in the room unfortunately
To her mother's bed he ventured.
When the poor maid was sore afraid,
And almost dead, and almost dead;
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
"To the truckle bed, to the truckle bed."

Unto the truckle bed he went,
  But as this youth was a-going,
The unlucky cradle stood in his way,
  Which had almost spoil'd his wooing.
When after this the maid he spy'd, the maid he spy'd,
Here she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
"To th'other side, to th'other side."

Unto the other side he went,
  To show the love he meant her;
Pull'd off his clothes courageously,
  And fell to the work he was sent for.
And the poor maid made no reply, made no reply,
But she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
"A little too high, a little too high."

This lusty lover half ashamed,
  Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge her home again,
  As e'er a girl could wish him.
"Why now my love, I'm right I know, I'm right I know."
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
"A little too low, a little too low."

But by mistake, at length this youth
  His business so well 'tended,
He hit the mark so cunningly,
  He defy'd all the world to mend it.
"Well now, my love, I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear."
Then she lay still, and snoring cry'd,
"Oh there! just there! Oh there! just there!"

From the Odes of Anacreon

BY THOMAS MOORE

SABLED by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters team,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the vestal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While round the vat's impurpled brine,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair.
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years declin
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassioned seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms but half displayed,
Blushed through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kissed her lips, he kissed her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloomed in any bower!
Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

Did Not

BY THOMAS MOORE. FROM JUVENILE POEMS, 1801

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
  Which then we hid not:
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wished, in every half-breathed sigh,
  To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassioned touch—
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
  And yet she chid not;
But whispered o'er my burning brow,
"Oh, do you doubt I love you now,"
  Sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I prest it closer, closer still,
  Though gently bid not,
Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly erred,
  And yet, who did not.

Don Juan

BY LORD BYRON. FROM DON JUAN: CANTO I, 1819

CIV

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour
  Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
  As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,
  To whom the lyre and laurels have been given.
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

CV

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
  How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I shall not tell—
  People should hold their tongues in any case;
No matter how or why the thing befell,
  But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI

How beautiful she looked! her conscious heart
  Glowed in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong:
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
  Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong!
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
  Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along!—
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII

She thought of her own strength and Juan's youth,
  And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious Virtue, and domestic Truth,
  And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
I wish these last had not occurred, in sooth,
  Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

* * * * * * *

CXI

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
  Gently, but palpably confirmed its grasp,
As if it said, "Detain me, if you please";
  Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;
  She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could arouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
  But what he did, is much what you would do;
His young lip thanked it with a grateful kiss,
  And then, abashed at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—
  Love is so very timid when 't is new:
She blushed, and frowned not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

* * * * * * *

CXV

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
  And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was placed;
  Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,

Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist;
  But then the situation had its charm,
And then—God knows what next—I can't go on;
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

* * * * * * *

CXXXVI

'T was midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
  Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
  If they had never been awoke before,
And that they have been so we all have read,
  And are to be so, at the least, once more;—
The door was fastened, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then "Madam—Madam—hist!

CXXXVII

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my master,
  With more than half the city at his back—
Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!
  'T is not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!
Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
  They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window's not so very high!"

* * * * * * *

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
  Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
But for a cavalier of his condition
  It surely was ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
  To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, armed with fire and sword,
  To prove himself the thing he most abhorred.

CXL

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,
  (Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept),
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
  Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
  As if she had just now from out them crept:
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double

* * * * * * *

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
"In Heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d' ye mean?
Has madness seized you? would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been!
What may this midnight violence betide.
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said, "I will."

* * * * * * *

Under the bed they searched, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not what they sought;
They opened windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs of footmarks, but the earth said nought;
And then they stared each others' faces round:
'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV

During this inquisition Julia's tongue
Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
It was for this that I became a bride!
For this in silence I have suffered long
A husband like Alfonso at my side;
But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law or lawyers in all Spain.

* * * * * * *

"There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover.
I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
And when 't is found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

* * * * * * *

CLIV

"And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d' ye call
Him? what 's his lineage? let him but be shown—
I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain."

* * * * * * *

She ceased, and turned upon her pillow; pale
  She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
  Waved and o'er shading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail
  To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

* * * * * * *

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
  And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
  And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gained no point, except some self-rebukes,
  Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had poured upon him for the last half-hour
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

* * * * * * *

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
  But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
  With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
Or madam dies."—Alfonso muttered, "D—n her,"
  But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

* * * * * * *

With him retired his *"posse comitatus,"*
  The attorney last, who lingered near the door
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
  Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplained *"hiatus"*
  In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he resolved the case,
The door was fastened in his legal face.

CLXV

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh Shame!
  Oh Sin! Oh Sorrow! and Oh Womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
  Unless this world, and t' other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilched good name!
  But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipped, half-smothered, from the bed.

CLXVI

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
  How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and packed easily, he lay,
  No doubt, in little compass, round or square;
But pity him I neither must nor may
  His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII

And, secondly, I pity not, because
  He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws;—
  At least 't was rather early to begin,
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
  So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the Devil.

CLXVIII

Of his position I can give no notion:
  'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
  Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
  And that the medicine answered very well;
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

* * * * * * *

He turned his lip to hers, and with his hand
  Called back the tangles of her wandering hair;
Even their love they could not all command.
  And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—
  "Come, come, 't is no time now for fooling there,"
She whispered, in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI

"Pray keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
  Who can have put my master in this mood?
What will become on 't—I'm in such a fright,
  The Devil's in the urchin, and no good—
Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
  Why don't you know that it may end in blood?
You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier
  Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)
But for a child, what piece of work is here!
  I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:
  There, for the present, at the least, he's fast,
And if we can but till the morning keep
Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep!")

Leon to Annabella

Se non e vero, e ben trovato

ATTRIBUTED TO LORD BYRON. CIRC. 1865

From proud Venetia's desolated strand
Peruse these traces of a husband's hand;
Or, if that honoured word offends thy ear,
Read for the sake of him who once was dear.
An exile in a foreign clime I roam,
Expelled thy bed, and driven from my home.
Be this enough to satisfy thy hate,
If not enough my crime to expiate.
  My crime!—What was it?—Publish it aloud—
Why thus in mystery thy dudgeon shroud?
Utter thy wrongs; or mine, if just, redress;
Lady, be bold, and prove my wickedness;
Nor let malicious calumny proclaim,
With foulest tongue, dishonour on my name.
  Thou know'st, when first I wooed thy maiden vow,
A poet's laurels decked my youthful brow;
And, thou descended from a noble race,
Whose blazon'd scutcheons might their issue grace,
My pride was not by them alone to shine;
The lustre borrowed I repaid with mine.
Thou know'st, how many matrons spread their wiles,
How many daughters lavished all their smiles!
All these I scorned—that scorn by thee returned,
Whilst others burned for me, for thee I burned,
Till, won at last, I to the altar led
Thy faltering steps: the priest his rubric said.
Thy promised troth to honour and obey
Was faintly pledged, and pledged but to betray,
  How rash the mariner would seem to be,
Who launches forth his vessel on the sea
Without a compass, with no lead to sound;
No marks to show the harbour where he's bound:
Unknown what shoals lie hid, what winds assail,
What fogs mephitic on the coast prevail.

So thoughtless man, who sets his mast afloat
To seek the haven of a petticoat,
Upon an inauspicious strand may run,
And mourn his folly e'er his course is done.
Nay, e'en the morrow's dawn may see him rise,
In vain regretting his rash enterprise.
  Oh! woman, oft the homage you inspire
Is not on you bestowed, but your attire.
For who can say if what delights our eyes
Is nature's self, or nature in disguise?
The pallid cheek and bloodless lip we see,
But all the rest is clothed in mystery.
In airy dreams imagination strays;
Counts every charm, and, daring, seems to raise
The jealous robe that hides your snowy limbs,
Till, drunk with thought, the brain in pleasure swims.
Vain hopes! which cruel disappointments pay.
That tissue covers only mortal clay.
When marriage comes the gaudy vestments fall,
And all our joys may prove apocryphal.
For when the Abigail's officious hand
Has loosened here a string, and there a band;
When, slipping to the tag, the bursting lace
Has given you breath; and, rumbling to their place,
The joyous entrails set your flanks at ease;
When nothing veils you but a thin chemise;
The bridegroom's happy, who, between the sheets,
Without alloy the promised banquet meets.
What lot was mine—and, on my wedding night,
What viands waited for my appetite—
I will not say: but e'en the best repast,
Repeated often, surfeits us at last.
The surfeit came: to this my crime amounts,
I fain would slake my thirst from other founts.
But, not like those, who, with adult'rous steps,
Seek courtesans and hackneyed demireps,
I left thee not beneath a widow'd quilt,
To take another partner of my guilt.
Thy charms were still my refuge—only this,
I hoped to find variety in bliss.
Thou know'st, when married, from the church we came,
Heedless I called thee by thy maiden name.
Unmeaning words!—yet some malignant fiend,
Who under friendship's garb the poison screened,
Could draw an omen from a verbal slip,
And drug the nuptial chalice at thy lip:
Could bid thee mark that man with evil eye,
Whose thoughts still lingered on celibacy.
Believe it not:—the scene my mind confused,
Of coming joys, and not on past I mused.
I saw the ring upon thy finger shine;
If that could make a wife I saw thee mine.

The surplice man his mockery had done,
And Mother Church of two had made us one.
Attesting hands had inked the feathered quill,
And yet there seemed a something wanting still;
And yet, I know not why, my tongue denied
To call thee dame, although thou wast my bride.
For still thy virgin look and maiden guise
Were seemings stronger than realities;
Which said, "Beside thee hangs a lovely flower,
Pluck it, 'tis thine: thou only hast the power."
But nature whispered, till that hour arrived,
Though fools might tell me so, I was not wived.
And Cynthia's lamp had lit the firmament;
  But when lone night had spread her sable tent,
When the flushed bride-maid had her office done,
And ingress to the bridal bow'r was won;
When on thy naked neck a fervent kiss
Announced the prelude of impending bliss;
When, half resisting, yielding half, I pressed
Thy trembling form; when—but thou know'st the rest.
Then, and then only, would my heart avow,
This is the wedding—thou art madam now:
And glibly to my lips the accents came
At next day's dawn, "How fares it with thee, dame?"
  The happy moments in thy arms enjoyed,
Whilst love was new, nor yet possession cloyed.
Our joys, when virgin diffidence was o'er,
I pass in silence: moments now no more.
For oft a bride from modesty restrains
The latent heat that bubbles in her veins.
From coyness checks the impulse that she feels,
And on the sense by slow caresses steals.
Thus passed the fleeting hours, and still had passed,
But fate resolved our nuptial joys to blast.
One day a boon thou seemedest to require.
"Leon, I go to see my honoured sire:
"My mother, too—'tis long since we have met;
"And, loving thee, I must not them forget."
"Speed thee," I cried, "and brief, dame, make thy stay
"Dreary's the husband's couch whose wife's away.
"Nor let thy filial piety preclude
"Some lines each day to cheer my solitude."
When thy much-longed for tablets came,
To tell thy Leon thou wert still the same.
Another letter followed close the first.
With eager hand the waxen seal I burst:
But could I read, and credit what I read:
"Leon, in future think of me as dead.
"Take back the ring which late my finger wore;
"For, though thy wife, thou ne'er wilt see me more."
  Aghast I stood, in motionless surprise,
And whence, thought I, can such a change arise?

At first I hoped there might some error be:
But no! the hand was thine, and sent to me.
Not more amaz'd, while feasting in his hall,
Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall:
Not e'en the felon looks with deeper gloom
Upon the warrant which decides his doom.
In vain I passed my actions in review:
My faults were many, but they were not new.
The harlot's smile, the wassail's merriment,
With boon companions all my substance spent;
All this was known before thou wast my bride;
Methought for this 'twas now too late to chide.
Thus mused I long: 'till, with conjecture tired,
Alone and sad I to my couch retired.
The night was cold, the wind tempestuous blew:
My curtain round me mournfully I drew.
And wert thou there (thus to myself I said)
My breast should be a pillow for thy head,
Lock'd in my arms the storm might rage its fill:
'Twould only make me clasp thee closer still,
Then, as I lay, my memory portrayed
A picture of thy charms; and Love, in aid,
Called up the tender pastimes of the night,
When shame was lulled, and transport at its height.
Yes, truth to tell (I cried) thy form was fair;
Thy skin was alabaster, and thy hair
Fell in profusion down thy taper waist.
And oh! what undulating beauties graced
Those loins whose fall had mocked the sculptor's hand,
And gained thee worship in a Cnidian land.
  Whilst these reflections in my brains ferment,
Sudden their course assumed another bent.
What! if by thoughtless indiscretion led,
Thou couldst betray the secrets of our bed?
I know thy unsuspecting soul too well—
All, all thou would'st, interrogated tell.

* * * * * * *

  Oh, lovely woman! by your Maker's hand
For man's delight and solace wisely planned.
Thankless is she who nature's bounty mocks,
Nor gives Love entrance whereso'er he knocks.
The breechless vagrant has no settled spot,
Now seeks the brook, now nestles in the grot.
Where pleasure offers nectar to the lip,
Anon he steals the honied draught to sip,
Shall priest-born prejudice the honey'd draught deny
And send away the thirsty votary?
  Matrons of Rome, held ye yourselves disgraced
In yielding to your husband's wayward taste?
Ah, no!—By tender complaisance ye reign'd:
No wife of wounded modesty complained.

Though Gracchus sometimes his libations poured
In love's unhallowed vase; yet, still adored
By sage Cornelia, 'twas her pride to be
His paradise, with no forbidden tree.
The blooming damsel, on the wedding night,
Conducted to the hymenaeal fight,
Would pray her lord to spare a virgin's fear,
And take his restive courser to the rear—
Put off the venue to another place,
And dread the trial more than the disgrace.
But now no couple can in safety lie;
Between the sheets salacious lawyers pry.
Yet nature varies not:—desires we feel,
As Romans felt; but woe if we reveal,
For what were errors then, our happy times
With sainted zeal have registered as crimes.
  Lady, inscribed in characters of gold
This adage—"Truth not always must be told."
Virtues and vices have no certain dye,
But take the colour of society.
The ore which bears the impress of the crown
Is passed as standard money through the town;
But what we fashion into private plate,
We keep at home and never circulate.

To Caroline

BY LORD BYRON. FROM HOURS OF IDLENESS, 1807

1

You say you love, and yet your eye
  No symptom of that love conveys,
You say you love, yet know not why
  Your cheek no sign of love betrays.

2

Ah! did that breast with ardour glow,
With me alone it joy could know,
Or feel with me the listless woe,
  Which racks my heart when far from thee.

3

Whene'er we meet my blushes rise,
  And mantle through my purpled cheek,
But yet no blush to mine replies,
  Nor e'en your eyes your love bespeak.

4

Your voice alone declares your flame,
And though so sweet it breathes my name,
Our passions still are not the same;
  Alas! you cannot love like me.

5

For e'en your lip seems steep'd in snow,
  And though so oft it meets my kiss,
It burns with no responsive glow,
  Nor melts like mine in dewy bliss.

6

Ah! what are words to love like mine,
Though utter'd by a voice like thine,
I still in murmurs must repine,
  And think that love can ne'er be true.

7

Which meets me with no joyous sign,
  Without a sigh which bids adieu;
How different is my love from thine,
  How deep my grief when leaving you!

8

Your image fills my anxious breast,
Till day declines adown the West,
And when at night, I sink to rest,
  In dreams your fancied form I view.

9

'Tis then your breast, no longer cold,
  With equal ardour seems to burn,
While close your arms around me fold,
  Your lips my kiss with warmth return.

10

Ah! would these joyous moments last;
Vain HOPE! the gay delusion's past,
That voice!—ah! no, 'tis but the blast,
  Which echoes through the neighbouring grove.

11

But when awake, your lips I seek,
  And clasp enraptur'd all your charms,
So chills the pressure of your cheek,
  I fold a statue in my arms.

If thus, when to my heart embrac'd,
No pleasure in your eyes is trac'd;
You may be prudent, fair, and chaste,
  But ah! my girl, you do not love.

The Rape of Aurora

BY GEORGE MEREDITH, 1851

NEVER, O never,
  Since dewy sweet Flora
Was ravished by Zephyr,
  Was such a thing heard
    In the valleys so hollow!
  Till rosy Aurora,
Uprising as ever,
  Bright Phosphor to follow,
Pale Phoebe to sever,
  Was caught like a bird
    To the breast of Apollo!

Wildly she flutters,
  And flushes all over
With passionate mutters
  Of shame to the hush
    Of his amorous whispers:
  But O such a lover
Must win when he utters,
  Thro' rosy red lispers,
The pains that discover
  The wishes that gush
    From the torches of Hesperus.

One finger just touching
  The Orient chamber,
Unflooded the gushing
  Of light that illumed
    All her lustrous unveiling.
  On clouds of glow amber,
Her limbs richly blushing,
  She lay sweetly wailing,
In odours that gloomed
  On the God as he bloomed
    O'er her loveliness paling.

Great Pan in his covert
  Beheld the rare glistening,
The cry of the love-hurt,
  The sigh and the kiss
    Of the latest close mingling:
  But love, thought he, listening,

Will not do a dove hurt,
  I know,—and a tingling,
Latent with bliss,
  Prickt thro' him, I wis,
    For the Nymph he was singing.

Love-in-Idleness

BY THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, 1851

I

"SHALL I be your first love, lady, shall I be your first?
  Oh! then I'll fall before you, down on my velvet knee,
  And deeply bend my rosy head and press it upon thee,
And swear that there is nothing more, for which my heart doth thirst.
  But a downy kiss, and pink,
  Between your lips' soft chink."

II

"Yes, you shall be my first love, boy, and you shall be my first,
  And I will raise you up again unto my bosom's fold;
  And when your kisses many one on lip and cheek have told,
I'll let you loose upon the grass, to leave me if you durst;
  And so we'll toy away
  The night besides the day."

III

"But let me be your second love, but let me be your second,
  For then I'll tap so gently, dear, upon your window pane,
  And creep between the curtains in, where never man has lain,
And never leave thy gentle side till the morning star hath beckoned,
  Held in the silken lace
  Of thy young arms' embrace."

IV

"Well thou shalt be my second love, yes, gentle boy, my second,
  And I will wait at eve for thee all lonely in my bower.
  And yield unto thy kisses, like a bud to April's shower.
From moonset till the tower-clock the hour of dawn hath reckoned,
  And lock thee with my arms
  All silent up in charms."

V

"No, I will be thy third love, lady, aye I will be the third,
And break upon thee, bathing, in woody place alone,
And catch thee to my saddle and ride o'er stream and stone,
And press thee well, and kiss thee well, and never speak a word,
'Till—thou has yielded up
The first taste of love's cup."

VI

"Then thou shalt not be my first love, boy, nor my second, nor my third;
If thou'rt the first, I'll laugh at thee and pierce thy flesh with thorns;
If the second, from my chamber pelt with jeering laugh and scorns;
And if thou darest be the third, I'll draw my dirk unheard
And cut thy heart in two,
And then die, weeping you."

From Pent-up Aching Rivers

BY WALT WHITMAN. FROM LEAVES OF GRASS, 1860

FROM pent-up aching rivers,
From that of myself, without which I were nothing,
From what I am determin'd to make illustrious, even if I stand sole among men,
From my own voice resonant, singing the phallus,
Singing the song of procreation.
Singing the need of superb children and therein superb grown people,
Singing the muscular urge and the blending,
Singing the bedfellow's song, (O resistless yearning!
O for any and each, the body correlative attracting!
O for you, whoever you are, your correlative body! O it, more than all else, you delighting!)
From the hungry gnaw that eats me night and day,
From native moments, from bashful pains, singing them,
Seeking something yet unfound though I have diligently sought it many a long year,
Singing the true song of the soul fitful at random,
Singing what, to the Soul, entirely redeemed her, the faithful one even the prostitute, who detained me when I went to the city;
Singing the song of prostitutes;
Renascent with grossest Nature or among animals,
Of that, of them and what goes with them my poems informing,
Of the smell of apples and lemons, of the pairing of birds,
Of the wet of woods, of the lapping of waves,

Of the mad pushes of waves upon the land, I them chanting,
The overture lightly sounding, the strain anticipating,
The welcome nearness, the sight of the perfect body,
The swimmer swimming naked in the bath, or motionless on his back lying and floating,
The female form approaching, I pensive, love-flesh tremulous aching,
The divine list for myself, or you or for any one, making,
The face, the limbs, the index from head to foot, and what it arouses,
The mystic deliria, the madness amorous, the utter abandonment,
(Hark close and still what I now whisper to you,
I love you, O you entirely possess me,
O I wish that you and I escape from the rest and go utterly off, free and lawless,
Two hawks in the air, two fishes swimming in the sea, not more lawless than we;)
The furious storm through me careering, I passionately trembling,
The oath of inseparableness of two together, of the woman that loves me and whom I love more than my life, that oath swearing,
(O I willingly stake all for you,
O let me be lost if it must be so!
O you and I! what is it to us what the rest do or think?
What is all else to us? only that we enjoy each other and exhaust each other if it must be so;)
From the master, the pilot I yield the vessel to,
The general commanding me, commanding all, from him permission taking,
From time the programme hastening, (I have loiter'd too long as it is,)
From sex, from the warp and from the woof,
(To talk to the perfect girl who understands me, to waft to her these from my own lips—to effuse them from my own body;)
From privacy, from frequent repinings alone,
From plenty of persons near and yet the right person not near,
From the soft sliding of hands over me and thrusting of fingers through my hair and beard,
From the long sustain'd kiss upon the mouth or bosom,
From the close pressure that makes me or any man drunk, fainting with excess,
From what the divine husband knows, from the work of fatherhood,
From exultation, victory and relief, from the bedfellow's embrace in the night,
From the act-poems of eyes, hands, hips and bosoms,
From the cling of the trembling arm,

From the bending curve and the clinch,
From side by side the pliant coverlet off-throwing,
From the one so unwilling to have me leave, and me just as unwilling to leave,
(Yet a moment O tender waiter, and I return,)
From the hour of shining stars and dropping dews,
From the night a moment I emerging fitting out,
Celebrate you act divine—and you children prepared for,
And you stalwart loins.

I Sing the Body Electric

BY WALT WHITMAN. FROM LEAVES OF GRASS, 1860

I HAVE perceiv'd that to be with those I like is enough,
To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,
To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough,
To pass among them or touch any one, or rest my arm ever so lightly round his or her neck for a moment, what is this then?
I do not seek any more delight, I swim in it as in a sea.

There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well,
All things please the soul, but these please the soul well.

This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot,
It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction,
I am drawn by its breath as if I were no more than a helpless vapor, all talls aside but myself and it,
Books, art, religion, time, the visible and solid earth, and what was expected of heaven or fear'd of hell, are now consumed,
Mad filaments, ungovernable shoots play out of it, the response likewise ungovernable,
Hair, bosom, hips, bend of legs, negligent falling hands all diffused, mine too diffused,
Ebb stung by the flow and flow, stung by the ebb, love flesh swelling and deliciously aching,
Limitless limpid jests of love hot and enormous, quivering jelly of love, white blow and delirious juice,
Bridegroom night of love working surely and softly into the prostrate dawn;
Undulating into the willing and yielding day,
Lost in the cleave of the clasping and sweet-flesh'd day.
This the nucleus—after the child is born of woman, man is born of woman,
This is the bath of birth, this the merge of small and large, and the outlet again,

Be not ashamed, women, your privilege encloses the rest, and
is the exit of the rest,
You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates of the
soul,
The female contains all qualities and tempers them,
She is in her place and moves with perfect balance,
She is all things duly veil'd, she is both passive and active,
She is to conceive daughters as well as sons, and sons as well
as daughters.

As I see my soul reflected in Nature,
As I see through a mist, One with inexpressible completeness,
sanity, beauty,
See the bent head and arms folded over the breast, the Female
I see.

A Woman Waits for Me

BY WALT WHITMAN. FROM LEAVES OF GRASS, 1860

A WOMAN waits for me, she contains all, nothing is lacking,
Yet all were lacking if sex were lacking, or if the moisture
of the right man were lacking.

Sex contains all, bodies, souls,
Meanings, proofs, purities, delicacies, results, promulgations,
Songs, commands, health, pride, the maternal mystery, the
seminal milk,
All hopes, benefactions, bestowals, all the passions, loves,
beauties, delights of the earth,
These are contain'd in sex as parts of itself and justifications
of itself.
Without shame the man I like knows and avows the delicious
ness of his sex,
Without shame the woman I like knows and avows hers.

Now I will dismiss myself from impassive women,
I will go stay with her who waits for me, and with those
women that are warm-blooded and sufficient for me,
I see that they understand me and do not deny me,
I see that they are worthy of me, I will be the robust husband
of those women.

They are not one jot less than I am,
They are tann'd in the face by shining suns and blowing
winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength,
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run,
strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves,
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear,
well-possess'd of themselves.

I draw you close to me, you women,
I cannot let you go, I would do you good,
I am for you, and you are for me, not only for our own sake,
but for others' sakes,
Envelop'd in you sleep greater heroes and bards,
They refuse to awake at the touch of any man but me.

It is I, you women, I make my way,
I am stern, acrid, large, undissuadable, but I love you,
I do not hurt you any more than is necessary for you,
I pour the stuff to start sons and daughters fit for these States,
I press with slow rude muscle,
I brace myself effectually, I listen to no entreaties,
I dare not withdraw till I deposit what has so long accumulated within me.

Through you I drain the pent-up rivers of myself,
In you I wrap a thousand onward years,
On you I graft the grafts of the best-loved of me and America,
The drops I distil upon you shall grow fierce and athletic girls, new artists, musicians, and singers,
The babes I beget upon you are to beget babes in their turn,
I shall demand perfect men and women out of my love-spendings,
I shall expect them to interpenetrate with others, as I and you interpenetrate now,
I shall count on the fruits of the gushing showers of them, as I count on the fruits of the gushing showers I give now,
I shall look for loving crops from the birth, life, death, immortality, I plant so lovingly now.

A Ballad of Death

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

KNEEL down, fair Love, and fill thyself with tears,
Girdle thyself with sighing for a girth
Upon the sides of mirth,
Cover thy lips and eyelids, let thine ears
Be filled with rumour of people sorrowing;
Make thee soft raiment out of woven sighs
Upon the flesh to cleave,
Set pains therein and many a grievous thing,
And many sorrows after each his wise
For amlet and for gorget and for sleeve.

O Love's lute heard about the lands of death,
Left hanged upon the trees that were therein;
O Love and Time and Sin,
Three singing mouths that mourn now under breath,

Three lovers, each one evil spoken of;
O smitten lips where through this voice of mine
Came softer with her praise;
Abide a little for our lady's love.
The kisses of her mouth were more than wine,
And more than peace the passage of her days.

O Love, thou knowest if she were good to see.
O Time, thou shalt not find in any land
Till, cast out of thine hand,
The sunlight and the moonlight fail from thee,
Another woman fashioned like as this.
O Sin, thou knowest that all thy shame in her
Was made a goodly thing;
Yea, she caught Shame and shamed him with her kiss,
With her fair kiss, and lips much lovelier
Than lips of amorous roses in late spring.

By night there stood over against my bed
Queen Venus with a hood striped gold and black,
Both sides drawn fully back
From brows wherein the sad blood failed of red,
And temples drained of purple and full of death.
Her curled hair had the wave of sea-water
And the sea's gold in it.
Her eyes were as a dove's that sickeneth.
Strewn dust of gold she had shed over her,
And pearl and purple and amber on her feet.

Upon her raiment of dyed sendaline
Were painted all the secret ways of love
And covered things thereof,
That hold delight as grape-flowers held their wine;
Red mouths of maidens and red feet of doves,
And brides that kept within the bride-chamber
And weeping faces of the wearied loves
Their garment of soft shame,
That swoon in sleep and awake wearier,
With heat of lips and hair shed out like flame.

The tears that through her eyelids fell on me
Made mine own bitter where they ran between
As blood had fallen therein,
She saying; Arise, lift up thine eyes and see
If any glad thing be or any good
Now the best thing is taken forth of us;
Even she to whom all praise
Was as one flower in a great multitude,
One glorious flower of many and glorious,
One day found gracious among many days:

Even she whose handmaiden was Love—to whom
At kissing times across her stateliest bed
Kings bowed themselves and shed
Pale wine, and honey with the honeycomb,

And spikenard bruised for a burnt-offering;
Even she between whose lips the kiss became
As fire and frankincense;
Whose hair was as gold raiment on a king,
Whose eyes were as the morning purged with flame,
Whose eyelids as sweet savour issuing thence.

Then I behold, and lo on the other side
My lady's likeness crowned and robed and dead.
Sweet still, but now not red,
Was the shut mouth whereby men lived and died.
And sweet, but emptied of the blood's blue shade,
The great curled eyelids that withheld her eyes.
And sweet, but like spoilt gold,
The weight of colour in her tresses weighed.
And sweet, but as a vesture with new dyes,
The body that was clothed with love of old.

Ah! that my tears filled all her woven hair
And all the hollow bosom of her gown—
Ah! that my tears ran down
Even to the place where many kisses were,
Even where her parted breast-flowers have place,
Even where they are cloven apart—who knows not this?
Ah! the flowers cleave apart
And their sweet fills the tender interspace;
Ah! the leaves grown thereof were things to kiss
Ere their fine gold was tarnished at the heart.

Ah! in the days when God did good to me,
Each part about her was a righteous thing;
Her mouth was an almsgiving,
The glory of her garments charity,
The beauty of her bosom a good deed,
In the good days when God kept sight of us;
Love lay upon her eyes,
And on that hair whereof the world takes heed;
And all her body was more virtuous
Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

Now, ballad, gather poppies in thine hands
And sheaves of brier and many rusted sheaves
Rain-rotten in rank lands,
Waste marigold and late unhappy leaves
And grass that fades ere any of it be mown;
And when thy bosom is filled full thereof
Seek out Death's face ere the light altereth,
And say "My master that was thrall to Love
Is become thrall to Death."
Bow down before him, ballad, sigh and groan,
But make no sojourn in thy outgoing;
For haply it may be
That when thy feet return at evening
Death shall come in with thee.

Les Noyades

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

WHATEVER a man of the sons of men
  Shall say to his heart of the lords above,
They have shown man verily, once and again,
  Marvellous mercies and infinite love.

In the wild fifth year of the change of things,
  When France was glorious and blood-red, fair
With dust of battle and deaths of kings,
  A queen of men, with helmeted hair;

Carrier came down to the Loire and slew,
  Till all the ways and the waves waxed red:
Bound and drowned, slaying two by two,
  Maidens and young men, naked and wed.

They brought on a day to his judgment-place
  One rough with labour and red with fight,
And a lady noble by name and face,
  Faultless, a maiden, wonderful, white.

She knew not, being for shame's sake blind,
  If his eyes were hot on her face hard by.
And the judge bade strip and ship them, and bind
  Bosom to bosom, to drown and die.

The white girl winced and whitened; but he
  Caught fire, waxed bright as a great bright flame
Seen with a thunder far out on the sea,
  Laughed hard as the glad blood went and came.

Twice his lips quailed with delight, then said,
  "I have but a word to you all, one word
Bear with me; surely I am but dead";
  And all they laughed and mocked him and heard.

"Judge, when they open the judgment-roll,
  I will stand upright before God and pray:
Lord God, have mercy on one man's soul,
  For his mercy was great upon earth, I say.

"Lord, if I loved thee—Lord, if I served—
  If these who darkened thy fair Son's face
I fought with, sparing not one, nor swerved
  A hand's breadth, Lord, in the perilous place—

"I pray thee say to this man, O Lord,
  Sit thou for him at my feet on a throne.
I will face thy wrath, though it bite as a sword,
  And my soul shall burn for his soul, and stone.

"For Lord, thou knowest, O God most wise,
  How gracious on earth were his deeds toward me.
Shall this be a small thing in thine eyes,
  That is greater in mine than the whole great sea?"

I have loved this woman my whole life long,
  And even for love's sake when have I said
"I love you"? when have I done you wrong,
  Living? but now I shall have you dead.

"Yea, now, do I bid you love me, love?
  Love me or loathe, we are one not twain.
But God be praised in his heaven above
  For this my pleasure and that my pain!

"For never a man, being mean like me,
  Shall die like me till the whole world dies.
I shall drown with her, laughing for love; and she
  Mix with me, touching me, lips and eyes.

"Shall she not know me and see me all through,
  Me, on whose heart as a worm she trod?
You have given me, God requite it you,
  What man yet never was given of God."

O sweet one love, O my life's delight,
  Dear, though the days have divided us,
Lost beyond hope, taken far out of sight,
  Not twice in the world shall the gods do thus.

Had it been so hard for my love? but I,
  Though the gods gave all that a god can give,
I had chosen rather the gift to die,
  Cease, and be glad above all that live.

For the Loire would have driven us down to the sea,
  And the sea would have pitched us from shoal to shoal;
And I should have held you, and you held me,
  As flesh holds flesh, and the soul the soul.

Could I change you, help you to love me, sweet,
  Could I give you the love that would sweeten death,
We should yield, go down, locked hands and feet,
  Die, drown together, and breath catch breath;

But you would have felt my soul in a kiss,
  And known that once if I loved you well;
And I would have given my soul for this
  To burn for ever in burning hell.

Hermaphroditus

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

I

Lift up thy lips, turn round, look back for love,
  Blind love that comes by night and casts out rest
  Of all things tired thy lips look weariest,
Save the long smile that they are wearied of.
Ah sweet, albeit no love be sweet enough,
  Choose of two loves and cleave unto the best;
  Two loves at either blossom of thy breast
Strive until one be under and one above.
Their breath is fire upon the amorous air,
Fire in thine eyes and where thy lips suspire:
And whosoever hath seen thee, being so fair,
  Two things turn all his life and blood to fire;
A strong desire begot on great despair,
  A great despair cast out by strong desire.

II

Where between sleep and life some brief space is,
  With love like gold bound round about the head,
  Sex to sweet sex with lips and limbs is wed,
Turning the fruitful feud of hers and his
To the waste wedlock of a sterile kiss;
  Yet from them something like as fire is shed
  That shall not be assuaged till death be dead,
Though neither life nor sleep can find out this.
Love made himself of flesh that perisheth
  A pleasure-house for all the loves his kin;
But on the one side sat a man like death,
  And on the other a woman sat like sin.
So with veiled eyes and sobs between his breath
  Love turned himself and would not enter in.

III

Love, is it love or sleep or shadow or light
  That lies between thine eyelids and thine eyes?
  Like a flower laid upon a flower it lies,
Or like the night's dew laid upon the night.
Love stands upon thy left hand and thy right,
  Yet by no sunset and by no moonrise
  Shall make thee man and ease a woman's sighs,
Or make thee woman for a man's delight.
To what strange end hath some strange god made fair
  The double blossom of two fruitless flowers?
Hid love in all the folds of all thy hair,
  Fed thee on summers, watered thee with showers,
Given all the gold that all the seasons wear
  To thee that art a thing of barren hours?

IV

Yea, love, I see; it is not love but fear.
  Nay, sweet, it is not fear but love, I know;
  Or wherefore should thy body's blossom blow
So sweetly, or thine eyelids leave so clear
Thy gracious eyes that never made a tear—
  Though for their love our tears like blood should flow,
Though love and life and death should come and go,
So dreadful, so desirable, so dear?
Yea, sweet, I know; I saw in what swift wise
  Beneath the woman's and the water's kiss
  Thy moist limbs melted into Salmacis,
And the large light turned tender in thine eyes,
And all thy boy's breath softened into sighs;
  But Love being blind, how should he know of this?

Fragoletta

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

O LOVE! what shall be said of thee?
The son of grief begot by joy?
Being sightless, wilt thou see?
Being sexless, wilt thou be
Maiden or boy?

I dreamed of strange lips yesterday
And cheeks wherein the ambiguous blood
Was like a rose's—yea,
A rose's when it lay
Within the bud.

What fields have bred thee, or what groves
Concealed thee, O mysterious flower,
O double rose of Love's,
With leaves that lure the doves
From bud to bower?

I dare not kiss it, lest my lip
Press harder than an indrawn breath,
And all the sweet life slip
Forth, and the sweet leaves drip,
Bloodlike, in death.

O sole desire of my delight!
O sole delight of my desire!
Mine eyelids and eyesight
Feed on thee day and night
Like lips of fire.

Lean back thy throat of carven pearl,
Lest thy mouth murmur like the dove's;
Say, Venus hath no girl,
No front of female curl,
Among her Loves.

Thy sweet low bosom, thy close hair,
Thy straight soft flanks and slenderer feet,
Thy virginal strange air,
Are these not over fair
For Love to greet?

How should he greet thee? what new name,
Fit to move all men's hearts, could move
Thee, deaf to love or shame,
Love's sister, by the same
Mother as Love?

Ah sweet, the maiden's mouth is cold,
Her breast-blossoms are simply red,
Her hair mere brown or gold,
Fold over simple fold
Binding her head.

Thy mouth is made of fire and wine,
Thy barren bosom takes my kiss
And turns my soul to thine
And turns thy lip to mine,
And mine it is.

Thou hast a serpent in thine hair,
In all the curls that close and cling;
And ah, thy breast-flower!
Ah love, thy mouth too fair
To kiss and sting!

Cleave to me, love me, kiss mine eyes,
Satiate thy lips with loving me;
Nay, for thou shalt not rise;
Lie still as Love that dies
For love of thee.

Mine arms are close about thine head,
My lips are fervent on thy face,
And where my kiss hath fed
Thy flower-like blood leaps red
To the kissed place.

O bitterness of things too sweet
O broken singing of the dove!
Love's wings are over fleet,
And like the panther's feet
The feet of Love.

In the Orchard

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

LEAVE go my hands, let me catch breath and see;
Let the dew-fall drench either side of me;
  Clear apple-leaves are soft upon that moon
Seen sidelong like a blossom in the tree;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

The grass is thick and cool, it lets us lie.
Kissed upon either cheek and either eye,
  I turn to thee as some green afternoon
Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Lie closer, lean your face upon my side,
Feel where the dew fell that has hardly dried,
  Hear how the blood beats that went nigh to swoon;
The pleasure lives there when the sense has died,
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

O my fair lord, I charge you leave me this:
Is it not sweeter than a foolish kiss?
  Nay take it then, my flower, my first in June,
My rose, so like a tender mouth it is:
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Love, till dawn sunder night from day with fire,
Dividing my delight and my desire,
  The crescent life and love the plenilune,
Love me though dusk begin and dark retire;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Ah, my heart fails, my blood draws back; I know,
When life runs over, life is near to go;
  And with the slain of love love's ways are strewn,
And with their blood, if love will have it so;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Ah, do thy will now; slay me if thou wilt;
There is no building now the walls are built,
  No quarrying now the corner-stone is hewn,
No drinking now the vine's whole blood is spilt;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Nay, slay me now; nay, for I will be slain;
Pluck thy red pleasure from the teeth of pain,
  Break down thy vine ere yet grape-gatherers prune,
Slay me ere day can slay desire again;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Yea, with thy sweet lips, with thy sweet sword; yea
Take life and all, for I will die, I say;
  Love, I gave love, is life a better boon?
For sweet night's sake I will not live till day;
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Nay, I will sleep then only; nay, but go.
Ah sweet, too sweet to me, my sweet, I know
  Love, sleep, and death go to the sweet same tune;
Hold my hair fast, and kiss me through it soon.
  Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Erotion

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

SWEET for a little even to fear, and sweet,
O love, to lay down fear at love's fair feet;
Shall not some fiery memory of his breath
Lie sweet on lips that touch the lips of death?
Yet leave me not; yet, if thou wilt, be free;
Love me no more, but love my love of thee.
Love where thou wilt, and live thy life; and I,
One thing I can, and one love cannot—die.
Pass from me; yet thine arms, thine eyes, thine hair,
Feed my desire and deaden my despair.
Yet once more ere time change us, ere my cheek
Whiten, ere hope be dumb or sorrow speak,
Yet once more ere thou hate me, one full kiss;
Keep other hours for others, save me this.
Yea, and I will not (if it please thee) weep,
Lest thou be sad; I will but sigh, and sleep.
Sweet, does death hurt? thou canst not do me wrong:
I shall not lack thee, as I loved thee, long.
Hast thou not given me above all that I live
Joy, and a little sorrow shalt not give?
What even though fairer fingers of strange girls
Pass nestling through thy beautiful boy's curls
As mine did, or those curled lithe lips of thine
Meet theirs as these, all theirs come after mine;
And though I were not, though I be not, best,
I have loved and love thee more than all the rest.
O love, O lover, loose or hold me fast,
I had thee first, whoever have thee last;
Fairer or not, what need I know, what care?
To thy fair bud my blossom once seemed fair.
Why am I fair at all before thee, why
At all desired? seeing thou art fair, not I.
I shall be glad of thee, O fairest head,
Alive, alone, without thee, with thee, dead;

I shall remember while the light lives yet,
And in the night-time I shall not forget.
Though (as thou wilt) thou leave me ere life leave,
I will not, for thy love I will not, grieve;
Not as they use who love not more than I,
Who love not as I love thee though I die;
And though thy lips, once mine, be oftener prest
To many another brow and balmier breast,
And sweeter arms, or sweeter to thy mind,
Lull thee or lure, more fond thou wilt not find.

Before Dawn

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

SWEET life, if life were stronger,
Earth clear of years that wrong her,
Then two things might live longer,
  Two sweeter things than they;
Delight, the rootless flower,
And love, the bloomless bower;
Delight that lives an hour,
  And love that lives a day.

From evensong to daytime,
When April melts in Maytime,
Love lengthens out his playtime,
  Love lessens breath by breath,
And kiss by kiss grows older
On listless throat or shoulder
Turned sideways now, turned colder
  Than life that dreams of death.

This one thing once worth giving
Life gave, and seemed worth living;
Sin sweet beyond forgiving
  And brief beyond regret:
To laugh and love together
And weave with foam and feather
And wind and words the tether
  Our memories play with yet.

Ah, one thing worth beginning,
One thread in life worth spinning,
Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning,
  With all the whole soul's will;
To lull you till one stilled you,
To kiss you till one killed you,
To feed you till one filled you,
  Sweet lips, if love could fill;

To hunt sweet Love and lose him
Between white arms and bosom,
Between the bud and blossom,
  Between your throat and chin;
To say of shame—what is it?
Or virtue—we can miss it,
Of sin—we can but kiss it,
  And it's no longer sin:

To feel the strong soul, stricken
Through fleshly pulses, quicken
Beneath swift sighs that thicken,
  Soft hands and lips that smite;
Lips that no love can tire,
With hands that sting like fire,
Weaving the web Desire
  To snare the bird Delight.

But love so lightly plighted,
Our love with torch unlighted,
Paused near us unaffrighted,
  Who found and left him free;
None, seeing us cloven in sunder,
Will weep or laugh or wonder;
Light love stands clear of thunder,
  And safe from winds at sea.

As, when late larks give warning
Of dying lights and dawning,
Night murmurs to the morning,
  "Lie still, O love, lie still";
And half her dark limbs cover
The white limbs of her lover,
With amorous plumes that hover
  And fervent lips that chill;

As scornful day represses
Night's void and vain caresses,
And from her cloudier tresses
  Unwinds the gold of his,
With limbs from limbs dividing
And breath by breath subsiding;
For love has no abiding,
  But dies before the kiss;

So hath it been, so be it;
For who shall live and flee it?
But look that no man see it
  Or hear it unaware;
Lest all who love and choose him
See Love, and so refuse him;
For all who find him lose him,
  But all have found him fair.

King David

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

Lord God, alas, what shall I sain?
Lo, thou art as an hundred men
Both to break and build again:
The wild ways thou makes plain,
Thine hands hold the hail and rain,
And thy fingers both grape and grain;
Of their largess we be all well fain,
  And of their great pity:
The sun thou madest of good gold,
Of clean silver the moon cold,
All the great stars thou hast told
As thy cattle in thy fold
Every one by his name of old;
Wind and water thou hast in hold,
  Both the land and the long sea;
Both the green sea and the land
Lord God, thou hast in hand,
Both white water and grey sand;
Upon thy right or thy left hand
There is no man that may stand;
  Lord, thou rue on me.
O wise Lord, if thou be keen
To note things amiss that been,
I am not worth a shell of bean
More than an old mare meagre and lean
For all my wrong-doing with my queen,
It grew not of our heartès clean,
  But it began of her body.
For it fell in the hot May
I stood within a paven way
Built of fair bright stone, perfay,
That is as fire of night and day
  And lighteth all my house.
Therein be neither stones nor sticks,
Neither red nor white bricks,
But for cubits five or six
There is most goodly sardonyx
  And amber laid in rows.
It goes round about my roofs,
(If ye list ye shall have proofs)
There is good space for horse and hoofs,
  Plain and nothing perilous.
For the fair green weather's heat,
And for the smell of leaves sweet,
It is no marvel, will ye weet,
  A man to waxen amorous.
This I say now by my case
That spied forth of that royal place;

There I saw in no great space
Mine own sweet, both body and face,
Under the fresh boughs.
In a water that was there
She wesshe her goodly body bare
And dried it with her own hair;
Both her arms and her knees fair,
  Both bosom and brows;
Both shoulders and eke thighs
Tho she wesshe upon this wise;
Ever she sighed with little sighs,
  And ever she gave God thank.
Yea, God wot I can well see yet
Both her breast and her sides all wet
And her long hair withouten let
Spread sideways like a drawing net;
Full dear bought and full far fet
Was that sweet thing there y-set;
It were a hard thing to forget
How both lips and eyen met,
Breast and breath sank.
So goodly a sight as there she was,
Lying looking on her glass
By wan water in green grass,
  Yet saw never man.
So soft and great she was and bright
With all her body waxen white,
I woxe nigh blind to see the light
Shed out of it to left and right;
This bitter sin from that sweet sight
  Between us twain began.

Love and Sleep

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. FROM POEMS AND BALLADS, 1866

LYING asleep between the strokes of night
  I saw my love lean over my sad bed,
  Pale as the duskiest lily's leaf or head,
Smooth-skinned and dark, with bare throat made to bite,
Too wan for blushing and too warm for white,
  But perfect-coloured without white or red.
  And her lips opened amorously, and said—
I wist not what, saving one word—Delight
And all her face was honey to my mouth,
  And all her body pasture to mine eyes;
  The long lithe arms and hotter hands than fire,
The quivering flanks, hair smelling of the south,
The bright light feet, the splendid supple thighs
  And glittering eyelids of my soul's desire.

You Remember the Nuts

AN IRISH BROADSIDE, 1870

In Belfast lived a merchant, a wealthy merchant man,
He had as fine apprentice boy as e'er the sun shone on,
He was proper, tall, and handsome, and everything was right,
He could lie with a pretty girl and kiss her twelve times a night.

The Mistress she being standing by, and heard him saying so,
Said, Jack, I hold a wager that you do not perform it so,
The master he being from home that night and all things right,
He slipped into the mistress's chamber and kissed her twelve times that night.

One of them was a drowsy one, there was no virtue in,
Which made the mistress for to say you did not the wager win.
If I did not win the wager as you suppose you like,
I will leave it to my master when he comes home this night.

When the master he came home that night and at his supper sat
Said Jack unto his master, I wish you'd know a bet,
As your mistress and I was walking down yonder green wood side,
And I on your own mare's back a cluster of nuts I spied.

She said there was a dozen, I said there was but eleven,
I threw them in her apron, and there was five and seven,
Five and seven is a dozen I heard the people say,
So Jack you won the wager if the mistress does you pay.

The mistress she being standing by and heard him saying so,
She gave him down the wager and was glad to get off so,
When the master is from home she's sure to stuff his guts,
She tips him on the shoulder, saying, you recollect the nuts.

The Naughty Lord and the Gay Young Lady

FROM CURIOSITIES OF STREET LITERATURE, 1871

There is a pretty piece of work,
It is up in high life,
Upon my word an amorous lord,
Seduced another man's wife;
She was a lady of title,
She was charming, young, and fair,
With her daddy and her mammy once
She lived in Belgrave Square.

The trial now is over,
  And his lordship, with a frown,
For kissing Lady Nelly
  Has to pay ten thousand pounds.

Lord G—— was a naughty lord,
  Oh! how could he engage,
To seduce young Lady Ellen,—
  He is sixty years of age.
The verdict of the jury
  Made his lordship quake and jump,
Ten thousand pounds he has to pay,
  For playing tiddly bump.
Lady Nelly left her husband,
  And would with his lordship be,
She would trim his lordship's whiskers
  As she sat upon his knee.

Some said oh, lack-a-daisy,
  She was in a comical way!
His lordship was bald-pated,
  And his hair and whiskers grey.

My lord was very fond of lamb,—
  The cook said so at least,
And neighbours you must understand
  He liked the belly piece.
His lordship loved the lady,
  And the lady she loved he,
His lordship played by music,
  The tune called fiddle-de-dee.

His lordship when he heard the news,
  Caused his eyes to flash like fire then
He looked around, ten thousand pounds
  His lordship holloaed, "wire-em."
He sold his hat, he pawned his coat,
  To pay the browns, we find,
And then he run round Hyde Park Square,
  With his shirt hanging out behind.

Sweet Ellen was a daughter
  Of my Lord and Lady C——
And once lived in a mansion,
  Yes she did in Belgrave Square,
Sweet Ellen had an husband,
  An honest upright man,
And his lordship went a-trespassing
  Upon her husband's land.

My lord was fond of sporting,
  And hunting of the hare,
He has to pay ten thousand pounds,
  The damage to repair;

His lordship played the fiddle,
  Down in Scotia's land, 'tis said,
And his lordship must have fiddled well
  Both in and out of bed.

Now all young lords take warning,
  When a hunting you do go,
In the evening of the morning
  Pray beware of "Tally-ho!"
If you are caught a-trespassing
  On other people's ground,
Perhaps you'll be like old Lord G——
  Made to pay ten thousand pounds.

The lady's injured husband,
  Has nobly gained the day;
And beat old Mr. December,
  Who seduced young Lady May.

The Distressed Maid

ANONYMOUS. DATE UNKNOWN

As I walked out one May morning,
  Down by a river side,
I overheard a couple discoursing,
  Which filled my heart with pride.

May the heavens bless you, fair maid,
  Sing me another song,
I wish you were my bride, he said.
  Kind sir, I am too young.

The younger that you are, my love,
  The better you are for me,
For I vow and do declare,
  I'll wed no woman but thee.

He took me by the lily white hand
  He kissed both cheek and chin,
Then he took her to his marriage room,
  To sit awhile with him.

It was in the beginning of that night,
  They had both sport and play,
And all the latter part of that night
  Close in her arms did lay.

The night being gone and the day coming on
  The morning shone so clear,
This young man rose, put on his clothes,
  Saying, fare you well my dear.

Is that the promise you made to me,
  Down by the river side,
You promised to marry me,
  And make me your lawful bride.

If I promised to marry you,
  It's more than I will do,
I never will wed with any one,
  So easy found as you.

Go home to your father's garden,
  Sit down and cry your fill,
And when you think on what you've done
  You may blame your own good will.

There is an herb in your father's garden,
  And some do call it rue,
When fishes fly, and swallows dive,
  Young men they will prove true.

I wish I was a maid again,
  As I was this time last night,
I would not change my portion
  For either lord or knight.

There are other farmers' daughters,
  To market they do go,
But I poor girl must stay at home,
  To rock the cradle, oh.

To rock the cradle, o'er and o'er
  And sing the lullaby,
Was there e'er a maid in all this town,
  So crossed in love as I.

To . . . . . .

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM HONEY AND GAUL, 1873

SLEEP and dream, lissome maid, while in rapture
  I caress thy grand poem of flesh:
  While I toy with each rich purple mesh
Or gnarled tresses: when striving to capture
  All the hot biting odors from lips—
  Half apart with the sweetness that slips
From thy dimpled white smilings, sleep-fresh.

'Tis the perfect round curve of thy shoulder,
  And thy sleek supple flanks I admire,
  For thy moonish-white skin doth inspire
My hot, vexed, restless gaze to pierce bolder;
  For thou sleepest, and red is thy dream
  With the Naphla of lust, and its gleam
From the snows of thy breasts hurls its fire.

Nay, awake not, nor turn, till I press thee,
  For thy sleep is consoling as night.
  And thy calm dreams shall taste the fire-night
Of love's blendings, as mad, I caress thee,
  And thy white form with red kisses mark—
  Till thine eyes wake from lethargies dark—
To the glamours and splendors of light.

Then from dream-bliss to life-bliss arisen,
  Thine hot tears, my hot tears will dispute,
  Then thy low pant sounds softer than lute
To my ear; and thy bare arms imprison—
  A no longer wild phantom of sighs,
  For thou closest thy large blurred eyes,
And liest wond'ring, nude, pallid, and mute!

Let my kisses then follow incessant,
  O'er thy lips, o'er thy soft cheek of fur:
  Let them moisten, as sultry they err
The black shade of thy silk brows crescent—
  While I breathe the mysterious air,
  From thy chaos of undulate hair,
Vague and dreamy as memories of myrrh.

A Courtesan's Whim

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM DREAMS AFTER SUNSET, 1891

To calm desires that in my soul increase,
  Delicious boys with poems of blond hair,
  Supple dusk-eyed, whose eager kisses rare
Are sweet as dew, no longer bring me peace.

I tire of effeminate charm of Greece,
  These Apollonian men with broad breasts bare,
  Superbly statuesque, supremely fair;—
A God himself would tempt not my desire.

But in vague ways I most insanely yearn
  To meet some lean, dwarfed, fetid, hairy thing
  With loathsome skin and bulging eyes of rheum,
Then with wild sighs to make the monster burn
  With Love's delight and bid his hot arms cling
  Around my beauty in the perfumed gloom.

The Awakening

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM DREAMS AFTER SUNSET, 1891

Her arms lie bare about his neck, and still
In dreams, her lips half open with a sigh
As though to woo her dream some sweet reply.
All slowly her enthralled senses fill.

As valley waters from a mountain rill
  Swollen by storm. Her bosom'd treasures lie
  Encircled by his arms, and still sweep by
The swelling tide into the Deep's deep will.

And he, too, dreams, in Love's night-hidden day—
  Until the shallows, murmuring, rise and leap,
And lap the spirit within that sweet clay
  Against his breast. Then lips that trysting keep,
Unconsciously, nearer and closer lay
  Till sudden kisses burst the bonds of sleep.

In Sodom

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM LOT'S WIFE, 1890

HERE rose the reeking altar-grees of Bel,
And Yem, the king of the exalted Gods,
And Bar, the hero of all heroes, stood
In lustrous bronze beside all potent Nin,
With Bita, king of oceans and of fish,
And Anu, holier than the holy stars.

Here reigned the great terror-dealing Beltis,
The pure, impeccable and beauteous goddess,
And in the perfumed temples before her
Maidens would swoon in holy prostitution,
Adoring her fecundity and beauty,
Filling the temple with their sighs of rapture,
Low and delicious like the dove's soft cooing.
Here would they wait to lure the idle passer,
Tempting his glance by bare and fragrant bosoms,
Calling upon their goddess and Sheruba,
Divine Ishtar, and lily limbed Anuta,
To make their flesh a love-light and a wonder,
To win the timorous stranger and the passer
Their languid limbs were radiant with jewels;
Their thighs were smeared with warm, voluptuous ointments
And tiaras of gold coin amid their tresses
Shone in the gloom like the fond eyes of angels.
They smiled and languished in their lustful dreaming,
Watching their eyes flash in their copper mirrors,
Beautiful, redolent, supple-limbed and tempting,
Carelessly tapping on their noisy tabrets,
Screened by the goddess in the temple's arches,
Yearning for some sweet stripling of the city
Or the grave, palm-oiled warriors of Gomorrah,
And, as they toyed with gold and silver ouches,
Prayed unto Hea to relieve and send them
Some dainty zonah, some delicious zonah,
Who, lacking lovers, would with joy caress them,
Ay love them sweetlier for lacking lovers.

Within Ashur's colossal almug temple,
Around the holy altar sacrificial,
Drowsy with cassia fumes and stringent spices,
The heady nekoth, the sweet smell of heaven,
Lying and dozing with the sacred serpents,
Listening to eunuchs idly thrum the viol,
Nodding their chins upon their tuneless nebels,
Linger the chosen lovers of the altar.
Perfumed and supple, in a gaudy raiment,
Oiled to the beard and like fresh lilies fragrant,
Drenched with balsam and cinnamon's sweet juices,
Praying to Anu to secure them lovers;
Lovers who would reward their warm caresses
With costly gifts of onycha and ointment;
Lovers who lavish galbanum in plenty,
When cloyed and satisfied with their embracing,
And they to all will amorously pander,
Being of love's mysterious and strange passions
The slaves, the chosen and the perfect masters.

Song of the Gay Zonah

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM LOT'S WIFE

Oh, sweet passer! I am fair,
For the lily scents my hair,
Made most redolent and glossy by the radiant roses' oil:
My ringed arms are dazzling white,
And my kiss is a delight,
While the sweet alhenna clusters burn my bosom while I toil.

Like my Goddess, great Ishtar,
My black glance outshines a star,
And my form is warm and wavy, like the palm and the tamar;
I have sapphires and rare gems
On my mantle's sacred hems,
And the unguents on my haunches come o'er deserts from afar.

I hold hidden in my tent,
Drugs of love and ravishment,
And a bed where fragrant lilies lie with birdling's downy plumes;
I hold passion and desire
To inspire love's sleepy fire,
And to stir the sudden pulses in soft aromatic glooms!

Till the midnight I will sing
Unto Nebo, the great king,
And my asor's gentle music will allay thy fevered rest;
Thou shalt slumber till my birds
Wake to hear my loving words,
While I press a thrice-born passion on the marble of my breast.

The pure night is waning fast;
Oh, my God Yem, unsurpassed!
Send me golden lovers many, ay, if only for a span!
And, oh passers wise and brave!
Be not tempted by yon slave,
For my kisses are far sweeter than the kisses of a man!

Song of the Priest of Bel

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM LOT'S WIFE

Come to me, all ye who burn
For a passion in return!
There are perfumes on my body and fresh leaves upon my hair;
I am sleek and very wise,
I know woman's softest sighs,
And my kisses, warm and manly, all the senses can ensnare.

I am old, ay, very old,
And my price is bricks of gold,
Being chief and holy master of the lovers of the town.
I am high priest unto Bel,
In the Grace of Vul I dwell,
And the motion of my pleasure is a song and a renown.

I have been the pampered slave
Of King Amraphel, the grave,
I have swooned and slumbered often in King Chedorlaomer's arms;
There is gold within my house,
There are jewels on my brows,
And my breast is warm and tender as an Arkite maiden's charms!

I have drugs to warm afresh
The dull failings of the flesh,
I have grateful food and spices, and suave balsams honey-pure,
And when laggard from excess
Of my amorous caress,
I will sing thee Nergal's praises on the many-stringed kinoor.

See! the dawn is coming soon;
There's slumber in the moon;
Hasten, passer! hasten, stranger! to my tent's enticing shade.
Be not tempted by the cry
Of the zonahs strutting by,
For my kisses are far sweeter than the kisses of a maid.

Song of the Youth

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM LOT'S WIFE

Oh, sweet passer! I am strong.
Grace and charm to me belong;
All my flesh is like soft saummet and my muscles rival steel;
I have spices on my breast;
My dark locks are oiled and tressed,
And the wounds of suffering passion I can mollify and heal.

Hark, all ye who round me throng,
I can sing a lulling song,
I can charm you with the cadence of my rich sonorous voice,
And with suave, melodious words,
Sweeter far than trills of birds,
I can win your languid pleasure and can make the soul rejoice!

To our king one festal night
I gave rapture and delight,
And he crowned my brows with myrtle, ay! and kissed me on his throne;
For my beauty is as rare
As Askar's, surnamed the Fair,
And the secrets of sweet passion unto me belong alone!

There is ever new surprise
In the poem of my eyes;
I am lithe, and light, and supple, like the leopard of the plain;
My curled hair has reached the length
Of the lion's in his strength,
And my kiss is warm and fragrant like the falling of the rain!

I have zonahs in my house,
With white lilies on their brows,
To excite you by soft kisses and white perfume-reeking arms,
While I beckon your embrace
In the splendor of my grace,
While you play in joy ecstatic with the beauty of their charms!

Oh, sweet passer! do not heed
Yon old creature in his need,
For his words are false and worthless, and a century dims his fire;
He gives herbs and venomed roots;
His cold kiss is like a brute's,
And the spasm of God-like passion in his decrepit carcass tire!

Come to me, all ye who crave
The sweet passion of a slave!
Bring me gold, or wine and honey, and my kisses will be yours;
And I swear by mighty Bel
To anoint and please you well,
While my naked zonahs press you, and the balmy night endures!

The Wife of Lot

BY FRANCIS SALTUS. FROM LOT'S WIFE

Now Lot, the son of Haran, dwelt within
  The city's walls and loved its many ways;
  But he was pure of heart until his praise,
And much deplored all God-defying sin.

He lived estranged from the licentious throng,
  Doting upon the fairness of his wife,
  Proud of the blameless quiet of his life,
A righteous man and unashamed of song.

* * * * * * *

Now Ilcah, Lot's fair wife, in Sodom born,
  Was in her sullied heart adverse to him;
  Because his eyes by labour had grown dim,
She suffered by his love in silent scorn.

For he was like old dreamers in the night,
  Loving to doze and ponder on his herds,
  And even his infrequent passion words
Were tame unto her, offering no delight.

She, in the blooming May-time of her years,
  With passionate eyes and lustrous veils of hair,
  Yearned for love's ecstasy and its despair,
A love of laughter, ravishment and tears.

And she, grown weary of Lot's grave renown,
  Would seek the city's heart on festal days,
  And strut like zonahs on its marble ways,
For she adored a man within the town.

One whom her girlish spirit idolized,
  A valorous chief, a most athletic man,
  With mighty limbs, known as the lord Suran,
Who for his famed virility was prized.

And he had led her to Vul's temple, where,
  Ravished by his bright armor and the glance
  Of conquering eyes in a voluptuous trance
She veiled his breast with all her loosened hair.

And while the priests officiating cried:
  "Give to great Vul, oh women! all your charms!"
  She lay amort for love within his arms,
And on his perfumed bosom softly sighed.

And he, for she was ravenous to learn,
  Taught her the mysteries and the holy rites
  That steeped her bosom in unknown delights,
Strange pleasures, and new minglements that burn!

And she revered the aroma of his beard,
  Giving her radiant body for his play,
  And in the temple in the hot midday,
Alone, to tempt his vigor she appeared.

Veiled to the eyes, but amorous of the spot,
  Loving the sensual magic of the gloom,
  Seeking sweet impious bonds that foster doom,
Her heart made merry by her scorn of Lot.

Her limbs were maddened by strong Suran's touch;
  She sang to him in passionate unrest;
  His curled head was warm upon her breast;
His flanks were fruitful, and she loved him much.

Ay, with such adoration that, to fill
  His lecherous eyes with raptures held so, dear,
  She would have braved cold death without a fear,
If, following, Suran would have loved her still!

To please his whim at the great Autumn feast,
  Held to Vul's glory on the dying year,
  Rosy and nude, fair Ilcah did appear,
Surrendering her beauty to the priest.

Ay, in the holy vaults, for Suran's sake,
  She learned the arcana of the zonahs there,
  Slumbering with women amorous and bare,
So that he, too, in pleasure might partake.

And she in beauty through the temple trod,
  Warm with her loves and flushed by flowers and wine,
  Hailing her prostitution as divine
And most delightful, worthy of her God.

And Lot had honored her with manly trust,
  And let the days pass dreaming of his herds,
  Counting his kine and listening to his birds,
Serenely unsuspicious and most just.

* * * * * * *

The Triumph of the Flesh

BY GEORGE MOORE. FROM PAGAN POEMS, 1881

We have passed from the regions of dreams and of vision
And the flesh is the flesh and the rose is the rose;
And we see but the absolute joy of the present
  In the Sunlight of beauty.

I am filled with carnivorous lust: like a tiger
I crouch and I feed on my beautiful prey:
There is nought in the monstrous world of Astarte
  So fair as thy body.

Let me lie, let me die on thy snow-coloured bosom,
I would eat of thy flesh as of delicate fruit,
I am drunk of its smell, and the scent of thy tresses
    Is as flame that devours.

Thou art demon and God, thou art hell, thou art Heaven,
Thou art love that is lust, thou art lust that is love,
And I see but the heavenly grace of thy body,
    A picture—a poem.

. . . . . .

And the flesh is a soul, tho' it be art eternal.

Sonnet

BY GEORGE MOORE. FROM PAGAN POEMS

IDLY she yawned, and threw her heavy hair
Across her flesh-filled shoulders, called the maid,
And slipped her sweet blonde body out of bed,
Searching her slippers in the wintry air.

The fire shed over all a sullen glare,—
Then in her bath she sponged from foot to head,
Her body, arms, breasts, thighs, and things unsaid,
Powdered and dried herself with delicate care.

Then Zoë entered with the Figaro,
The chocolate, the letters, and the cat,
And drew the blinds to show the falling snow,
Upon the sofa still her mistress sat
Drawing along her legs, as white as milk,
Her long stockings of finely-knitted silk.

Rondo

BY GEORGE MOORE. FROM FLOWERS OF PASSION, 1878

DID I love thee? I only did desire
To hold thy body unto mine,
And smite it with strange fire
Of kisses burning as a wine,
And catch thy odorous hair, and twine
It thro' my fingers amorously.
    Did I love thee?

Did I love thee? I only did desire
To watch thine eyelids lilywise
Closed down, and thy warm breath respire
As it came through the thickening sighs,
And speak my love in such fair guise
Of passion's sobbing agony.
    Did I love thee?

Did I love thee? I only did desire
To drink the perfume of thy blood
In vision, and thy senses tire
Seeing them shift from ebb to flood
In consonant sweet interlude,
And if love such a thing not be,
I loved not thee.

Sonnet

BY GEORGE MOORE. FROM FLOWERS OF PASSION

I AM most lovely, fair beyond desire:
My breasts are sweet, my hair is soft and bright,
And every movement flows by instinct right:
Full well I know my touch doth burn like fire,
That my voice stings the sense like smitten lyre;
I am the queen of sensuous delight;
Past years are sealed with the signet of my might;
And at my feet pale present kneels a buyer.

My beds are odorous with soft-shed scent,
And strange moon flowers a tremulous twilight air
Weave over all; and here, alone I sing
My siren songs, until all souls are bent
Within the subtle sweet melodious snare.
God, making love, made me love's grievous sting.

A Sapphic Dream

BY GEORGE MOORE. FROM FLOWERS OF PASSION

I LOVE the luminous poison of the moon,
The silence of illimitable seas,
Vast night, and all her myriad mysteries,
Perfumes that make the burdened senses swoon

And weaken will, large snakes who oscillate
Like lovely girls, immense exotic flowers,
And cats who purr through silk-enfestooned bowers
Where white-limbed women sleep in sumptuous state.

My soul e'er dreams, in such a dream as this is,
Visions of perfume, moonlight and the blisses
Of sexless love, and strange unreached kisses.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. FROM THE HOUSE OF LIFE, 1881

VI THE KISS

WHAT smouldering senses in death's sick delay
  Or seizure of malign vicissitude
  Can rob his body of honour, or denude
This soul of wedding-raiment worn to-day?
  For lo! even now my lady's lips did play
  With these my lips such consonant interlude
  As laurelled Orpheus longed for when he wooed
The half-drawn hungering face with that lazy lay.

I was a child beneath her touch,—a man
  When breast to breast we clung, even I and she,—
  A spirit when her spirit looked through me,—
A god when all our life-breath met to fan
Our life-blood, till love's emulous ardours ran,
  Fire within fire, desire in deity.

VII SUPREME SURRENDER

To all the spirits of Love that wander by
  Along his love-sown harvest-field of sleep
  My lady lies apparent; and the deep
Calls to the deep; and no man sees but I.
The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh,
  Rests there attained. Methinks proud Love must weep
  When Fate's control doth from his harvest reap
The sacred hour for which the years did sigh.

First touched, the hand now warm around my neck
  Taught memory long to mock desire: and lo!
  Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow,
Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing ache:
And next the heart that trembled for its sake
  Lies the queen-heart in sovereign overthrow.

LVI HERSELF

To be a sweetness more desired than Spring;
  A bodily beauty more acceptable
  Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
  More than the passionate pulse of Philomel;—
  To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
That is the flower of life:—how strange a thing!

How strange a thing to be what Man can know
  But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
  Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,—
  The wave-bowered pearl,—the heart-shaped seal of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

LVII HER LOVE

She loved him; for her infinite soul is Love,
  And he her lodestar. Passion in her is
  A glass facing his fire, where the bright bliss
Is mirrored, and the heat returned. Yet move
That glass, a stranger's amorous flame to prove,
  And it shall turn, by instant contraries,
  Ice to the moon; while her pure fire to his
For whom it burns, clings close in the heart's alcove.

Lo! they are one. With wifely breast to breast
  And circling arms, she welcomes all command
  Of love,—her soul to answering ardours fann'd:
Ah! who shall say she deems not loveliest
  The hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand?

Youth and Lordship

ITALIAN STREET-SONG. BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

My young lord's the lover
  Of earth and sky above,
Of youth's sway and youth's play,
  Of songs and flowers and love.

Yet for love's desire
  Green youth lacks the daring;
Though one dream of fire,
  All his hours ensnaring,
  Burns the boy past bearing—
The dream that girls inspire.

My young lord's the lover
  Of every burning thought
That Love's will, that Love's skill
  Within his breast has wrought.

Lovely girl, look on him
  Soft as music's measure;
Yield him, when you've won him,
  Joys and toys at pleasure;
  But to win your treasure;
Softly look upon him.

My young lord's the lover
  Of every tender grace
That woman, to woo man,
  Can wear in form or face.

Take him to your bosom
  Now, girl, or never;
Let not your new blossom
  Of sweet kisses sever;
  Only guard for ever
Your boast within your bosom.

My young lord's the lover
  Of every secret thing,
Love-hidden, love-hidden
  This day to banqueting.

Lovely girl, with vaunting
  Never tempt to-morrow:
From all shapes enchanting
  And joy can borrow,
  Still the spectre Sorrow
Rises up for haunting.

And now my lord's the lover
  Of ah! so many a sweet,—
Of roses, of spouses,
  As many as love may greet.

The Dryad

BY OSCAR WILDE. FROM CHARMIDES, 1881

I WAS the Attic shepherd's trysting place,
  Beneath my shadow Amaryllis lay,
And round my trunk would laughing Daphnis chase
  The timorous girl, till tired out with play
She felt his hot breath stir her tangled hair,
And turned, and looked, and fled no more from such delightful
    snare.

Then come away unto my ambuscade
  Where clustering woodbine weaves a canopy
For amorous pleasaunce, and the rustling shade
  Of Paphian myrtles seems to sanctify
The dearest rites of love, there in the cool
And green recesses of its farthest depth there is a pool,

The ouzel's haunt, the wild bee's pasturage,
  For round its rim great creamy lilies float
Through their flat leaves in verdant anchorage,
  Each cup a white-sailed golden-laden boat
Steered by a dragon-fly,—be not afraid
To leave this wan and wave-kissed shore, surely the place
    was made

For lovers such as we, the Cyprian Queen,
  One arm around her boyish paramour,
Strays often there at eve, and I have seen
  The moon strip off her misty vestiture
For young Endymion's eyes, be not afraid,
The panther feet of Dian never tread that secret glade.

Nay if thou wil'st, back to the beating brine,
  Back to the boisterous billow let us go,
And walk all day beneath the hyaline
  Huge vault of Neptune's watery portico,
And watch the purple monsters of the deep
Sport in ungainly play, and from his lair keen Xiphias leap.

For if my mistress find me lying here
  She will not ruth of gentle pity show,
But lay her boat-spear down, and with austere
  Relentless fingers string the cornel bow,
And draw the feathered notch against her breast,
And loose the arched cord, ay, even now upon the quest.

I hear her hurrying feet,—awake, awake,
  Thou laggard in love's battle! once at least
Let me drink deep of passion's wine, and slake
  My parched being with the nectarous feast
Which even Gods affect! O come Love come,
Still we have time to reach the cavern of thine azure home.

Scarce had she spoken when the shuddering trees
  Shook, and the leaves divided, and the air
Grew conscious of a God, and the grey seas
  Crawled backward, and a long and dismal blare
Blew from some tasselled horn, a sleuth-bound bayed,
And like a flame a barbed reed flew whizzing down the glade.

And where the little flowers of her breast
  Just brake into their milky blossoming,
This murderous paramour, this unbidden guest,
  Pierced and struck deep in horrid chambering,
And ploughed a bloody furrow with its dart,
And dug a long red road, and cleft with winged death her
    heart.

Sobbing her life out with a bitter cry
  On the boy's body fell the Dryad maid,
Sobbing for incomplete virginity,
  And raptures unenjoyed, and pleasures dead,
And all the pain of things unsatisfied,
And the bright drops of crimson youth crept down her
    throbbing side.

Ah! pitiful it was to hear her moan,
  And very pitiful to see her die
Ere she had yielded up her sweets, or known
  The joy of passion, that dread mystery
Which not to know is not to live at all,
And yet to know is to be held in death's most deadly thrall.

Young Charmides

BY OSCAR WILDE. FROM CHARMIDES, 1881

In melancholy moonless Acheron,
  Far from the goodly earth and joyous day,
Where no spring ever buds, nor ripening sun
  Weighs down the apple trees, nor flowery May
Chequers with chestnut blooms the grassy floor,
Where thrushes never sing, and piping linnets mate no more,

There by a dim and dark Lethaean well
  Young Charmides was lying, wearily
He plucked the blossoms from the asphodel,
  And with its little rifled treasury
Strewed the dull waters of the dusky stream,
And watched the white stars founder, and the land was like
    a dream,

When as he gazed into the watery glass
  And through his brown hair's curly tangles scanned
His own wan face, a shadow seemed to pass
  Across the mirror, and a little hand
Stole into his, and warm lips timidly
Brushed his pale cheeks, and breathed their secret forth
    into a sigh.

Then turned he round his weary eyes and saw,
  And ever nigher still their faces came,
And nigher ever did their young mouths draw
  Until they seemed one perfect rose of flame,
And longing arms around her neck he cast,
And felt her throbbing bosom, and his breath came hot
    and fast,

And all his hoarded sweets were hers to kiss,
  And all her maidenhood was his to slay,
And limb to limb in long and rapturous bliss
  Their passion waxed and waned,—O why essay
To pipe again of love too venturous reed!
Enough, enough that Eros laughed upon that flowerless mead.

To venturous poesy O why essay
  To pipe again of passion! fold thy wings
O'er daring Icarus and bid thy lay
  Sleep hidden in the lyre's silent strings,
Till thou hast found the old Castalian rill,
Or from the Lesbian waters plucked downed Sappho's golden
    quill!

Enough, enough that he whose life had been
  A fiery pulse of sin, a splendid shame,
Could in the loveless land of Hades glean
  One scorching harvest from those fields of flame
Where passion walks with naked unshod feet
And is not wounded,—ah! enough that once their lips could
    meet

In that wild throb when all existences
  Seemed narrowed to one single ecstasy
Which dies through its own sweetness and the stress
  Of too much pleasure, ere Persephone
Had bade them serve her by the ebon throne
Of the pale God who in the fields of Enna loosed her zone.

Sapphic Odes

BY MICHAEL FIELD. FROM LONG AGO, 1889

MNASIDICA in form and gait
Eclipses her ill-favoured mate
  Gyrinna; when I call,
I trembled lest the girl appear
Whose very shadow on the wall
Repulses me, and when I hear
Her rude, slow step I shake with fear.

Her gesture has no rhythmic law;
She knows not how her dress to draw
  About her ankles thin;
And let the luckless child take care
Firmly her chiton-brooch to pin,
For, oh, she must not ever dare
To leave her flabby shoulder bare!

But when Mnasidica doth raise
Her arm to feed the lamp I gaze
  Glad at the lovely curve;
And when her pitcher at the spring
She fills, I watch her tresses swerve
And drip, then pause to see her wring
Her hair, and back the bright drops fling.

And now she leaves my maiden train!
Those whom I love most give me pain:
  Why should I love her so?
Gyrinna hath a gentle face,
And the harmonious soul, I know,
Not very long can lack the trace,
O Aphrodite, of thy grace.

Maids not to you my mind doth change;
Men I defy, allure, estrange,
Prostrate, make bond or free:
Soft as the stream beneath the plane
To you I sing my love's refrain;
Between us is no thought of pain,
  Peril, satiety.

Soon doth a lover's patience tire,
But ye to manifold desire
Can yield response, ye know
When for long, museful days I pine,
The presage at my heart divine;
To you I never breathed a sign
  Of inward want or woe.

When injuries my spirit bruise,
Allaying virtue ye infuse
With unobtrusive skill:
And if care frets ye come to me
As fresh as nymph from stream or tree,
And with your soft vitality
  My weary bosom fill.

"Fool, faint not thou!" I laughed in blame
O Larichus, pale in the flame
Of Hymen's torches: while, alas,
  I feel my senses swoon,
  Or quicken with delight
  At Nature's simplest boon:
  Unmoved I cannot pass
  The fine bloom of the grass,
Or watch the dimpling shadows on the white,
Vibrating poplar with unshaken frame.

"Faint not," I said—and yet my breath
Comes sharp as I were nigh to death
If suddenly across the grove
  The lovely laugh I hear,
  Or catch the lovely speech
  Of one who makes a peer

Of the blest gods above
The man she deigns to love:
O Anactoria, wast thou born to teach
Sappho how vainly she admonisheth?

"Faint not"—the poet must dare all;
Me no experience shall appal,
No pang that can make shrill my song:
Though Atthis, hateful, flit
From my fond arms, and by
Andromeda dare sit,
I will not let my strong
Heart fail, will bear the wrong,
With piercing accents for Adonis cry,
Or thrice on perished Timas vainly call.

"Faint not," I said. Would'st thou be great,
Thou must with every shock vibrate
That life can bring thee; seek and yearn;
Feel in thyself the stroke
Of love, although it rive
As mountain-wind an oak;
Let jealous passion burn
If Rhodope must turn
To other love; and laugh that age should strive
The ardours of thy bosom to abate.

Adown the Lesbian vales,
When spring first flashes out,
I watch the lovely rout
Of maidens flitting 'mid the honey-bees
For thyme and heath,
Cistus, and trails
Of myrtle-wreath:
They bring me these
My passionate, unsated sense to please.

In turn, to please my maids,
Most deftly will I sing
Of their soft cherishing
In apple-orchards with cool waters by,
Where slumber streams
From quivering shades,
And Cypris seems
To bend and sigh,
Her golden calyx offering amorously.

What praises would be best
Wherewith to crown my girls?
The rose when she unfurls
Her balmy, lighted buds is not so good,

So fresh as they
When on my breast
They lean, and say
All that they would,
Opening their glorious, candid maidenhood.

To that pure band alone
I sing of marriage-loves;
As Aphrodite's doves
Glance in the sun their colour comes and goes:
No girls let fall
Their maiden zone
At Hymen's call
Serene as those
Taught by a poet why sweet Hesper glows.

NIGHT fell: Selene proud and pale
Rose and put on her arched veil,
And lifting to her brow the crescent small,
The firm, young curve she deigns to wear.
Went forth into the silent air,
And noiseless brought her white team from the stall.

Cold was her figure, and her breast
Secure and hard; her eyes confessed
No yearning; she was whole from love, and strong
With undivided mind. Thus she
In her complete virginity
Austerely brilliant urged her steeds along;

Until she came where Latmos sent
Its rocks into her path; she bent
To see how she should guide the wheels aright,
When, just where gentler darkness made
A cave apparent by its shade,
The loveliest mortal form grew on her sight.

She dropt the reins, the horses reared
In tumult as the hand that steered
That course grew impotent—a moment's change!
As her intact and tranquil life
Was devastated by a strife
She could not master, tyrannous and strange.

Fear fell upon her, and the wild
Revolt of chastity beguiled,
Of pureness grown a passion against fate;
Yet an inevitable joy,
As her slant chariot toward the boy
Rolled down, o'ercame her fierce recoil and hate.

He had flung by his shepherd's dress,
And in the grace of weariness
Lay simple, calm, and happy, unaware
The flashing beauty of his form
Was filling the soft clouds with storm,
And tempting Thia's stately child to bare

Her face and worship. Oh, she drooped
Her long wings round her, as she stooped
Close to his cheek, his eyes, his very breath!
But ere, in that profound eclipse,
She brake the fountain of her lips
O'er her beloved, in swoon as deep as death

She laid him; then securely spent
Her virgin frenzy innocent,
Then took her maiden pleasure unespied;
And, sealing the dark cavern where
He lay asleep, resumed her care,
With steady hand her steeds through heaven to guide.

But nightly from Meander's stream
Southward she turns her snowy team
Behind the further slope of Latmos' height,
Pierces unseen a mountain-rift,
Then climbs the air, effulgent, swift,
And fills the lovely river-bed with light.

Erotomachia

BY HERBERT P. HORNE. FROM DIVERSI COLORES, 1891

Lo! how her eyes, lo! how her hands,
  How every action, which she hath,
Are ever, through the fallen lands
  Whence is the victory of her path,
Swords, whose dominion knows no bounds;
  But makes us bleed,
    And need
Her lips to mend the wounds.

Ye blessed arrows of that Dear,
  Make speed, with all your sweet alarms;
Make speed, that Love may quickly bear
My pierced body to her arms:
Haste ye, whose battle knows no bounds;
  But makes us bleed,
    And need
Her lips to mend the wounds.

Lily Dale

BY JOHN DAVIDSON. FROM IN A MUSIC HALL, 1891

SHE's thirty, this feminine cove,
  And she looks it at hand, you'll allow.
I was once on the streets. By Jove,
  I was handsomer then than now.

Thin lips, oh, you bet! and deep lines.
  So I powder and paint as you see;
And that's bella donna that—shines
  Where a dingier light ought to be.

But I'm plump, and my legs—do you doubt me,—
  You'll see when I go on the stage!
And there isn't a pad, sir, about me;
  I'm a proper good girl for my age!

I can't sing a bit, I can't shout;
  But I go through my songs with a birr;
And I always contrive to bring out
  The meaning that tickles you, sir.

They were written for me; they're the rage;
  They're the plainest, the wildest, the shyest—;
For I find on the music-hall stage,
  That that kind of song goes the highest.

So I give it them hot, with a glance
  Like the crack of a whip—oh, it stings!
And a still, fiery smile, and a dance
  That indicates naughtiest things.

And I like it. It isn't the best:
  There are nurses and nuns, and good wives;
But life's pretty much of a jest,
  And you can't very well lead two lives.

But sometimes wild eyes will grow tame,
  And a voice have a tone—oh, you men!
And a beard please me—oh, there's my name!
  Well, I take a week's holiday then.

Julia's Clothes

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. ENGLISH POEMS, 1892

AH, when at night my lady sweet
  Loosens the honeyed linen from her thigh,
  Girdle and smock and all the warm things lie
Fall'n in a snowdrift round her feet;

Or like the foam that kissed the toes
  Of Venus, nailed with pearl,
When from the sea she rose,
  The wondrous golden girl.
Then, bending low, I take the sweet cloud up,
  Stained through with sweets from arm and breast and thigh,
  And, like a greedy gloating butterfly,
Upon the hoarded fragrance sup and sup.
  Yea, as I feast upon my lady's clothes,
  I dream I am a bee, and they a rose.

The Housemaid

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. ENGLISH POEMS, 1892

Poor pulses ready still to beat
At any sound of Love's light feet,
Poor hungry heart too young to learn
Youth is no more, poor eyes that burn
Still on the women in the street.

O print-clad damsel, fresh and fair,
Bending above the threshold there
On supple knees and swaying line,
And honeyed curve—dear maid, be mine.
For O, I know about thy neck
Hide silver globes without a fleck,
About thy soft and odorous waist
I know what other joys are placed,
And those strong limbs that make a lap
As soft as down,—ah blessed hap
To lie therein; these round arms bare,
How strongly would you draw me there.

O how you make my blood a song,
And how this foolish heart will long,
And even brain will have its dream—
Ah there, far up the street a gleam
Turns like a wing, it is her hand,
She kisses it—we understand.

Adultery—Ad Absurdum

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. ENGLISH POEMS, 1892

I saw a little burnished fly
Within my Mistress' bodice lie,
Sipping lovely stolen sweets
From her ample rosy teats.
'Small adulterer,' said I,
'Dost thou know where thou dost lie?
' 'Tis my lady's bosom fine,
'And thou dost sip what is not thine.'

The Barber

BY JOHN GRAY. FROM SILVERPOINTS, 1893

I DREAMED I was a barber; and there went
Beneath my hand, oh! names extravagant.
Beneath my trembling fingers, many a mask
Of many a pleasant girl. It was my task
To gild their hair, carefully, strand by strand;
To paint their eyebrows with a timid hand;
To draw a bodkin, from a vase of kohl,
Through the closed lashes; pencils from a bowl
Of Sepia to paint them underneath;
To blow upon their eyes with a soft breath.
Then lay them back and watched the leaping bands.

The dream grew vague. I moulded with my hands
The mobile breasts, the valley; and the waist
I touched; and pigments reverently placed
Upon their thighs in sapient spots and stains,
Beryls and crysolites and diaphanes,
And gems whose hot harsh names are never said,
I was a masseur; and my fingers bled
With wonder as I touched their awful limbs.

Suddenly, in the marble trough, there seems
O, last of my pale mistresses, Sweetness!
A twy-lipped scarlet pansy. My caress
Tinge thy steel-gray eyes to violet.
Adown thy body skips the pit-a-pat
Of treatment once heard in a hospital
For plagues that fascinate, but half appal.

So, at the sound, the blood of one stood cold.
My chaste hair ripened into sudden gold.
The throat, the shoulders, swelled and were uncouth
The breasts rose up and offered each a mouth.
And on the belly pallid bushes crept,
That maddened me, until I laughed and wept.

From the Songs of Bilitis

BY PIERRE LOUYS, 1894. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY HORACE M. BROWN, 1904

DANCES BY MOONLIGHT

UPON the soft grass, in the night, the young girls with hair of violets have all danced together, one of each pair playing the part of lover.

The virgins said: "We are not for you." And as if they were ashamed, they hid their virginity. A satyr played upon the flute under the trees.

The others said: "We have come to seek you." They arranged their tunics about them like the dress of men; and they struggled in ecstasy while entwining their dancing legs.

Then each one, feeling herself vanquished, took her lover by the ears even as one takes a beaker by the two handles, and, the head bent forward, drank a kiss.

CONFIDENCES

THE next day I went again to see her. We blushed as soon as each saw the other. She led me into her chamber that we might be alone.

I had much to say to her, but in seeing her, I forgot all. I did not dare throw myself upon her neck, and I gazed curiously upon her high-tied sash.

I was astonished that there was no change in her face; she seemed still my friend, and yet, nevertheless, since yesterday she had learned so many things that astonished me.

Impulsively I sat myself upon her knees, and took her in my arms. Quickly, anxious, I whispered in her ear. Then she laid her cheek against mine and told me all.

THE TRESSES

HE said to me, "Last night I dreamed.
Thy locks were swept about my neck.
I had thy hair, like a black necklace,
All about my nape, and spread upon my breast.

"I kissed it, and it was mine;
And by it we were bound together for all time;
With lip upon lip, and intertwining locks,
We were one, like two laurels with one root.

"And little by little it seemed to me,
So were our limbs confused,
I became thyself, and that thou
Entered into me like my thought."

When he had finished speaking,
Softly he laid his hand upon my shoulders,
Into my eyes he gazed so tenderly,
That I lowered my glance, shivering.

REMORSE

At first I would not reply, and my shame showed upon my cheeks, and the beating of my heart brought pain to my breasts.

Then I resisted, I told him "No! No!"—I turned my head away, and his kiss did not open my lips,—nor love, my tight-closed knees.

Then he begged me to forgive him, kissed my hair, I felt his burning breath, and he went away.... Now I am alone.

I gaze upon the empty place, the deserted wood, the trampled earth. And I bite my fingers until they bleed, and I stifle my sobs in the grass.

BILITIS

One woman may robe herself in a tunic of white wool. Another dress in a garment of silk and gold. Another covers herself with flowers, with leaves and grapes.

As for me, I take no joy of life except when naked. My lover takes me just as I am; without robes, or jewels, or sandals. Behold me, Bilitis, naked, alone.

My hair is black with its own blackness, my lips are red with their own color. My locks float about me free and round, like feathers.

Take me as my mother made me in a night of love long past; and if I please you thus, forget not to tell me.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

The little house in which is his bed is the prettiest in all the world. It is made with the branches of trees, four walls of dried earth, and a roof of thatch.

I love it, for, since the nights have grown cold, we have slept there together: and the cooler the nights are the longer are they also. When I rise with the coming of the day, even I find myself weary.

The mattress is upon the ground: two coverlets of black wool cover our bodies, which warm each other. His body presses against my breasts. My heart throbs.

He presses me so closely that he will crush me, poor little girl that I am. But when he is within me, I know nothing more in the world, and they might cut off my limbs without recalling me from my ecstasy.

SHE entered, and passionately, the eyes half closed, she fixed her lips to mine, and our tongues touched each other.... Never in my life have I had a kiss like that one.

She stood erect before (against) me, full of love and consentment. One of my knees, little by little, mounted between her hot thighs, which gave way as though to a lover.

My wandering hand upon her tunic sought to divine the naked body, which softly bent like waves, or arching, stiffened itself with shiverings of the skin.

With her eyes in delirium she signs toward the bed: but we have not the right to indulge our love before the ceremony of the wedding, and brusquely we separate.

ENDEARMENTS

CLOSE softly thine arms about me like a girdle. Oh, touch, touch my skin thus! Neither water, nor the breath of the south wind are softer than thy hand.

To-day endear me, little sister, it is thy turn. Remember thou the endearments that I taught thee last night, and kneel thou near to me who am fatigued; kneel thou in silence.

Thy lips descend upon my lips. All thine undone hair follows them, as a caress follows a kiss. Thy locks glide upon my left breast; they hide thine eyes.

Give me thy hand, it is hot! Press mine and leave it not. Hands better than lips unite, and their passion is equalled by nothing.

THE KISS

I WOULD kiss the whole length of the rich black locks that grace thy neck like wings; oh! sweet bird, oh! captured dove, whose passion-filled heart beats under my hand.

I would take thy lips between mine own, as a babe takes the breast of its mother. Tremble!—Thrill! Sweet one,—my kisses reach far, and should satisfy thy love.

Lightly will I touch thy breasts and arms with my tongue and lips, and behind thine ears, and upon thy neck I will leave the marks of my kisses; and while I kiss thee my hands shall stray in mad

delight over the ivory nakedness of thy sensitive body, trembling under the touch of my nails.

Listen, Mnasidika! Hear the murmuring of my love in thine ears, like the wild humming of the sea. Mnasidika, thy look drives me mad; I will close thy burning eyes with a kiss, as if they were thy lips.

THE DESPAIRING EMBRACE

Love me, not with smiles, or with flutes, or with the plaited flowers, but with thy heart and with thy tears, even as I love thee with my sorrowing breast, and my moans.

When thy breasts alternate with my breasts, when I feel thy life touch my life, when thy knees stand up behind me, then my panting mouth knows not more how to join itself to thine.

Press me to thee as I press thee to me! See, the lamp has died down; the darkness is upon us; but I press thy moving body, and I hear thy perpetual plaint.

Moan! Moan! oh, woman! Eros leads us in sorrow. Thou shalt suffer less when thou liest upon a bed to bring a child into the world, than when thou givest birth to thy love.

ABSENCE

She has gone out, she is far from me, but I see her, for all things in the room, all pertain to her, and I, like all the rest.

This bed still warm, over which I let my lips wander, is disordered with the imprint of her form. Upon this soft cushion has lain her little head enveloped in its wealth of hair.

This basin is that in which she hath bathed; this comb has penetrated the knots of her tangled locks. These slippers beg for her naked feet. These pockets of gauze contained her breasts.

But what I dare not touch, is the mirror in which she gazed upon her hot bruises, and where perhaps remains still the reflection of her moist lips.

AN EVENING BY THE FIRE

THE winter is cold, Mnasidika. All is cold outside our bed. Rise, then, come with me, for I have lit a great fire with dead twigs and with split branches.

We will warm ourselves kneeling, all naked, our hair hanging upon our backs, and we will drink milk together from the same cup, and we will eat cakes with honey.

How gay and noisy is the flame! Art thou not too near? Thy skin becomes red. Let me kiss it wherever the fire has made it burning.

In the midst of the firebrands I will heat the iron and will dress thine hair here. With the charred splinters I will write thy name upon the wall.

WAITING

THE sun has passed the whole of the night among the dead while I wait for her, seated upon my bed, weak with watching. The wick of the exhausted lamp has burned even to the end.

She will never come again—the last star fades. I know she will never return. I know even the name that I hate. Nevertheless I wait still.

Oh, that she would come now! Yes, that she would come, her hair disordered and without roses, her robes rumpled, soiled, and awry, her tongue dry, and her eyelids black!

As soon as she shall open the door, I will say to her . . . But, here she is . . . It is her robe that I shall touch. Her hands. Her hair. Her skin! I kiss her with unquestioning lips, and I weep.

GYRINNO

BELIEVE not that I have ever loved thee. I have eaten thee as I would a ripe fig, I have drank thee as I would drink hot water, I have carried thee about me like a belt of skin.

I have amused myself with thy body because thou hast short hair and pointed breasts upon thy thin chest, and black nipples like two little dates.

Just as one must have water and fruit, a woman is also necessary, but already I have forgotten thy name, thou, who hast passed between my arms like the shadow of another adored one.

Between thy flesh and mine a burning dream has possessed me. I pressed thee upon me as though upon a wound, and I cried, Mnasidika! Mnasidika! Mnasidika!

I SING OF MY FLESH AND MY LIFE

SURELY I will not sing of famous lovers of the past. If they are not more, why speak of them? Am I not like unto them? Have I not enough to do to think of myself?

Pasiphae, I will forget thee, although thy passion was extreme. Syrinx, I will not praise thee, nor thee, Byblis, nor—by the goddess chosen before all—thee, O Helene of the white arms.

If any among ye have suffered, I feel it not. If any of ye have loved, I have loved more. I sing of my flesh and of my life, and not of the sterile shadows of buried loves.

Lie at ease, O my body, following thy voluptuous mission! Taste thy daily pleasure and thy passion, without to-morrow. Leave not a single joy unknown, lest it be regretted at the day of thy death.

THE PERFUMES

I WILL perfume all my skin that I may attract lovers. Upon my beautiful legs, in a basin of silver, I will pour the spikenard of Tarsos, and the metopion of Egypt.

Under my arms, crushed mint; upon my eyebrows and upon my eyes, marjolaine of Koos. Slave, take down my hair and fill it with the smoke of incense.

Behold the oinathe (briony) of the mountains of Kypros; I will let it run between my breasts; the liquor of roses which comes from Phaselis, shall embalm my neck and my cheeks.

And come, pour out upon my loins the irresistible bakkaris (unula). It is better for a courtesan that she should know the perfumes of Lydia, than the customs of the Peloponnesus.

CONVERSATION

Good morning.—To you good morning.—Thou art in a hurry.—Perhaps less than you think.—Thou art a pretty girl.—Perhaps prettier than you believe.

"What is thy charming name?—I will not tell you that so quickly.—Thou hast no one for this evening?—Always my lover.—And how do you love him?—Any way he wishes.

"Shall we sup together?—If thou wishest. But what will you give me?—This.—Five drachmas? That must be for my slave. And for me?—Name the sum.—An hundred.

"Where dost thou live?—In this blue house.—At what hour may I send for thee?—At once, if you wish.—At once, then.—Go before, I will follow."

THE INDIFFERENT ONE

Since he has entered my chamber whoever may he be (that is his affair): "See," I say to the slave, "what a beautiful man! And how happy should be a courtesan!"

I call him Adonis, Ares, Herakles, according to his face, or the Old Man of the Sea, if his hair is silver pale. And then who cares for fickle youth!

"Ah!" I say, "if to-day I had not to pay my florist and my jeweler, how I would like to tell thee, I do not wish thy money! I am thy passionate servant!"

Then, when he has closed his arms over my shoulders, I see a boatman of the port pass like a divine image over the starry heaven of my transparent lids.

TO HER BREASTS

Flesh-like flowers, O my breasts: how rich you are in voluptuousness! My breasts in my hands, what lack you of softness, and of mellow warmth and of youthful perfume?

Already you are polished like the breasts of a statue, and hard like the insensible marble. In order that you may submit, I will cherish you the more, you that were already loved.

Your sleek and rounded form is the honor of my brown body, whether I imprison you under a necklace of gold, or leave you free and naked, you precede me with your splendor.

Be then happy this night. If my fingers toy with you in caresses, you alone will know them until to-morrow morning; for this night Bilitis has paid Bilitis.

INTIMACIES

Why am I become Lesbian, O Bilitis, thou askest me? But what player of the flute is not a Lesbian in some degree? I am poor; I have no bed; I lie with her who wishes me, and I thank her with that which I have.

When we are small we already dance naked; and what dances? Thou knowest, my dear one: the twelve desires of Aphrodite. We look each upon the other, we compare the beauty of our nakedness, and we find it beautiful.

During the long night we are warmed by the pleasure of the lookers-on; but our ardor is not feigned, and so strongly do we feel it, that sometimes, behind the doors, one of us may embrace a companion who consents.

How do we make love with a man who is rude to us? He takes us as he would a woman, and leaves us before the orgasm. Thou, that art a woman and knowest what I mean, Thou canst take it as for thyself.

ADVICE TO A LOVER

If thou wouldst be loved by a woman, O young friend, whoever she may be, tell her not that thou wouldst have her, but let her see thee every day; then disappear, to return.

If she addresses her speech to thee, be amorous without eagerness. She will come of herself to thee. But thou must take her by force, the day when she intends to give herself to thee.

When thou receivest her in thy bed, neglect thine own pleasure. The hands of an amorous woman are trembling and without caresses. Forgive them their lack of zeal.

But as for thee, take no repose. Prolong thy kisses till thou losest breath. Let her not sleep, even though she begs it of thee. Kiss always that part of her body to which she turns her eyes.

THE LAST LOVER

Come, boy, pass me not by without having first loved me. I am still beautiful at night. Thou shalt see that my autumn is warmer than the spring-time of another.

Seek not for love among virgins. Love is a difficult art in which young girls are little learned. I have studied it all my life in order to give it to my last lover.

My last lover, that shalt be thou, I know it. Behold my mouth, for which an entire people has paled with desire. Behold my hair, the same hair that Psappha the Great has sung.

I will gather in thy favor all that is left of my lost youth. I will destroy the memories themselves. I will give to thee the flute of Lykas, the girdle of Mnasidika.

THE WARM GIRDLE

"Thou thinkest thou lovest me no more, Teleas, and since a month thou passest thy nights at table, as if the fruits, the wines, the honey, could make thee forget my lips. Thou thinkest that thou lovest me no more, poor fool!"

Saying that, I untied my moist girdle and rolled it about his head. It was still all warm with the heat of my body; the perfume of my skin poured out of its fine meshes.

He breathed with long breaths, his eyes closed; then I felt that he returned to me, and even saw clearly his desires reawaken, and he hid them not, but, as a ruse, I knew how to resist.

"No, my friend, this night, Lysippos possesses me. Adieu!" And I added as I fled: "Oh, gourmand of fruits and wines! The little garden of Bilitis has but one fig, but it is good.'

Eros

BY PIERRE LOUÿS. FROM APHRODITE. TRANSLATED BY MITCHELL S. BUCK, 1913

"Deep in the lurking shadows of the woods,
Down vistas gold-flecked from the sunlight glare
The Satyrs fast pursue the Oreads.
Clutching their virgin breasts and flying hair,
Bending their gleaming bodies, tense with fear,

Swift backward on the damp moss. Half divine,
Writhing with pain....
O Women!
On your soft lips, Eros cries
Desires and agonies."
"Eros! Eros!"

"Cybele long pursues across the plains
The godlike Attis whom her love desires,
The fleeting Attis who her love disdains
For Eros, like a cruel god, conspires
To chill return where burning love aspires,
And, in despair, through Attis halting breath,
Cybele weaves of death....
Slaying with tortured cries,
Desires and agonies...."
"Eros! Eros!"

"Before the Goat-foot, over flowery meads—
Toward the water tomb, frail Syrinx speeds,
Shuddering at Eros' kiss upon her cheek—
Eros who, later, culls the trembling reeds,
Caresses them and, living, makes them speak
For he who conquers Gods, who death disdains—
Pale Eros—reigns....
O women!
From a dead soul, Eros cries
Desires and agonies."

Stella Maris

BY ARTHUR SYMONS. FROM LONDON NIGHTS, 1895

WHY is it I remember yet
You, of all women one has met,
In random wayfare, as one meets
The chance romances of the streets,
The Juliet of a night? I know
Your heart holds many a Romeo.
And I, who call to mind your face
In so serene a pausing-place,
Where the bright pure expanse of sea,
Seems a reproach to you and me,
I too have sought on many a breast
The ecstasy of an unrest,
I too have had my dreams, and met
(Ah me!) how many a Juliet.
Why is it, then, that I recall
You, neither first nor last of all?
For, surely as I see to-night
The phantom of the lighthouse light,

Against the sky, across the bay,
Fade, and return, and fade away,
So surely do I see your eyes
Out of the empty night arise;
Child, you arise and smile to me
Out of the night, out of the sea,
The Nereid of a moment there,
And is it seaweed in your hair?

O lost and wrecked, how long ago,
Out of the drowning past, I know
You come to call me, come to claim
My share of your delicious shame.
Child, I remember, and can tell
One night we loved each other well,
And one night's love, at least or most,
Is not so small a thing to boast.
You were adorable, and I
Adore you to infinity,
That nuptial night too briefly borne
To the oblivion of morn.
Ah! no oblivion, for I feel
Your lips deliriously steal
Along my neck, and fasten there;
I feel the perfume of your hair,
I feel your breast that heaves and dips
Desiring my desirous lips,
And that ineffable delight
When souls turn bodies, and unite
In the intolerable, the whole
Rapture of the embodied soul.

That joy was ours, we passed it by;
You have forgotten me, and I
Remember you thus strangely, won
An instant from oblivion.
And I, remembering, would declare
That joy, not shame, is ours to share,
Joy that we had the frank delight
To choose the chances of one night,
Out of vague nights, and days at strife,
So infinitely full of life.
What shall it profit me to know
Your heart holds many a Romeo?
Why should I grieve, though I forget
How many another Juliet?
Let us be glad to have forgot
That roses fade, and loves are not,
As dreams, immortal, though they seem
Almost as real as a dream.
It is for this I see you rise,
A wraith, with starlight in your eyes,

Where calm hours weave, for such a mood
Solitude out of solitude;
For this, for this, you come to me
Out of the night, out of the sea.

Idealism

BY ARTHUR SYMONS, 1895

I KNOW the woman has no soul, I know
The woman has no possibilities
Of soul or mind or heart, but merely is
The masterpiece of flesh: well, be it so.
It is her flesh that I adore; I go
Thirsting afresh to drain her empty kiss;
I know she cannot love; 'tis not for this
I rush to her embraces like a foe.
Tyrannously I crave, I crave alone,
Her body, now a silent instrument,
That at my touch shall wake and make for me
The strains that I have dreamed of, and not known;
Her perfect body, Earth's most eloquent
Music, the divine human harmony.

Leves Amores

BY ARTHUR SYMONS, 1895

YOUR kisses, and the way you curl,
Delicious and distracting girl,
Into one's arms, and round about,
Inextricably in and out,
Twining luxuriously, as twine
The clasping tangles of the vine;
So loving to be loved, so gay
And greedy for our holiday;
Strong to embrace and long to kiss,
And strenuous for the sharper bliss,
A little tossing sea of sighs,
Till the slow calm seal up your eyes.
And then how prettily you sleep!
You nestle close and let me keep
My straying fingers in the nest
Of your warm comfortable breast;
And as I dream, lying awake,
Of sleep well wasted for your sake,
I feel the very pulse and heat
Of your young life-blood beat, and beat
With mine; and you are mine; my sweet!

To One in Alienation

BY ARTHUR SYMONS, 1895

I

LAST night I saw you decked to meet
The coming of those most reluctant feet:
The little bonnet that you wear
When you would fain, for his sake, be more fair;
The primrose ribbons that so grace
The perfect pallor of your face;
The dark gown folded back about the throat,
The folds of lacework that denote
All that beneath them, just beneath them, lies,
Waiting his eyes.

So the man came and took you; and we lay
So near and yet so far away,
You in his arms, awake for joy, and I
Awake for very misery,
Cursing a sleepless brain that would but scrawl
Your image on the aching wall,
That would but pang me with the sense
Of that most sweet accursed violence
Of lovers' hands that weary to caress
(Those hands!) your unforbidden loveliness.

And with the dawn that vision came again
To think your body, warm and white,
Lay in his arms all night;
That it was given him to surprise,
With those unhallowed eyes,
The secrets of your beauty, hid from me,
That I may never (may I never?) see:
I who adore you, he who finds in you
(Poor child!) a half-forgotten point of view.

II

As I lay on the stranger's bed,
And clasped the stranger-woman I had hired,
Desiring only memory dead
Of all that I had once desired;

It was then that I wholly knew
How wholly I had loved you, and, my friend,
While I am I, and you are you,
How I must love you to the end.

For I lay in her arms awake,
Awake and cursing the indifferent night,
That ebbed so slowly, for your sake,
My heart's desire, my soul's delight;

For I lay in her arms awake,
Awake in such a solitude of shame,
That when I kissed her, for your sake,
My lips were sobbing on your name.

Variations Upon Love

BY ARTHUR SYMONS, 1895

I

For God's sake, let me love you, and give over
These tedious protestations of a lover;
We're of one mind to love, and there's no let;
Remember that, and all the rest forget;
And let's be happy, mistress, while we may,
Ere your to-morrow shall be called to-day,
To-morrow may be heedless, idle-hearted:
One night's enough for love to have met and parted.
Then be it now, and I'll not say that I
In many several deaths for you would die;
And I'll not ask you to declare that you
Will longer love than women mostly do.
Leave words to them whom words, not doings, move,
And let our silence answer for our love.

II

O woman! I am jealous of the eyes
That look upon you; all my looks are spies
That do but lurk and follow you about,
Restless to find some guilty secret out.
I am unhappy if I see you not,
Unhappy if I see you; tell me what
That smile betokens? what close thing is hid
Beneath the half-way lifting of a lid?
Who is it, tell me, I so dread to meet,
Just as we turn the corner of the street?
Daily I search your baffling eyes to see
Who knows what new admitted company?
And, sick with dread to find things I seek,
I tremble at the name you do not speak.

III

I know your lips are bought like any fruit;
I know your love, and of your love the root;
I know your kisses toll for love that dies
In kissing, to be buried in your eyes;

I know I am degraded for your sake,
And that my shame will not so much as make
Your glory, or be reckoned in the debt
Of memories you are mindful to forget.
All this I know, and knowing it, I come
Delighted to my daily martyrdom;
And, rich in love beyond the common store,
Become for you a beggar, to implore
The broken crumbs that from your table fall,
Freely, in your indifference, on all.

IV

I loved her; and you say she loved me not.
Well, if I loved her? And if she forgot,
Well, I have not forgotten even yet:
Time, and spent tears, may teach me to forget:
And so she loves another, and did then
When she was heaven and earth to me, and when,
Truly, she made me happy. It may be:
I only know how good she was to me.
Friend, to have loved, to have been made happy thus,
What better fate has life in store for us,
The dream of life from which we have to wake,
Happier, why not? why not for a dream's sake?
To have been loved is well, and well enough
For any man: but 'tis enough to love.

Bianca

BY ARTHUR SYMONS, 1895

I

Her cheeks are hot, her cheeks are white;
The white girl hardly breathes to-night,
So faint the pulses come and go,
That waken to a smouldering glow
The morbid faintness of her white.

What drowsing heats of sense, desire
Longing and languorous, the fire
Of what white ashes, subtly mesh
The fascinations of her flesh
Into a breathing web of fire?

Only her eyes, only her mouth,
Live, in the agony of drouth,
Athirst for that which may not be:
The desert of virginity
Aches in the hotness of her mouth.

I take her hands into my hands,
Silently, and she understands;
I set my lips upon her lips;
Shuddering to her finger-tips
She strains my hands within her hands.

I set my lips on hers; they close
Into a false and phantom rose;
Upon her thirsting lips I rain
A flood of kisses, and in vain;
Her lips inexorably close.

Through her closed lips that cling to mine,
Her hands that hold me and entwine,
Her body that abandoned lies,
Rigid with sterile ecstasies,
A shiver knits her flesh to mine.

Life sucks into a mist remote
Her fainting lips, her throbbing throat;
Her lips that open to my lips,
And, hot against my finger-tips,
The pulses leaping in her throat.

Liber Amoris

BY ARTHUR SYMONS, 1895

WHAT's virtue, Bianca? Have we not
Agreed the word should be forgot,
That ours be every dear device
And all the subtleties of vice,
And, in diverse imaginings,
The savour of forbidden things,
So only that the obvious be
Too obvious for you and me,
And the one vulgar final act
Remain an unadmitted fact?

And, surely, we were wise to waive
A gift we do not lose, but save.
What moment's reeling blaze of sense
Were rationally recompense
For all the ecstasies and all
The ardours demi-virginal?
Bianca, I tell you, no delights
Of long, free, unforbidden nights,
Have richlier filled and satisfied
The eager moments as they died,
That your voluptuous pretence
Of unacquainted innocence,

Your clinging hands and closing lips
And eyes slow sinking to eclipse
And cool throat flushing to my kiss;
That sterile and mysterious bliss,
Mysterious, and yet to me
Deeper for that dubiety.

Once, but that time was long ago,
I loved good women, and to know
That lips my lips dared never touch
Could speak, in one warm smile, so much.
And it seemed infinitely sweet
To worship at a woman's feet,
And live on heavenly thoughts of her,
Till earth itself grew heavenlier.
But that rapt mood, being fed on air,
Turned at the last to a despair,
And, for a body and soul like mine,
I found the angel's food too fine.
So the mood changed, and I began
To find that man is merely man,
Though women might be angels; so,
I let the aspirations go,
And for a space I held it wise
To follow after certainties.
My heart forgot the ways of love,
No longer now my fancy wove
Into admitted ornament
In spider's web of sentiment.
What my hands seized, that my hands held,
I followed as the blood compelled,
And finding that my brain found rest
On some unanalytic breast,
I was contented to discover
How easy 'tis to be a lover.
No sophistries to ravel out,
No devious martyrdoms of doubt,
Only the good firm flesh to hold,
The love well worth its weight in gold,
Love, sinking from the infinite,
Now just enough to last one night.
So the simplicity of flesh
Held me a moment in its mesh,
Till that too palled, and I began
To find that man is mostly man
In that, his will being sated, he
Wills ever new variety.
And then I found you, Bianca! Then
I found in you, I found again
That chance or will or fate had brought
The curiosity I sought.

Ambiguous child, whose life retires
Into the pulse of those desires
Of whose endured possession speaks
The passionate pallor of your cheeks;
Child, in whom neither goor nor ill
Can sway your sick and swaying will,
Only the aching sense of sex
Wholly controls, and does perplex,
With dubious drifts scarce understood,
The shaken currents of your blood;
It is your ambiguity
That speaks to me and conquers me,
Your capturing heats of captive bliss,
Under my hands, under my kiss,
And your strange reticences, strange
Concessions, your elusive change,
The strangeness of your smile, the faint
Corruption of your gaze, a saint
Such as Luini loved to paint.
What's virtue, Bianca? nay, indeed,
What's vice? for I at last am freed,
With you, of virtue and of vice:
I have discovered Paradise.
And Paradise is neither heaven,
Where the spirits of men burn pure,
Nor is it hell, where souls endure
An equal ecstasy of fire,
In like repletion of desire;
Nay, but a subtler intense
Unsatisfied appeal of sense,
Ever desiring, ever near
The goal of all its hope and fear,
Ever a hair's-breadth from the goal.

So Bianca satisfies my soul.

Two Sonnets

BY ARTHUR SYMONS. FROM AMORIS VICTIMA, 1897

ALL that I know of love I learnt from you,
And I know all that lover ever knew,
Since, passionately loving to be loved,
The subtlety of your wise body moved
My senses to a curiosity,
And your wise heart adorned itself for me.
Did you not teach me how to love you, how
To win you, how to suffer for you now,
Since you have made, as long as life endures,
My very nerves, my very senses, yours?

I suffer for you now with that same skill
Of self-consuming ecstasy, whose thrill
(May Death some day the thought of it remove!)
You gathered from the very hands of Love.

* * * * *

I cannot do without you: you have been
Too long my only slave, my only queen.
I cannot do without you: you have grown
Part of my flesh, and nearer than my own.
I need you! Speak, be silent, frown or smile,
Only be with me for a little while,
And let your face and hands and hair be kissed,
And let me feel your fingers on my wrist.
I cannot do without you. Other men
Love, bid good-bye, and turn to love again;
I only know I want you, only you,
Only because I want you. If you knew how much
I hunger; should I hunger, for your touch?

Borne on the Blue Aegean

ANONYMOUS. ABOUT 1900

BLOWN, all alone, o'er the watery miles;
Lost, I was tossed on those grape-laden isles,
Where, passing fair in her dimpling smiles,
    Played a sweet maid in the waters so bright;
    Chilled, yet I thrilled at the ravishing sight;
    Sped to her, fled to her, wild with delight.

Soft, from aloft, sweet Cytherea sings;
Dove-drawn, the love goddess artfully flings
Spells, as she tells of the rapture she brings.
    Clear, to my ear, comes her whispering low—
    Lure the demure, as she rocks to and fro.
    Wicked her liquid and musical flow.

Mark the soft, dark eyes that languish for you;
Sleeps in their deeps a rich violet hue;
Skies from her eyes catch their heavenly blue.
    Down from her crown, tresses, fold upon fold,
    Curled and impearled with their jewels untold,
    Fall and enthrall with their glittering gold.

Coy, my dear boy, is a maid in repose;
Wile, with a smile, and her low laughter flows;
Speak and her cheek all incarnadine grows.

Seek in that cheek for the dimples that hide
Quite from the sight; then a moment descried,
Fly from your eye, half confessed, half denied.

Spring to her, cling to her, pearl of the sea;
Flushing and blushing, she beckons to thee;
Chase her, embrace her, the gift is from me.
Lave in the wave, with its foam-crested curl;
Toy, dearest boy, with an ocean-born girl;
Sip from her lip, decked with coral and pearl.

Press her, caress her; that billowy breast
Swells, and foretells in a sigh half suppressed,
Bliss in the kiss which you mutely request.
Gloat, as you float with her; banish alarms;
Wound in the round of her passionate arms.
Praise, as you gaze on her ravishing charms.

Reel with her, feel where the gossamer lace
Robes the white globes scarcely more than the place
Where the soft hair curls in exquisite grace.
Play with her, sway with her, loosen her zone;
Dare to lay bare her full bosom; your own
Warms for her, storms for her—she is alone.

White, on the height of her velvety breast,
Billow-like pillows, where Cupid might rest,
Heave, to receive your warm lips to them pressed.
Crowned is each mound by a rich scarlet stud;
Lips to their tips, taste each roseate bud,
Dyed by the tide of her heart's richest blood.

Down with her, drown her sweet, murmuring cries;
Steal low and feel, near her plump rounded thighs,
Moss fine as floss, half concealing the prize
Left like the cleft in the peach's ripe side,
Pink as the brink of a sea shell is dyed—
Out, see it pout, as its lips open wide.

Holds, in its folds, the small clitoral bud;
Thrills as it fills with her riotous blood;
Peeps from the deeps like a bright ruby stud.
Clip with the tongue tip the small sensitive flower;
Grip with the lip as it slips from its bower;
Turn, feel it burn with her passion's full power.

Prone, with a moan of expectant delight,
Lies the sweet prize, too enraptured for fright;
Warm glows her form, there upheaved in your sight.
Swing forth the lingam, in passionate sweep;
Thrust, in your lust, to the uttermost deep;
Dart to her heart, in your masculine leap.

The Tapir

ANONYMOUS. 1895

O LITTLE cleft of coral
Grown about with daffodils;
Fountain of porphyry
Where the waters of Helicon gust,
I would drink at your waters,
Entwining my tongue
About the clitoral erubescence
Of your most secret passion.
Winding in and out
Draining, drawing,
Curving about the sardonyx mouth
Of the sacred urn;
Drinking, O delicious!
O thirsty devouring of viscous moon-beams,
Of mucilaginous starlight.
I gather your two rosebuds
And strip their petals
While eating your thrice extracted honeycomb,
NOW
O falling stars. . . .
Bathed in your liquid loveliness
Anointed with your adorable essence.

I Love My Love in the Morning

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD. FROM WIND HARP SONGS, 1895

SWEETHEART, lie still upon my breast,
With love-red lips to mine impressed,
And satin limbs that twine with mine,
Like clinging tendrils of a vine.

O, love, the morning 'gins to peep,
The rainbow-robed cataracts leap,
A spotted fawn stands in the glade,
The dew-drop diamonds gem each blade.

Sweet love, I feel your gentle heart
Throb where the sphered bosoms part;
My necklace rare, your warm white arms,
My coverlet, disheveled charms.

The whoop-crane's clangor wakes the fens,
Thrush voices pulse in echoing glens,
On wave-net sands the sea birds meet,
Shy violets hide 'neath clover sweet.

Ah man is man, and maid is maid,
Sweet echoes, by each other swayed;—
Soft eyes will smile, red lips will cling,
Till Death his last scythe stroke shall swing.

The wild-fowl wedge through Northern skies,
In Indian glades the tiger sighs,
The siroc whirls the desert sands—
Love touches all, all climes, all lands.

Forbidden Fruit

ANONYMOUS. AMERICAN, 1895

THE world was finished. On their ceaseless flight
God sped the jewels which adorn the night;
Darkness rolled back before the light of day.
And night shrank blushing from the morning ray.
The skies were brilliant with a crimson hue,
Which softly blended with the azure blue;
Each morn new beauties would the earth unfold,
Draping the heavens with the tints of gold;
While through the garden came the perfumed breeze,
Sweet with fragrance of the budding trees;
And limpid babbling streams flowed gently by,
Pure as the fount which crystals in the eye;
While flowers bloomed with nature's fairest dyes,
Beneath the purple of the sunny skies.

In pristine vigor man remained alone
Till woman came to share his leafy throne,
Fully as fair, but with a softer shade,
The last and best of all the things God made
They both from nature in their freshness came,
But neither knew the blushing tints of shame;
The flowing tresses only veiled from view
Those tempting charms that were as rare as new.

They wandered careless through the leafy grove,
Basking in sunshine and their sinless love,
Like children playing on a verdant lawn,
As free from passion as a timid fawn.
No clouds had yet obscured the brilliant sun;
The storm and tempest had not yet begun.
It seemed that nature for itself did grieve
When Adam knew the first embrace of Eve.
Passion as yet had never warmed their frames
Nor stirred their blood with its insidious flames.
Children in thought, but full of manly life,
Their sleeping demons knew no heat nor strife.
Love was a passion hidden in each heart,
Whose wild desires time would to each impart,

Love has one object and ulterior goal,
One blissful moment which deludes the soul,
When melting nature gently dies away
And cools the rapture of the heated clay.
Take lust from love and love would be no more—
Life has no pleasure but the hopes in store.
The blushing virgin to the altar led
Looks fondly forward to the marriage bed;
Sighs for the moment when a husband's kiss
Preludes the rapture of a greater bliss;
Sinks in the pressure of his burning arms,
And gives unasked her most desirous charms.
The garden scenes beneath fair Eden's bower
Are re-enacted every day and hour,
And every woman in her heart would grieve
Were there no Adam for each loving Eve.
This one great lesson from St. Paul we learn
Better to marry than a virgin burn.
During the day and oft at eventide,
They both reposed in slumber, side by side;
Yet had not dreamed there was a fount within
Lying in wait to tempt them both to sin—
If it were sin to give way to the flood
Of passion lurking dormant in the blood;
For, all unconscious of those hidden fires,
They ne'er had yet felt love's sweet, warm desires
Nor known the joys they ne'er had tasted,
Nor all the hours they both had wasted.
Had they but known love's pure and fond delight
"Forbidden Fruit" were tasted the first night.
While Eve was lying in fair Eden's bower,
Herself the fairest and the sweetest flower,
She sank in slumber near a murmuring stream
And dreamed a sweet and most delightful dream;
For, while all shadowed on the grass she lay,
Her truant soul was roaming far away.
She thought herself within the groves above,
Where angels whispered of the sweets of love—
Thought a man was lying in her blissful arms,
Who kissed the cherries of her bosom's charms;
Sought her full lips and kissed an ardent kiss,
Which woke the rapture of an unborn bliss.
Her form lay stretched upon the flowing heath,
While quick and hot came forth the sighing breath,
An arm was thrown above her golden head,
One knee was raised from off her rosy bed,
One hand was toying with the silken hair
That hid the treasures sweetly buried there;
Her bosom, whiter than the ocean's foam,
Rose white as marble in a passion dome,
While on each breast in ruby lustre shone
The red round nipple that surmounts each zone;

And gently downward, like a floating wave,
Lay the rich portals of her downy cave,
Whose full red lips, half hidden in their moss,
Shone like bright corals in their dewy gloss,
And her round limbs, like ivory polished bright,
Whose rosy hues were struggling through the white,
Lay coiled in beauty as she thus reposed,
With all her maiden charms at once exposed;
The fairest thing of all God's work below,
As fair as marble and as white as snow;
Man's brightest jewel and God's purest gift
Lay softly sleeping, but without a shift.
From such a sight no mortal man could turn
Who felt the fires of manhood in him burn.
Priests preach of virtue, but of them beware,
They would not turn from such a tempting snare.
First they'd indulge and then perhaps might pray
That God would humble their rebellious clay.
Adam beheld her, as in slumber sweet
Some seraph seemed those rosy lips to meet;
Hears her soft sighs and sees her bosom swell,
And felt the blood within his veins rebel;
For such a sight would daze the purest eyes
Of angels looking from the skies;
A sight that man has never yet withstood
Who felt love's virus stealing through his blood.
Yet Adam knew not that this vision bright
Which lay unconscious of his raptured sight
Was made by nature as his better part,
The one sweet solace of his troubled heart;
Knew not the syren in a woman's guise
Would turn the garden into Paradise—
Paradise lost—but Paradise but found
When first he saw Eve sleeping on the ground.
Night came, all gilded with the sunset's dyes,
Studded with jewels the mild azure of the skies;
The moon rose softly on her upward flight,
The queen of beauty and the gem of night,
While flowers paled with the departing day
And closed their petals with the sun's last ray.
The birds had ceased to sing their evening song,
Save one, which into night his strains prolong,
Pouring, in liquid measure, love's soft tale
Through the soft shadows of the flowery dale,
Beguiling sleep awhile from languid eyes.
Like some fair spirit in a worldly guise.
All living things were sinking to repose,
Dreading no danger from dark lurking foes;
For on the fruit man had not yet been fed.
And Eve, the virgin, had her maidenhead.
Adam and Eve, at this sweet twilight hour,
Sought their repose within a rustic bower;

But ere the silken gauze of balmy sleep
Could o'er their drowsy eyelids creep,
Eve thought her of the dream she'd had again
And felt its memories stealing through her brain.
A soft, voluptuous shade stole o'er her eyes,
The pulse of love within began to rise;
Her cheeks were burning with a new desire,
Her veins were boiling with an inward fire,
Her lips were glowing with a warmth all new,
Her breast was heaving as the passion grew;
Each nerve seemed thrilling through her heated frame,
One blissful thought which ne'er had had a name,
One blissful wish which she had never known,
One fond desire that love could be her own.
Gently an arm o'er Adam's breast she threw,
While her lips moistened with the gathering dew;
Her eyes seemed swimming in a sea of pearls,
As from her breast she brushed the flowing curls,
And, swelling high, her bosom seemed to flow
With fire of passion fierce which burned below.
Love, now unfettered, she could not restrain,
But felt it surging through each swelling vein,
Rousing the serpent coiled within her breast
Whose strong desire had never been repressed.
To Adam's lips she softly pressed her own,
While Adam's arms around her form were thrown;
Yet, even then, he did not dream the bliss
That Eve awakened by her fervent kiss;
Knew not the joys that kindred natures feel
As love's sweet fires through the system steal;
But each caress that stirred his tranquil blood
Thrilled through his body with a fiery flood,
Lighting his face and burning in each vein,
Until its raptures nothing could restrain.
His manly bosom heaved with many a sigh,
While lurid fires flashed from either eye;
The breath came hot upon his burning lips
While passion tingled to his finger tips;
His frame was but a mass of heated clay,
One strong desire now held unbounded sway;
And yet he little knew what lay before,
What mystic pleasure was for him in store.
But Eve, still trembling with her own desires,
Added new fuel to her Adam's fires,
Glued her wet lips to his hot, glowing face
And held him closely in her warm embrace,
Distilling passion through her melting sighs
And rousing demons with her flashing eyes.
Night looked on calmly, as if nature smiled
To think that Adam should be thus beguiled.
The moon now threw a shadow o'er the scene,
As if she fain their wantonness would screen;

And e'en the stars half hid their sparkling rays,
As if they blushed at such a scene to gaze.
Eve, taught by instinct and inflamed by love,
Would fain the pleasure of their passion prove;
Felt that the spot now half consumed by heat
Was the choice fruit they were forbid to eat;
And, like all women since that blissful time,
Was half inclined to perpetrate a crime.
A crime so sweet that all have followed suit,
And like it better for its being stolen fruit.
Adam, meanwhile, had found his manhood's pride,
And Eve now acted as its faithful guide;
Gently her hand around its ivory stole
And turned it quickly toward its natural goal;
Then, lying prone upon her snowy back,
Opened before it an untrodden track.
Ecstatic joy her every nerve did thrill,
Till heart and thought and even soul stood still.
Warmer and warmer were her kisses given,
Until the pleasure seemed to her a heaven.
And thus she lay in that intense delight
Which women feel upon their wedding night,
When heart and soul commingle in a kiss
And love's fond rapture gives hymeneai bliss.
But, all too soon, each felt their strength give way
As love dissolved in passion's heated spray,
And pouring forth, came then his gushing flood,
Mixed with crimson of Eve's virgin blood.
Then Adam sank, half-fainting, on her breast,
With lingering sighs that could not be repressed.
His eyes now gleamed not with a fiery glance,
While o'er his frame there came that blissful trance
Which poor dissolving nature sweetly feels
When love enraptured breaks a maiden's seals.
Blushing and modest, with unconscious grace,
Eve hid 'neath Adam's arm her glowing face;
For now that passion had swept o'er her form,
She lay all quivering from its pleasant storm,
And only wished her burning cheeks to hide
The sweet, warm blushes of a new-made bride;
While in her eyes a humid vapor stole,
Which for a time seemed clouding o'er her soul,
And trembling sweetly with her new delight
Felt light departing from her failing sight.
Ah! who shall paint the rapture they first knew
Beneath the sparkling canopy of blue,
While in the pride of their full strength and youth
They tasted sweetly of the cup of truth
And found that joy till then to man unknown—
A priceless boon which he might call his own.
And this pure bliss which in the garden came,
Still thrills as sweetly through each mortal frame,

And each new couple on their marriage bed,
When husband takes his young wife's maidenhead,
Repeats again the same old pleasure o'er
And finds in love a never-failing store,
When to her husband she gives up the gem,
The sweetest jewel in love's diadem.
Hark! to the mutt'rings that are heard afar,
As nature feels an elemental war.
Thunder is rolling booming in the skies
And vivid lightning blinds their tearful eyes;
The winds shriek onward with a shrieking blast,
And deep with gloom the skies are overcast.
While from the clouds the pelting rains descend
And with the storm the war of wild beasts blend;
Each brute feels all its instincts wildly stirred,
While in the air is heard the screaming bird.
In one wild shriek a thousand tongues give vent
To the deep passion which the world has sent.
Now storm and darkness settle o'er the land
And the blue sea comes bellowing on the sand;
The massive trees before the whirlwind rock,
The earth now trembles with the earthquake's shock,
For man has heard from God his awful doom.
No more the fruits of Eden's fruitful soil,
His sweat shall moisten all he earns by toil,
While Eve in anguish shall to life give birth
And leave a heritage of woe on earth.
God made them pure, but out of worldly dust,
And from the clay they gather all the lust.
From that sweet scene, within the grove began,
Came the sorrows that have tortured man;
And, till the trump of Gabriel gives us peace,
Our woes entailed on earth shall never cease.

The Rehearsal

ANONYMOUS (U. S.), 1895

I SIT here thinking, Will, of you,
  Of merry days gone by—
The old church, where oft we sang
  Together, you and I;
But thoughts of one rehearsal night
  Will constantly arise,
    Till "I can read my title clear
    To mansions in the skies."

I'm thinking of the rainy night—
  The rest had hurried home—
And we, in Deacon Foster's pew,
  Were sitting all alone;

You were a "seeker" then, dear Will,
  But not of "things above"—
  "The length, the depth, the breadth, the height
    Of everlasting love."

And I was on the "anxious" seat,
  Uncertain how to move,
Within thine arms of love embraced,
  Thy constancy to prove!
And oh! the promises you made—
  You were my own dear Will—
  "What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
    How sweet their memory still."

Oh! what sweet words of love you spoke,
  And kissed away the tear;
And how I trembled at the thought
  Lest someone should appear;
But when you turned the lights all out,
  To guard against surprise,
  "I bade farewell to every fear,
    And wiped my weeping eyes."

I thought, could I, these doubts remove,
  These gloomy doubts that rise,
  "And see the Caanan that we love
    With unbeclouded eyes!"
And as you climbed the pulpit stairs,
  And viewed the landscape o'er,
  "Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood
    Could fright us from the floor."

And when you fixed the cushions up,
  And I reclined at ease,
The pulpit pillow 'neath my head,
  And you on bended knees;
With your warm kisses on my lips,
  How could I stay your hand;
  "The veil was lifted, and by faith,
    You viewed the promised land."

And oh! what raptuous feelings
  Thrilled every nerve, and when
I cried, "Oh! Lord my heart is touched,"
  You shouted out "Amen."
My very soul was all ablaze,
  I thought that I could see
  "The land of rest, the saints' delight,
    The heaven prepared for me."

I thought "a charge to keep I have"
  With mingled fear and shame;
How anxiously I watched, dear Will,
  Till I came 'round again!

In my distress I vainly strove
  To check the welling tears
  "The precious blood poured freely forth
    And conquered all my fears."

But that was many years ago,
  And I've no doubt that you
Remember still the rainy night
  In Deacon Foster's pew!
But oh! my first "experience"
  Will ne'er forgotten be,
  "While down the stream of life we glide
    To our eternity."

I'm married now, the gudeman thinks
  In me he has a prize;
Ah, me!
        "Where ignorance is bliss,
        'Tis folly to be wise."
Of you, dear Will, he nothing knows
  And so my heart's at rest,
  "And not a wave of trouble rolls
    Across my peaceful breast."

The Ladies

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

I'VE taken my fun where I've found it;
  I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweethearts,
  An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was an 'arf-caste widow,
  One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a jemadar-sais,
  An' one is a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
  For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em
  An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you
    mightn't,
  There's times when you'll know that you
    might;
But the things you will learn from the
      Yellow and Brown,
  They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
  Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
  An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un—
  More like a mother she were—
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
  An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma,
  Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I bot me a tiddy live 'eathen
  Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
  Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
  An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
  (Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
  The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks bolee;
  Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was white,
  And learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
  'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
'Girl from a convent at Meerut,
  The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
  She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
  But—I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
  An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
  The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
  An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
An' learn about women from me!

What did the Colonel's Lady think?
  Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the Sergeant's Wife,
  An' she told 'em true!
When you get to a man in the case,
  They're like as a row of pins—
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
  Are sisters under their skins!

"Mary, Pity Women!"

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

You call yourself a man,
  For all you used to swear,
An' leave me, as you can,
  My certain shame to bear?
  I 'ear! You do not care—
You done the worst you know.
  I 'ate you, grinnin' there. . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over—
Tear out your 'eart an' good-bye to your lover!
What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore you
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?

It aren't no false alarm,
  The finish to your fun;
  An' I'm the ruined one;
  An' now you'll off an' run
With some new fool in tow.
  Your 'eart? You 'aven't none. . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im;
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im.
What's the good o' prayin' for the Wrath to strike 'im
(Mary, pity women!) when the rest are like 'im?

What 'ope for me or—it?
  What's left for us to do?
I've walked with men a bit,
  But this—but this is you.
  So 'elp me Christ, it's true!
Where can I 'ide or go?
  You coward through and through! . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

All the more you give 'em the less are they for givin'—
Love lies dead, an' you can not kiss 'im livin'.
Down the road 'e led you there is no returnin'
(Mary, pity women!) but you're late in learnin'!

You'd like to treat me fair?
  You can't, because we're pore?
We'd starve? What do I care!
  We might, but this is shore!
  I want the name—no more—
The name, an' lines to show,
  An' not to be an 'ore. . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

What's the good o' pleadin', when the mother that bore you
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?
Sleep on 'is promises an' wake to your sorrow
(Mary, pity women!) for we sail to-morrow!

A Dead Woman

BY VANCE THOMPSON, 1899

I

OPEN swing the doors; the torches
  Flicker in the windy night—
Cast strange shadows in the porches,
  Down dim alleys in the night.

Come away now—dust and ashes—
  Dust to dust and clay to clay—
Stormily the organ crashes—
  Dust and ashes—come away.

High the wind snarls and the torches,
  Flaring down the blackening night,
Toss grim shadows in the porches
  And dim alleys in the night.

II

Men looked at you; saw the woman,
Just the eyes and limbs and common
Charm—odor di femina—that
Draws us all. And only saw that.
One man cared not much for seeming—
Animal red lips and dreaming,
Helpless eyes; great limbs; the value
Of the flesh you wore to pall you,
All that palpitant, sweet vesture—
Caring not for these, he pressed your
Body in the rack, to tear it
Open, till he saw the spirit,
Soul of you, its shame or merit.

First he took your body, woman,
Stained it, smirched it, made it common,
Scarred it with strange loves, flagitious.
Gored it raw with lust; set vicious
Things to heat the eyes; lubricious,
Unclean things to smirk and chatter
In the ears lewd, Paphian matter.

So he made you foul; and eager
Then to see how fared the meagre,
Warped, black, ulcered soul, he started
The great rack wheels. Snapped and parted
All the strings of the flesh raiment
He had fouled. The man for payment
Saw white wings flash as your soul went,
White, white, white, to God's enrollment.

III

They buried you to-night.
He saw the yellow torches blown alight,
Heard the organ's thunder.
He went away into the confused night,
Full of wonder.

A Midnight Lunch

ANONYMOUS (AMERICAN), C. 1900

WOULD you like a little Supper with covers laid for two
(You know the kind of Supper that I mean;)
And if you are not hungry you can look the Menu through
—You know the kind of Hunger that I mean.
We'll have a little Duck, celery salad on the side,
A little Bottle, cold as ice, in which we may confide
All thoughts of the Hereafter, and Other Things, beside.
—You know the kind of Other Things I mean.

When we've had that little Supper with covers laid for two
(You know the kind of Supper that I mean),
The Dessert will follow, as Desserts always do
—You know the kind of Dessert that I mean.
We'll have a little Fruit, a little Coffee on the side,
Then another little Bottle which doubtless will decide
If you are to go home early—and Other Things, beside.
—You know the kind of Other Things I mean.

Yes, I'd like that little Supper with covers laid for two,
And I know the kind of Supper that you mean.
And I'll come to you quite Hungry and I'll go the Menu through,
And I know the kind of Hunger that you mean.
And I will not go Home early, for 'tis mean to eat and run:
Your Bill of Fare's a dandy and your Dessert is number one;
And we'll have the extra Bottle and Other Things, for fun;
And I know the kind of Other Things you mean.

The Altar of Artemis

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY. FROM THE SOUL OF OSIRIS. 1901

WHERE, in the coppice, oak and pine
  And mystic yew and elm are found,
Sweeping the skies, that grow divine
  With the dark wind's despairing sound,
  The wind that roars from the profound,
And smites the mountain-tops, and calls
Mute spirits to black festivals,
  And feasts in valleys iron-bound,
  Desolate crags, and barren ground;—
There in the strong storm-shaken grove
Swings the pale censer-fire for love.

The foursquare altar, rightly hewn,
  And overlaid with beaten gold,
Stands in the gloom; the stealthy tune
  Of singing maidens overbold
  Desires mad mysteries untold,
With strange eyes kindling, as the fleet
Implacable untiring feet
  Weave mystic figures manifold
  That draw down angels to behold
The moving music, and the fire
Of their intolerable desire.

For, maddening to fiercer thought,
  The fiery limbs requicken, wheel
In formless furies, subtly wrought
  Of swifter melodies than steel
  That flashes in the fight: the peal
Of amorous laughters choking sense,
And madness kissing violence,
  Ring like dead horsemen; bodies reel
  Drunken with motion; spirits feel
The strange constraint of gods that clip
From Heaven to mingle lip and lip.

The gods descend to dance; the noise
  Of hungry kissings, as a swoon,
Faints for excess of its own joys,
  And mystic beams assail the moon,
  With flames of their infernal noon;
While the smooth incense, without breath,
Spreads like some scented flower of death,
  Over the grove; the lovers' boon
  Of sleep shall steal upon them soon,
And lovers' lips, from lips withdrawn,
Seek dimmer bosoms till the dawn.

Yet on the central altar lies
  The sacrament of kneaded bread,
With blood made one, the sacrifice
  To those, the living, who are dead—
  Strange gods and goddesses, that shed
Monstrous desires of secret things
Upon their worshippers, from wings
  One lucent web of light, from head
  One labyrinthine passion-fed
Palace of love, from breathing rife
With secrets of forbidden life.

But not the sunlight, nor the stars,
  Nor any light but theirs alone,
Nor iron masteries of Mars,
  Nor Saturn's misconceiving zone,
  Nor any planet's may be shown,
Within the circle of the grove,
Where burn the sancitities of love:
  Nor may the foot of man be known,
  Nor evil eyes of mothers thrown
On maidens that desire the kiss
Only of maiden Artemis.

But horned and huntress from the skies,
  She bends her lips upon the breeze,
And pure and perfect in her eyes,
  Burn magical virginity's
  Sweet intermittent sorceries.
When the slow wind from her sweet word
In all their conchéd ears is heard.
  And like the slumber of the seas,
  There murmur through the holy trees
The kisses of the goddess keen,
And sighs and laughters caught between.

For, swooning at the fervid lips
  Of Artemis, the maiden kisses
Sobs and the languid body slips
  Down to enamelled wildernesses.
  Fallen and loose the shaken tresses;
Fallen the sandal and girdling gold,
Fallen the music manifold
  Of moving limbs and strange caresses,
  And deadly passion that possesses
The magic ecstasy of these
Mad maidens, tender as blue seas.

Night spreads her yearning pinions,
  The baffled day sinks blind to sleep;
The evening breeze outswoons the sun's
  Dead kisses to the swooning deep.
  Upsoars the moon; the flashing steep

Of Heaven is fragrant for her feet;
The perfume of the grove is sweet
  As slumbering women furtive creep
  To bosoms where small kisses weep,
And find in fervent dreams the kiss
Most memoried of Artemis.

Impenetrable pleasure dies
  Beneath the madness of new dreams;
The slow sweet breath is turned to sighs
  More musical than many streams
  Under the moving silver beams,
Fretted with stars, thrice woven across.
White limbs in amorous slumber toss,
  Like sleeping foam, whose silver gleams
  On motionless dark seas; it seems
As if some gentle spirit stirred,
Their lazy brows with some swift word.

So, in the secret of the shrine,
  Night keeps them nestled, so the gloom
Laps them in waves as smooth as wine,
  As glowing as the fiery womb
  Of some young tigress, dark as doom,
And swift as sunrise. Love's content
Builds its own monument,
  And carves above its vaulted tomb
  The Phoenix on her fiery plume,
To their own souls to testify
Their kisses' immortality.

Lot

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY. FROM THE SOUL OF OSIRIS, 1901

TURN back from safety, in my love abide,
Whose lips are warm as when, a virgin bride
I clung to thee ashamed and very glad,
Whose breasts are lordlier for the pain they had,
Whose arms cleave closer than thy spouse's own!
Thy spouse—O lover, kiss me, and atone!
All my veins burst for love, my ripe breasts beat
And lay their bleeding blossoms at thy feet!
Spurn me no more! O bid these strangers go;
Turn to my lips till their cup overflow;
Hurt me with kisses, kill me with desire,
Consume me and destroy me with the fire
Of blasting passion straining at the heart,
Touched to the core by sweetnesses, that smart
Bitten by fiery snakes, whose poisonous breath
Swoons in the midnight, and dissolves to death!

* * * * * *

Turn to me, touch me, mix thy very breath
With mine to mingle floods of fiery dew
With flames of purple, like the sea shot through
With golden glances of a fiercer star.
Turn to me, bend above me; you may char
These olive shoulders with an old-time kiss,
And fix thy mouth upon me for such bliss
Of sudden rage rekindled. Turn again,
And make delight the minister of pain,
And pain the father of a new delight,
And light a lamp of torture for the night
Too grievous to be borne without a cry
To rend the very bowels of the sky
And make the archangel gasp—a sudden pang,
Most like a traveller stricken by the fang
Of the black adder whose squat head springs up,
A flash of death, beneath a cactus cup.
Ah turn, my bosom for thy love is cold;
My arms are empty, and my lips can hold
No converse with thee far away like this.
O for that communing pregnant with a kiss
That is reborn when lips are set together
To link our souls in one desirous tether,
And weld our very bodies into one.
Ah fiend Jehovah, what then have we done
To earn thy curse? Is love like ours too strong
To dwell before thee, and do thy throne no wrong?
Art thou grown jealous of the fiery band?
Lo! thou hast spoken, and thy strong command
Bade earth and air divide, and on the sea
Thy spirit moved—and thou must envy me!

* * * * * *

Our love must lie beneath thy bitter ban!
Thou petty, envious God! My King, be sure
His brute force shall not to the end endure;
Some stronger soul than thine shall wrest his crown
And thrust him from his own high heaven down
To some obscure forgetful hell. For me
Forsake thy hopes in him. We worship, we,
Rather the dear delights we know and hold;
The first cool kiss, within the water cold
That draws its music from some bubbling well,
Looks long, looks deadly, looks desirable,
The touch that fires, the next kiss, and the whole
Body embracing, symbol of the soul,
And all the perfect passion of an hour.
Turn to me, pluck that amaranthine flower,
And leave the doubtful blossoms of the sky!
You dare not kiss me! dare not draw you nigh
Lest I should lure you to remain! nor speak
Lest you should catch the blood within your cheek

Mantling. You dared enough—so long ago!—
When to my blossom body clean as snow
You pressed your bosom till desire was pain,
And—then—that midnight! you did dare remain
Though all my limbs were bloody with your mouth
That tore their flesh to satiate its drouth,
That was not thereby satisfied! And now
A pallid coward, with sly, skulking brow,
You must leave Sodom for your spouse's sake.
Coward and coward and coward; who would take
The best flower of my life and leave me so,
Still loving you—Ah! weak—and turn to go
For fear of such a God! O blind! O fool!
To heed these strangers and to be the tool
Of their smooth lies and monstrous miracles.
O break this bondage and cast off their spells!
Five righteous! Thou a righteous man! A jest!
A righteous man—you always loved me best,
And even when lured by lips of wanton girls
Would turn away and sigh and touch my curls,
And slip half-conscious to the old embrace.
And now you will not let me see your face
Or hear your voice or touch you. Ah! the hour!
He moves. Come back, come back, my life's one flower!
Come back. One kiss before you leave me. So!
Stop—turn—one little kiss before you go;
It is my right—you must. Oh no! Oh no!

A Saint's Damnation

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY. FROM THE SOUL OF OSIRIS, 1901

You buy my spirit with those shameless eyes
  That burn my soul, you loose the torrent stream
Of my desire, you make my lips your prize,

And on them burns the whole life's hope: you deem
  You buy a heart; but I am well aware
How my damnation dwells in that supreme

Passion to feed upon your shoulders bare,
  And pass the dewy twilight of our sin
In the intolerable flames of hair

That clothe my body from your head; you win
  The devil's bargain; I am yours to kill,
Yours, for one kiss; my spirit for your skin!

O bitter love, consuming all my will!
  O love destroying, that hast drained my life
Of all those fountains of dear blood that fill

My heart! O woman, would I call you wife?
  Would I content you with one touch divine
To flood your spirit with the clinging strife

Of perfect passionate joy, the joy of wine,
  The drunkenness of extreme pleasure, filled
From sin's amazing cup. Oh, mine, mine, mine,

Mine, if your kisses maddened me or killed,
  Mine, at the price of my damnation deep,
Mine, if you will, as once your glances willed!

Take me, or break me, slay or soothe to sleep,
  If only yours one hour, one perfect hour,
Remembrance and despair and hope to steep.

In the infernal potion of that flower,
  My poisonous passion for your blood! Behold!
How utterly I yield, how gladly dower

Our sin with my own spirit's quenched gold,
  Clothe love with my own soul's immortal power,
Give thee my body as a fire to hold—
  O love, no words, no songs—your breast my bower!

Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae Sub Regno Cynarae

BY ERNEST DOWSON. FROM POEMS, 1905

LAST night, ah yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
  Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
  When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
  Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
  Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

April

BY EDWARD CARPENTER. FROM TOWARDS DEMOCRACY

O April, month of Nymphs and Fauns and Cupids,
Month of the Sungod's kisses, Earth's sweet passion,
Of fanciful winds and showers;
Apollo, glorious over hill and dale
Ethereally striding; grasses springing
Rapt to his feet, buds bursting, flowers out-breathing
Their liberated hearts in love to him.

(The little black-cap garrulous on the willow
Perching so prim, the crested chaffinch warbling,
And primrose and celandine, anemone and daisy,
Starring the tender herb which lambs already nibble.)

Month of all-gathering warmth,
Of breathless moments, hotter and hotter growing—
Smiles turned to fire, kisses to fierce earnest—
Of sultry swoons, pauses, and strange suspense
(Clouds and daemonic thunder through the blue vault threat-
  eningly rolling);
Then the delirious up-break—the great fountains of the deep,
  in Sex,
Loosened to pouring failing rushing waters;
Shafts of wild light; and Sky and Earth in one another's arms
Melted, and all of Heaven spent in streams of love
Towards the Loved one.

Little Lessons

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW (U. S.), 1905

The love I bear you, dearest,
  Would make the sweetest tale,
We'd sail upon a sea of bliss,
  And I would lift the sail.
Our happiness would be sublime,
  Surpassing tongue or pen.
You may as well learn things from me,
  As to learn from other men.

"Oh! you have touched me—deeply—"
  The young thing whispered low.
He pleaded: "Come! oh! come with me."
  She could not answer: "No."
She said: "I'll be your pupil."
  And softly added then:
"I may as well learn things from you
  As to learn from other men."

They dined alone that evening,
  And the young man got his wish.
They even broke the unwritten law
  Of: "Nevaire before zee feesh."
At half-past three, next morning,
  He staggered home again.
She had taught him tricks he never knew,
  That she'd learned from other men.

Boyhood

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW

WERE you to ask what age of womanhood
Brings most delight, producing most of good,
I should, to quote a phrase much used in rhyme,
"Turn back the leaflets in the Book of Time,"
To find the page, whereon, in letters bright,
Is written clear, my first ecstatic night.

I was a boy attuned to passion's strain,
I knew its music and I knew its pain,
I longed for—something—but, I was a boy;
I knew not how to change my pain to joy.

But Heaven has given to earth, in its dire needs,
No sweeter thing than widows, in their weeds,
And in the household, where I ruled supreme,
A widow lived, a sorrowing, throbbing dream.
I was her comfort. Many times, at night,
When I, awakened by some childish fright,
Cried out to her, she took me to her side,
And kissed me till my fears were pacified.
She was my confidant. My childish fears,
My hopes and dreams and all my boyish tears
Found comfort sweet upon that loving breast
Where all perplexities were set at rest.

One night, worn out with tossing to and fro,
In longings vain which boyhood's night must know,
I dared to make pretence of sudden fright,
That I might see that figure, clad in white,
Come stealing to my side to whisper low:
"What makes my precious darling tremble so?"

All ye who cannot sympathize, stop here.
I speak in tenderness and hold most dear
The memory of that sweet transition hour,
When Nature first revealed her wondrous power.
My heart still throbs as I remember when
I joined the ranks of sturdy little men.

I know not now, what courage made me dare,
But, pillowed close, upon her bosom fair,
A truant hand went wandering far astray
And found—that night hath greater charms than day.
As mighty Mars, full statured, in an hour,
From great Athena's helmet, in his power,
Sprang forth full armoured, at the will of Jove,
So I sprang forth, equipped and armed for love.

With new-found strength, I ceased to be afraid
And something wild within would not be stayed.
Disarmed, perhaps, by hungry widowhood,
She could not check me, even if she would
And kisses wild were riotously pressed
On starving lips too long left uncaressed,
And roses red, upon the white flesh burned,
The while she murmured: "Child! where have you learned?"

I knew my madness, but my heart was fire
And all was swept away in my desire.
Her very gown of daintiest, filmiest lace,
Seemed cumbersome to me and out of place;
I reached and tore it, throat to hem, to find—
How cruel Fate has been to those born blind.
For even the moonbeams, stealing through the bars,
Turned back to whisper to the twinkling stars,
And tip-toed out again to realms of space,
But left the memory of her blushing face.
And when, at last, her beating heart stood still,
As though no more subservient to her will,
And when with fluttering breath, she closed her eyes,
I seemed to lose her, in a mist of sighs.
My senses swam as though a bursting star
Had set on fire the cloudland realms afar,
For one brief moment, I was lost in fear
That all I held so passionately dear
Might chide me as she never had before,
And hold me in her clinging arms no more.
I was a boy—unversed in Nature's needs,
Unlearned of a widow's ways, without their weeds.

She was not wanton. Nay! she was a woman,
Whose wakened, passionate heart was truly human.
And just when love was bursting into flower,
The fates, relentless, sent her saddest hour,
And, torn apart, from all she held most dear,
Time's healing touch had dried the falling tear.

She loved me. I could feel her bosom stir
And strive to soothe my turbulent thoughts of her.
But boon companions who have loved for long,
Draw wavering lines betwixt the right and wrong.
And who shall say that love, new-born like this,
Must never know the madness of a kiss!
And who shall say it was her duty clear
To let me find a different atmosphere
In which to learn the mysteries of the world,
Where unclad sin, in wicked eddies whirled!
I must not whisper, in a careless way,
The thoughts that came to me at dawn of day.
And yet—when asked what age of womanhood
Brings most delight, producing most of good,
I turn to widowhood with tender touch,
And say: "Stop here, for widows know so much."

Thou Art a Flower

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW

THOU art a flower, dear heart, a fragrant flower
And I, the wandering, hair-clad, amorous bee.
'Mongst all the regal beauties of the bower,
I seek but thee.

I feel the ivory of thy petals fair
Brush lightly on my belly as I woo
And I would sting thee, if I did but dare,
So sweet are you.

I suck the honey from your dewy bowl!
And drunken mad, with wild, delirious bliss,
Within your cup, I yield to you my soul
And drink your kiss.

Oh! petals sweet, close in and crush me dead.
I am consumed in flames of passion's fire.
What else is left, when this dear hour hath fled,
But dead desire?

The juice of poppy flowers and breath of rose,
Wistaria's purple, blood-flecked lilies white,
I pilfer and when, soft, your petals close,
Then comes the night.

I pour the passions of the world of flowers
Deep in beyond the lips of quivering red.
Your life is mine to craze the trembling hours,
All else is dead.

Aftermath

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW

LAST night, we fled, close locked, in sweet embrace,
Across the empty kingdom men call "Space."
So deep the solitude, I could but feel
Your fear within. It made my senses reel.
I clasped you closer, with encircling arm,
As though to shield you from impending harm
And like a zephyr, from the sun-kissed South,
I felt the pressure of your trembling mouth.

A flame shot through my soul, in that first kiss.
I was on fire. I knew no thought but this;
I loved you—mind, heart, body, brain and soul.
And had—since centuries first began to roll.
And when your melting mouth had answered mine,
Within your eyes, a new-born light divine
Proclaimed the wondrous miracle was done,
And our two souls had melted into one.
Oh! idiot Earth, to waste the dew of youth,
Along the borderlands of perfect truth!
Oh! dolts and dullards, with your feet of clay!
To shun the glorious light of perfect day!
In that first kiss, the past was all laid bare.
The future years, transparent as the air
In swift procession, swept across our path
And left me drunk, with love's sweet aftermath.

To Have and to Hold

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW

To have and to hold and to kiss you,
  'Til your eyelids softly close,
To strain to your side and to miss you,
  When again the daylight glows
Is better far than to meet you,
  And clasping hand to hand,
While others calmly greet you,—
  They do not understand.

I could wish to seek you, only
  When you feel a hungry need—
When the hours of night are lonely
  And the longing heart-strings bleed.
I would wish to hold you near me,
  To bless you and call you fair,
'Til your senses ceased to fear me
  And you—not I—would dare.

I could wish to read your dreaming
  And always read aright,
'Til the clouds and doubts of seeming,
  In a hurried host, took flight.
I could wish to ask no question,
  But to know, each day and hour,
Each subtle, sweet suggestion;
  Each bud that bursts to flower.

I could wish to bring you, ever,
  The Heaven-born gift of choice,
I could wish to jar you, never,
  With thoughts I dare not voice.
And yet—I could wish to hold you
  In a long, wild, mad embrace,
'Til the tale of love was told you,
  With the love-light on your face.

I could love you in storm and lightning,
  Your heart athrill with fear,
Your wet limbs round me tight'ning,
  And oh! so near! so near!
I could love you in the morning,
  When the sun climbs up the sky,
Or, the stars of midnight scorning,
  Within your round arms—die.

For the depth and breadth of passion,
  Is to love with a royal will;
Who loveth in idle fashion,
  The cup of joy will spill.
Then come, if you so must will it,
  Away to the realms of space,
And feed the fire of my desire,
  With the glory in your face.

The Fall of Man

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW

A HAND omnipotent, in endless space,
From chaos, formed a world and found a place,
Where, through the countless ages, yet unborn,
A star might shine from dusk to rosy morn.
Great mountains rose, majestic in their might,
And sun-kissed hills, aglow with mellow light,
And rippling streams went purling through the dales,
To silver lakes that glistened in the vales.
A subtle fragrance filled each shifting breeze,
The scent of flowers in bloom and budding trees.

So beautiful the earth, in Nature's eyes,
A soul was sent to dwell, in human guise,
A form of god-like beauty and of might.
To drink the sunshine and to dream at night,
In those old days, when first the world began,
Strange visions came to Nature's first child, Man.
Unclad and lone, he roved from spot to spot
And longed and yearned for something which was not.
Until, at last, a prayer went up to Heaven
And Nature's noblest gift to man was given:
A gentle, throbbing, trembling, beauteous maid,
Fair as the man, but with a softer shade,
Endowed with beauty and a thousand charms
That sought the sheltering clasp of loving arms.

As children play, in childhood's happy hours,
They romped and played among the sylvan bowers,
Or sported in the streams whose waters sweet
Ran cool beneath the trees at Noonday's heat.
And when night's sable banners were unfurled
And darkness wound her arms about the world,
On beds of roses, in some vine-clad nest,
Their drowsy senses found untroubled rest
And wandering zephyrs swept across them there,
Unclad, but unashamed, in Eden fair.

No thought had come to them of wild desire
And yet, at times, a smouldering, hidden fire
Seemed slumbering deep within and fiercer burned.
When, in their sleep, they toward each other turned,
One ambient night of blissful summer-time,
A perfect night of Eden's balmy clime,
Eve stretched her languorous limbs in restless sleep
And Adam, at her side, sought slumber deep.
Some trifling thing, perhaps a wind-swayed fern,
A leaf—a bird—caused both of them to turn.
Eve's rounded arm was thrown above her head,
Her dimpled knee, just lifted from its bed,
When, by this chance, this trifle, light as air,
Their warm lips met, and, trembling, lingered there.
They slept no more from dusk to rosy dawn,
'Mongst roses red or on some grassy lawn,
But wakened often, from strange dreams of bliss,
To find their mouths all melting in a kiss.
Their hearts were filled with vague, unknown desire,
Nor knew they how to quench the wondrous fire.

A wild unrest upon them settled down
And Adam's brow would often wear a frown,
And then again, he'd stroke her glorious hair
And gaze into her eyes and call her fair,
Then clasp her fiercely, with encircling arm,
As though to shield her from impending harm,

Then wildly kiss her—eyes—mouth—neck and breast,
While she against him, tightly, closely press't.
Still waited, hungered, starved for something more.
Yet little knew what nature had in store.

Just how the fall occurred, so long ago,
The modern world should naturally know.
Not touching on his grievous fall from grace,
But just a hint at what we know took place,
And if his fall was premature, what then!
That sometimes happens to the best of men.

Eve's little, truant, tapering fingers slim,
Beloved of Adam and caressed by him,
By accident, one night, grew wondrous wise,
And found just where the trees of knowledge rise.

Amazed, surprised, confounded, if you please,
But, womanlike, inclined a bit to tease,
She tried experiments of many a kind,
To learn by which she most delight could find?
And Adam, dizzy with her new-found charms,
Gave way to every pressure of her arms
And gave her childish innocence full sway,
Nor cared to check her or to say her: "Nay."
Then suddenly, with savage, passionate clasp,
She drew him to her with an eager grasp
And sank exhausted, yet with cheeks aflame,
Athrill with feelings which she could not name
And Adam, swept away, on seas of bliss,
Poured all his soul in one, long, clinging kiss.
'T was pain, 't was pleasure, 't was a joy intense.
It seemed as though along each quivering sense,
Swift rivulets of fire had found their way
And burned their hearts. They knew not night nor day,
Nor life, nor death, nor aught that mortals know.
They only knew they loved each other so.

Nor dreamed they, even yet, of further joy,
The one swift dream that comes without alloy,
And blends two loving natures into one,
Too sweet to last—that ends ere 'tis begun.
It came to them like lightning from the sky.
Each thought the very hour of death was nigh,
Yet longed to live. Delirious pain
Went sweeping through their inmost souls again
And black oblivion brooded for an hour,
O'er passion's birth in Eden's rosy bower.

And when, at last, Eve wakened from her swoon,
The night had fled. The glare of Eden's noon
Sent showers of golden light through waving trees,
And subtle fragrance lingered on the breeze.

Throughout the realm of Eden's joyous bower,
All things that lived were happy in that hour,
For, led by sweet desire, example given,
They found, on earth, the one foretaste of Heaven.

And since you must know all there is to know,
When Eve awakened, in a blushing glow,
Her thirst for knowledge, seeking to know all,
Discovered first the secret of the fall.
She sought the source of her new-found delight.
Turned pale, grew faint and trembled at the sight.

The Tree of Knowledge stood—ah! yes, it stood.
Past tense, you see—and while the past was good,
The present need was great, without a doubt
And pretty Eve began to fret and pout.
She wept and sighed and said "I see it all,
For here was death and there, alas! the fall."

The Merry Little Maid and Wicked Little Monk

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW

Good father, I have sent for you because
I would not tamper with the holy laws,
And yet, I know that something is amiss,
For when I see the youths and maidens kiss,
I tremble and my very knees grow weak
Until my chamber I am forced to seek
And there, with cheeks aflame, in floods of tears,
I toss with strangely mingled hopes and fears.

And, father, strange to say, throughout the night,
Although my figure, as you see, is slight,
I dream I have a ripe, voluptuous form,
And strong arms, 'round me, hold me close and warm,
Until at last, at last, I blush to say,
My very garments seem to melt away,
Until, as nature clad me, there I stand,
The willing victim to a wandering hand.

And at these times, when I seem not alone,
The form that holds me is not like my own.
It has not swelling globes, here, such as these,
No sloping thighs nor rounded, dimpled knees,
And stranger still—pray, father, dear, draw near,
The greatest difference seems to be—just—here.

Dear father, should I pray and fast, in pain?
Or sleep and dream those blissful dreams again?
It seems not sin and yet my mirror shows
A face where shame and deepest color glows.
Tell me, it is not wicked, father, dear.
To find myself with new sensations, here.
Ah! heaven! you burn, with fever too, it seems.
Are you, as well, a prey to fitful dreams?

And once I dreamed far more than I have told.
This handsome stranger once was overbold,
And I will show thee, father, if I may,
Just what was done. I could not but obey.
The sun had set. The stars were in the sky,
And I was trembling, though I knew not why
And here upon this couch, I lay, like this,
When on my lips I felt a burning kiss.
Yes! that is like it! Just the very same!!!
My arms reached upward. I was not to blame.
For all my soul seemed hungering to feel
The strange delight that made my senses reel.
It seemed so strange that pleasure should be pain
And yet I fain would suffer, once again.

'T was thus—and so—and ever did I strain
To meet, half way, the source of all my pain.
My voice came, fitful—broken—just as now—
I was not mistress of myself, I vow!—
I clasped the spirit visitor like this—
Through all my veins, I felt his maddening kiss.
My pulse went wild—I knew not what was done—
And—goodness gracious! * * * * *

The Lament of Yasmini, the Dancing-Girl[1]

BY LAURENCE HOPE. FROM LAST POEMS, 1905

Ah, what hast thou done with that Lover of mine?
  The Lover who only cared for thee?
Mine for a handful of nights, and thine
  For the Nights that Are and the Days to Be,
The scent of the Champa lost its sweet—
  So sweet it was in the Times that Were!—
Since His alone, of the numerous feet
  That climb my steps, have returned not there.
    Ahi, Yasmini, return not there!

[1] All poems by Laurence Hope are copyrighted by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

Art thou yet athrill at the touch of His hand,
  Art thou still athirst for His waving hair?
Nay, passion, thou never couldst understand,
  Life's heights and depths thou wouldst never dare.
The great Things left thee untouched, unmoved,
  The Lesser Things had thy constant care.
Ah, what hast thou done with the Lover I loved,
  Who found me wanting, and thee so fair?
    Ahi, Yasmini, He found her fair!

Nay, nay, the greatest of all was thine;
  The love of the One whom I craved for so,
But such I doubt if thou couldst divine
  The Grace and Glory of Love, or know
The worth of the One whom thine arms embraced,
  I may misjudge thee, but who can tell?
So hard it is, for the one displaced,
  To weigh the worth of a rival's spell.
    Ahi, Yasmini, thy rival's spell!

And Thou, whom I loved: have the seasons brought
  That fair content, which allured Thee so?
Is it all that Thy delicate fancy wrought?
  Yasmini wonders; she may not know.
Yet never the Stars desert the sky,
  To fade away in the desolate Dawn,
But Yasmini watches their glory die,
  And mourns for her own Bright Star withdrawn,
    Ahi, Yasmini, the lovely dawn!

Ah, never the lingering gold dies down
  In a sunset flare of resplendent light,
And never the palm-tree's feathery crown
  Uprears itself to the shadowy night,
But Yasmini thinks of those evenings past,
  When she prayed the glow of the glimmering West
To vanish quickly, that night, at last,
  Might bring Thee back to her waiting breast,
    Ahi, Yasmini, how sweet that rest!

Yet I would not say that I always weep;
  The force, that made such a desperate thing
Of my love for Thee, has not fallen asleep;
  The blood still leaps, and the senses sing,
While other passion has oft availed.
  (Other Love—Ah, my One, forgive!—)
To aid, when Churus and Opium failed;—
  I could not suffer so much and live.
    Ahi, Yasmini, who had to live?

Nay, why should I say "Forgive" to Thee?
  To whom my lovers and I are naught,
Who granted some passionate nights to me
  Then rose and left me with never a thought!

And yet, Ah, yet, for those Nights that Were,
  Thy passive limbs and thy loose loved hair,
I would pay, as I have paid, all these days,
  With the love that kills and the thought that slays.
    Ahi, Yasmini, thy youth it slays!

The youthful widow, with shaven hair,
  Whose senses ache for the love of a man,
The young Priest, knowing that women are fair,
  Who stems his longing as best he can,
These suffer not as I suffer for Thee;
  For the Soul desires what the senses crave,
There will never be pleasure or peace for me,
  Since He who wounded, alone could save.
    Ahi, Yasmini, He will not save!

The torchlight flares, and the lovers lean
  Toward Yasmini, with yearning eyes,
Who dances, wondering what they mean,
  And gives cold kisses, and scant replies.
They talk of Love, she withholds the name,—
  (Love came to her as a Flame of Fire!)
From things that are only a weary shame;
  Trivial Vanity;—light Desire.
    Ahi, Yasmini, the light Desire!

Yasmini bends to the praise of men,
  And looks in the mirror, upon her hand,
To curse the beauty that failed her then—
  Ah, none of her lovers can understand!
How her whole life hung on that beauty's power,
  The spell that waned at the final test,
The charm that paled in the vital hour,—
  Which won so many,—yet lost the best!
    Ahi, Yasmini, who lost the best!

She leaves the dancing to reach the roof,
  With the lover who claims the passing hour,
Her lips are his, but her eyes aloof
  While the starlight falls in a silver shower.
Let him take what pleasure, what love, he may,
  He, too, will suffer e'er life be spent,—
But Yasmini's soul has wandered away
  To join the Lover, who came,—and went!
    Ahi, Yasmini, He came,—and went!

Song of Ramesram Temple Girl

BY LAURENCE HOPE, 1905

Now is the season of my youth,
  Not thus shall I always be.
Listen, dear Lord, thou too art young,
  Take thy pleasure with me.

My hair is straight as the falling rain,
  And fine as morning mist,
I am a rose awaiting thee
  That none have touched or kissed.

    Do as thou wilt with mine and me,
      Beloved, I only pray,
    Follow the promptings of thy youth.
      Let there be no delay!

A leaf that flutters upon the bough,
  A moment, and it is gone,—
A bubble amid the fountain spray,—
  Ah, pause, and think thereon;
For such is youth and its passing bloom
  That wait for thee this hour,
If aught in thy heart incline to me
  Ah, stoop and pluck thy flower!

    Come, my Lord, to the temple shade,
      Where cooling fountains play,
    If aught in thy heart incline to love
      Let there be no delay!

Many shall faint with love of me
  And I shall slake their thirst,
But Fate has brought thee hither to-day
  That thou shouldst be the first.
Old, so old are the temple-walls,
  Love is older than they;
But I am the short-lived temple rose,
  Blooming for thee to-day.

    Thine am I, Prince, and only thine,
      What is there more to say?
    If aught in thy heart incline to love
      Let there be no delay!

Early Love

BY LAURENCE HOPE, 1905

Who says I wrong thee, my half-opened rose?
Little he knows of thee or me, or love.—
I am so tender of thy fragile youth
Yea, in my hours of wildest ecstasy,
Keeping close-bitted each careering sense.
Only I give mine eyes unmeasured law
To feed them where they will, and their delight
Was curbed at first, until thy tender shame
Died in the bearing of thy first born joy.

I am not cruel, my half-opened rose,
Though in the sunshine of my own desire
I have uncurled thy petals to the light
And fed the tendrils of thy dawning sense
With delicate caresses, till they leave
Thee tremulous with the newness of thy joy,
Sharing thy lover's fire with innocent flame.

Others will wrong thee, that I well foresee,
Being a man, knowing my fellow men,
And they who, knowing, would blame my love of thee
Contentedly will see thy beauty given,
When the world judges thou art ripe to wed,—
To the rough rites of marriage, to the pain
And grievous weariness of child-getting,—
This shall be right and licit in their eyes—
But it would break my heart, were I alive.

Yea, This will be; many will doubtless share
The rose whose bud has been my one delight,
And I shall not be there to shield my flower.
Yet, I have taught thee of the ways of men,
Much I have learnt in cities and in courts,
Winnowed to suit thy tender brain,—is thine,
Thus Life shall find thee, not all unprepared
To face its callous, subtle cruelties.

Still,—it will profit little; I discern
Thou art of those whose love will prove their curse,
—Thou sayest thou lovest me, to thy delight?
Nay, little one, it is not love as yet.
Dear as thou art, and lovely, thou canst not love,
Thy later loves shall show the truth of this.
Ay, by some subtle signs I know full well
That thou art capable of that great love
Whose glory has the light of unknown heavens,
And makes hot Hell for those who harbour it.

Naught I can say could save thee from thyself,
Ah, were I half my age!
Had been too old for thy sweet thirteenth year,
Still, thou art happy now, and glad thine eyes,
When, as the lilac evening gains the sky,
I lay thee, 'twixt thine own soft hair and me,
Kissing thy senses into soft delight.
Ruffling the petals of my half-closed rose
With tender touches, and perpetual care
That no wild moment of mine own delight
Deep in the flower's heart,—should set the fruit.
Ah, in the days to come, it well may be,
When thou shalt see thy beauty stained and torn
By the harsh sequel of some future love,

Thy thoughts shall stray to thy first lover's grave,
And thou shalt murmur, "Ay, but that was love,
They were most wrong who said he did me wrong.
Only I was too young to understand."

Disloyal

BY LAURENCE HOPE, 1902

You were more than a Lover to me,—
  Were something sacred, and half divine,—
Akin to Sunset over the Sea,
  To leaves that tremble and stars that shine.

There was not much to attract in me,
  No gift or beauty; you did not care
Enough to give me fidelity
  Who cared so deeply, and could not share.

Alas, my Temple! I find the Shrine
  I entered barefoot, with bended head,
To pay that tender homage of mine,
  An open courtyard, where all may tread!

And all men knew it, I hear, but I,
  Who being a trusting fool, it seems,
Went to the Market of Love to buy
  With coins of worship, and faith, and dreams!

Still it is over. Now, to forget!
  I know not whether to choose anew
In hopes of finding loyalty yet,
  Or fond but faithless, drift on with you.

Loving you lightly, among the rest,—
  (Many a little, not greatly one),—
You may be right: I may find it best
  To do, henceforward, as you have done.

But ah, for my sweet, lost nights with you,
  When had Death been, in the dawning grey,
Price of your beauty and love, I knew
  I would have paid, and been glad to pay!

The Teak Forest

BY LAURENCE HOPE, 1902

Whether I loved you who shall say?
Whether I drifted down your way
In the endless River of Chance and Change
And you woke the strange

Unknown longings that have no names,
But burn us all in their hidden flames,
Who shall say?

Life is a strange and a wayward thing:
We heard the bells of the Temples ring,
The married children, in passing, sing.
The month of marriage, the month of spring,
Was full of the breath of sunburnt flowers
That bloom in a fiercer light than ours,
And, under a sky more fiercely blue,
I came to you!

You told me tales of your vivid life
Where death was cruel and danger rife—
Of deep dark forests, of poisoned trees,
Of pains and passions that scorch and freeze,
Of southern noontides and eastern nights,
Where love grew frantic with strange delights,
While men were slaying and maidens danced,
Till I, who listened, lay still, entranced.
Then, swift as a swallow heading south,
I kissed your mouth!

One night when the plains were bathed in blood
From sunset light in a crimson flood,
We wandered under the young teak trees
Whose branches whined in the light night breeze;
You led me down to the water's brink,
"The Spring where the Panthers come to drink
At night; there is always water here
Be the season never so parched and sere."
Have we souls of beasts in the forms of men?
I fain would have tasted your life-blood then.

The night fell swiftly; this sudden land
Can never lend us a twilight strand
'Twixt the daylight shore and the ocean night,
But takes—as it gives—at once, the light.
We laid us down on the steep hillside,
While far below us wild peacocks cried,
And we sometimes heard, in the sunburnt grass,
The stealthy steps of the Jungle pass.
We listened; knew not whether they went
On love or hunger the more intent.
And under your kisses I hardly knew
Whether I loved or hated you.

But your words were flame and your kisses fire,
And who shall resist a strong desire?
Not I, whose life is a broken boat
On a sea of passions, adrift, afloat.

And, whether I came in love or hate,
That I came to you was written by Fate
In every hue of the blood-red sky,
In every tone of the peacocks' cry.

While every gust of the Jungle night
Was fanning the flame you had set alight.
For these things have power to stir the blood
And compel us all to their own chance mood.
And to love or not we are no more free
Than a ripple to rise and leave the sea.

We are ever and always slaves of these,
Of the suns that scorch and the winds that freeze,
Of the faint sweet scents of the sultry air,
Of the half heard howl from the far off lair.
These chance things master us ever. Compel
To the heights of Heaven, the depths of Hell.

Whether I love you? You do not ask
Nor waste yourself on the thankless task.
I give your kisses at least return,
What matter whether they freeze or burn.
I feel the strength of your fervent arms,
What matter whether it heals or harms.

You are wise; you take what the Gods have sent.
You ask no questions, but rest content
So I am with you to take your kiss,
And perhaps I value you more for this.
For this is Wisdom; to love, to live,
To take what Fate, or the Gods, may give,
To ask no question, to make no prayer,
To kiss the lips and caress the hair,
Speed passion's ebb as you greet its flow,—
To have,—to hold,—and,—in time,—let go!

And this is our Wisdom: we rest together
On the great lone hills in the storm-filled weather,
And watch the skies as they pale and burn,
The golden stars in their orbits turn,
While Love is with us, and Time and Peace,
And life has nothing to give but these,
But, whether you love me, who shall say,
Or whether you, drifting down my way
In the great sad River of Chance and Change,
With your looks so weary and words so strange,
Lit my soul from some hidden flame
To a passionate longing without a name,
Who shall say?
Not I, who am but a broken boat,
Content for awhile to drift afloat
In the little noontide of love's delights,
Between two Nights.

Afridi Love

BY LAURENCE HOPE, 1902

SINCE, oh, Beloved, you are not even faithful
  To me, who loved you so, for one short night,
For one brief space of darkness, though my absence
  Did but endure until the dawning light:

Since all your beauty—which was mine—you squandered
  On that which now lies dead across your door;
See here this knife, made keen and bright to kill you.
  You shall not see the sun rise any more.

Lie still! Lie still! In all the empty village
  Who is there left to hear or heed your cry?
All are gone down to labour in the valley,
  Who will return before your time to die?

No use to struggle; when I found you sleeping,
  I took your hands and bound them to your side,
And both these slender feet, too apt at straying,
  Down to the cot on which you lie are tied.

Lie still, Beloved; that dead thing lying yonder,
  I hated and I killed, but love is sweet,
And you are more than sweet to me, who love you,
  Who decked my eyes with dust from off your feet.

Give me your lips; ah, lovely and disloyal
  Give me yourself again; before you go
Down through the darkness of the Great, Blind Portal,
  All of life's best and basest you must know.

Erstwhile, Beloved, you were so young and fragile
  I held you gently, as one holds a flower:
But now, God knows, what use to still be tender
  To one whose life is done within an hour?

I hurt? What then? Death will not hurt you, dearest,
  As you hurt me, just for a single night.
You call me cruel, who laid my life in ruins
  To gain one little moment of delight.

Look up, look out, across the open doorway
  The sunlight streams. The distant hills are blue.
Look at the pale, pink peach trees in our garden,
  Sweet fruit will come of them;—but not for you.

The fair, far snow, upon those jagged mountains
  That gnaw against the hard blue Afghan sky
Will soon descend, set free by summer sunshine.
  You will not see those torrents sweeping by.

The world is not for you. From this day forward,
  You must lie still alone, who would not lie
Alone for one night only, though returning
  I was, when earliest dawn should break the sky.

There lies my lute, and many strings are broken,
  Some one was playing it, and some one tore
The silken tassels round my Hookah woven;
  Some one who plays, and smokes, and loves, no more!

Some one who took last night his fill of pleasure,
  As I took mine at dawn! The knife went home
Straight through his heart! God only knows my rapture
  Bathing my chill hands in the warm red foam.

And so I pain you? This is only loving,
  Wait till I kill you! Ah, this soft curled hair!
Surely the fault was mine, to Love and leave you
  Even a single night, you are so fair.

Cold steel is very cooling to the fervour
  Of overpassionate ones, Beloved, like you.
Nay, turn your lips to mine. Not quite unlovely
  They are as yet, as yet, though quite untrue.

What will your brothers say, to-night returning
  With laden camels homewards to the hills,
Finding you dead, and me asleep beside you,
  Will he wake me first before he kills?

For I shall sleep. Here on the cot beside you
  When you, my Heart's Delight, are cold in death.
When your young heart and restless lips are silent,
  Grown chilly, even beneath my burning breath.

When I have slowly drawn my knife across you,
  Taking my pleasure as I see you swoon,
I shall sleep sound, worn out by love's last fervour,
  And then, God grant your kinsmen kill me soon!

Song by Gulbaz

BY LAURENCE HOPE, 1902

Is it safe to lie so lonely when the summer twilight closes
No companion maidens, only you asleep among the roses?

"Thirteen, fourteen years you number, and your hair is soft
  and scented,
Perilous is such a slumber in the twilight all untented.

"Lonely loveliness means danger, lying in your rose-leaf nest,
What if some young passing stranger broke into your careless rest?"

But she would not heed the warning, lay alone serene and slight,
Till the rosy spears of morning slew the darkness of the night.

Young love, walking softly, found her, in the scented, shady closes,
Threw his ardent arms around her, kissed her lips beneath the roses.

And she said, with smiles and blushes, "Would that I had sooner known!
Never now the morning thrushes wake and find me all alone.

"Since you said the rose-leaf cover sweet protection gave, but slight,
I have found this dear young lover to protect me through the Night!"

The Bed of Love

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR. U. S. A., 1905

GARDEN of bliss, where fairest flowers are culled;
Rich mine of treasures, wanting no bright gem;
Serpentless Eden of a blesséd pair;
Best jewel in a life's bright diadem.

Hence with the thought of shame to him who deems
Foul evil of the joys he may not share!
There is no stain in love; the only sin
Is he who scorns the garb of love to wear.

Sweet home of passion, nest of mated hearts
Quick throbbing each to each in wild desire;
Till swift, resistless, through each pulse and vein
Leaps quivering forth love's own magnetic fire.

O wretched, empty lives, that never knew
The thrill of love's ecstatic, fierce embrace!
When, lips to lips tight pressed, heart beats to heart,
With hot, sharp breaths; and love-fired limbs enlace.

Thy sweet will, love, be done! From that blest couch
Fond lovers may not rise unsatisfied;
Denied the crowning act of perfect bliss,
When being into being seems to glide.

Rest, loving hearts, in blissful lassitude,
Still tightly clasped in soft, encircling arms.
Sleep, sweetly sleep, to wake and taste again
The maddening richness of each other's charms.

Love's hour is brief, but crowned with wealth beyond
The brightest splendors of the loveless years.
The thrones of monarchs and the seats of gods
Shrink all to naught in love's bright smiles or tears.

Best home of love! To many an amorous fray
We vow thy snowy sheets to dedicate;
That bards to come, in oft-repeated strains,
Thy perfect hours may long commemorate.

Love Triumphant

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. FROM NINEVEH AND OTHER POEMS, 1907

Your body's treasures are mine to-day,
Though bitter as gall be their savour still;
From head to foot shall my kisses play,
Till naught is kept from their sovereign will!

The voice of my need supreme must guide
My passionate love to its destined goal;
My feverish fingers shall seek and glide
Until at the last I hold the soul.

My hot strong hands will no veil endure
That shadows your radiant nakedness;
Lay bare each beauty, conceal no lure,
Leave naught to hinder my fond caress!

Young blood beats onward, unchecked by shame,
When passion's harvest is ripe to reap;
For who shall speak with the raging flame,
Or stay the cataract in its leap?

My armies have stormed at your city's gate—
I have conquered you, hold you. Might is right
With the beasts of the wild that celebrate
In the jungle their primal marriage night.

You too are moved by the selfsame power,
Your quick breath tells in its shuddering fall:
There is naught so strong as love this hour—
Call it god or beast, it is lord of all!

The god in me and the beast in me
  And all deep things come up to light;
And I would barter my soul to be
  The prize of love for a single night.

One long, long night of supreme desire,
  One long, long night of riot and rage;
For you are the sea and I the fire,
  And old as the world is the war we wage.

The old, old strife of woman and man
  That ever has been, and still shall be
Until the day when the vaulted span
  Shall sink a wreck in the whelming sea.

Once fed, no longer the wolf-pack raves:
  But love can never of madness tire,
And I must drown in your passion's waves,
  And you consume in my hot desire.

This the law of the flowering south,
  Of the snow-clad north where the world is white. . . .
You shall faint and fall as I crush your mouth
  Beneath a conqueror's ruthless might!

My life is poured in the stream of yours,
  But fire and flood were not meant to mate:
We shall never be one while the world endures—
  And the meaning of love at the last is hate!

My soul is drunk with your maddening charms;
  You have taken all—I have naught to lose.
About me tighten your slender arms
  With the very grip of the hangman's noose.

So let us struggle, both flame and flood,
  Let love and hate and sense have play
Till the slow dawn rises bathed in blood,
  And you are and I are dead ere day!

The Haunted House

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. FROM NINEVEH AND OTHER POEMS, 1907

I LAY beside you . . . on your lips the while
Hovered, most strange . . . the mirage of a smile,
Such as a minstrel lover might have seen
Upon the visage of some antique queen—
Flickering like flame, half choked by wind and dust,
Weary of all things saving song and lust.

How many days and years and lovers' lies
Gave you your knowledge? You are very wise

And tired, yet insatiate to the last.
These things I thought, but said not; and there passed
Before my vision in voluptuous quest,
The pageant of the lovers who possessed
Your soul and body even as I possess,
Who marked your passion in its nakedness
And all your love-sins when your love was new.

They saw as I your quivering breast, and drew
Nearer to the consuming flame that burns
Deep to the marrow of my bone, and turns
My heart to love even as theirs who knew
From head to girdle each sweet curve of you,
Each little way of loving. No caress,
But apes the part of former loves. Ah yes,
Even thus your hand toyed in the locks of him
Who came before me. Was he fair of limb
Or very dark? What matter, with such lures
You snared the hearts of all your paramours!

To-night I feel the presence of the others,
Your lovers were they and are now my brothers
And I have nothing that has not been theirs,
No single bloom the tree of passion bears
They have not plucked. Belovèd, can it be?
Is there no gift that you reserve for me—
No loving kindness or no subtle sin,
No secret shrine that none has entered in,
Whither no mocking memories pursue
Love's wistful pilgrim? I am weary too,
With weariness of all your lovers, when
I follow in the ways of other men,
I know each spot of your sweet body is
A cross, the tombstone of some perished kiss.
A touch . . . and an innumerable host
Of shadows rises . . . at each side a ghost.
Withal its beauty and its faultless grace
Your body, dearest, is a haunted place.
When I did yield to passion's swift demand,
One of your lovers touched me with his hand.
And in the pang of amorous delight
I hear strange voices calling through the night.

A Little Maid of Sappho

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. FROM THE CANDLE AND THE FLAME, 1912

O LITTLE siren of the rose-white skin,
Reared to strange music and to stranger sin,
With scornful lips that move to no man's plea—
O little Maid of Sappho, come to me!

Beneath long lashes downcast eyes and coy,
Yet uninitiate to no secret joy!
O bud burst open ere her day begun,
The virgin and the strumpet blent in one!
Come close to me! Lay your small hand in mine,
And drink the music of my words like wine.
And let me touch your little breasts that swell
With joy remembered where her kisses fell . . .
Ah! she whose wise caressive fingers strike
Your heart-strings and the cithara alike!
By what love-potion is your passion fanned,
What is the magic of that wary hand?
What is the secret of her strange caress,
Fierce, tortured kisses, or the tenderness
That woman gives to woman—flame or snow?
I, too, can kiss or bruise you. You shall know
That love like mine is delicate as hers,
Or madder still, to madder passion stirs,
That shall consume you like some fiery sea—
O little Maid of Sappho, come to me!

Or is it song that sets your blood on fire?
Behold in me no novice to the lyre.
Who is this woman Sappho? I can sing
Like her of Eros. Yea, each voiceless thing,
The very rocks of Mytilene's strand
Shall be made vocal at your sweet command.
Hers but the cooing of the Lesbian lutes,
Mine every passion in the heart that roots,
Albeit your sweetness lives in Sappho's song,
Her love is barren . . . and the years are long.
And how she sang, and how she loved and cried,
Only by moonsick women will be heard.
The lyric thunder that my hand has hurled
Shall ring with resonant music through the world,
Quickening the blood in every lover's breast,
And then your beauty on my glory's crest
Shall ride, a goddess to eternity—
O little Maid of Sappho, come to me!

Unscathed in Love's dominion I have been,
And still a sceptic kissed the mouth of Sin.
Love seemed the dreariest of all things on earth
Until my passion filled your heart with mirth!
Like frightened bird my cynic wisdom flies
Before the cruel candour of your eyes.
As for sweet rain a valley sick with drouth,
Thus thirsts my love for your indifferent mouth!
And still your thoughts are wandering to the dell
Where Sappho walks and where her minions
dwell . . .
Be then, of maidens most corrupt, most chaste,
The one delight that I shall never taste!

And through the dreary æons yet unborn
The love of you shall rankle like a thorn!
Leave one last thrill for my sad heart to crave
In the ennui of heaven or the grave! . . .
Incite my passion, my embraces flee—
And never, never, never come to me!

O listen, listen to my heart-beat's call!
Aught else I say, it is not true at all.
She has her maidens whom her soft ways woo,
And they to her are no less dear than you.
For your dear sake I gladly fling aside
Laurels and loves! A beggar stripped of pride,
I only know I need you more than she—
O little Maid of Sappho, come to me!

Leto's Child

BY MAURICE HEWLETT. FROM ARTEMISION, 1909

* * * * * * *

THERE between the trees
The prying Fauns and Woodmen dark
And prick-ear'd Satyrs her did mark,
How all abandon'd to her mood
Of careless lovely lassitude—
So ripe, so melting, like a rose
That dewy-hearted throbs and blows
Languorous in the wind's caresses—
She lay becurtained in loose tresses,
Not seeing what her half-dropt zone
Let of her bosom's bower be shown,
Or that soft thing abeating there,
Ungirdled treasure, warm and bare.
And as they peept and spied upon
The goodly sight she made, came One
Adventurous, whom the Woodfolk dreaded,
Great Pan the goat-foot, horny-headed,
And saw her, and began to woo her
With his fierce music to undo her,
And make her former shames go pale
Beside her latter. Here's no tale
For me who walk in Hymnia's beam,
Under her moon-wove eyes adream,
To tell you how Pan workt his will,
Or how she fended, with what skill
Garner'd within that sweeter nest
When she had laid on her Mare's breast,
And one the other comforted.
Little enough that serv'd her stead

This turn! Callisto was too tender
For the chill part: she must surrender.
Like white dawns hung in golden mist
That soon repent their wintry tryst
And go aweeping, she too soon
Gave him his hire, her body's boon;
And, all the kinder for late frost,
Was painful that he nothing lost
By tardy chaffering. So he brought her
To his tree-haunts, and lightly taught her
All of love's mystery; and this maid
For love's sake thought that well betray'd
Which had been life, had she but known it
As afterwards she had to own it.
Ah, passion of the love-denied
That ventures all for't far and wide,
That lacking sweet love falls to foul,
And feeds the flesh and starves the soul!
Her woe was working in her womb
Where that seed lay that was her doom:
Gotten by Pan, by Pan let lie
While he to other game gave eye,
Forgetful of what he had wrought
In the green forest when he taught
Callisto love, and found her apt.

* * * * * * *

The Dark-Eyed Gentleman

BY THOMAS HARDY

I

I PITCHED my day's leazings in Crimmercrock Lane,
To tie up my garter and jog on again,
When a dear dark-eyed gentleman passed there and said,
In a way that made all o' me colour rose-red,
"What do I see—
O pretty knee!"
And he came and he tied up my garter for me.

II

'Twixt sunset and moonrise it was, I can mind:
Ah, 'tis easy to lose what we never more find!—
Of the dear stranger's home, of his name, I knew nought,
But I soon knew his nature and all that it brought.
Then bitterly
Sobbed I that he
Should ever have tied up my garter for me!

III

Yet now I've beside me a fine lissome lad,
And my slip's nigh forgot, and my days are not sad;
My own dearest joy is he, comrade, and friend,
He it is who safeguards me, on him I depend;
No sorrow brings he,
And thankful I be
That his daddy once tied up my garter for me!

Resemblance[1]

BY DONALD EVANS. FROM DISCORDS

One dusk thy image for all time I caught,—
Thou stoodst before me whitely garmentless,
Thine eyes were flame and thy arms opened wide,
While thy red mouth made sound deliriously.
Thy tender flesh I gathered to my side
Until thy heart against my heart did press,
And in thy nubile body's mystery
I found the speechless perfect joy I sought!

Sonnet Eternal

BY DONALD EVANS. FROM DISCORDS

It is not that I love thee any less,
Which holds me back when I might so close be:
Thy lips have opened, calling hungrily,
And thy eyes fill with questioning distress.
I stand away but to once more confess
How my whole soul throbs with its pride in thee,—
Still gaze I at my fortune wonderingly,
For thou art near the stars in perfectness!

O keen clean limbs! O little sweet fleet feet!
O bright white thighs that are love's resting-place!
O singing curves that make thy body's line!
When and where was it first we two did meet?

And how have I deserved of life this grace,
Possession of thy womanhood divine?

[1] All poems by Donald Evans are published and copyrighted by Nicholas L. Brown, New York.

Infidelities

BY DONALD EVANS, 1916

My darling, you write me charming letters from your bed,
They caress me, and the darkness covers us,
And your luminous whispers are in my ear,
You call me, and I come to you as I read,
Eager to give you to my hands,
And be lost upon your breast.
But often next day when I re-read a letter I dream,
I wonder, was not your husband, while you wrote it
In the next room rising from his bath,
And sprinkling rice powder over himself
Making ready to come to you?
Were not perhaps the words you wrote
Your torch to set yourself in flames?
Did not the last Echoes
Of your call to your lover
Help to sweep you not too passively
To accustomed clamorous arms?

Loving Kindness

BY DONALD EVANS. FROM SONNETS FROM THE PATAGONIA

Her flesh was lyrical and sweet to flog,
  For the whip blanched her blood, through every vein
Flooded with hate shot a hot flow of pain,
And her screams were muffled by a brackish fog.
He loved her, yet his passion could but fret
  Unless he lashed her to an awkward rage—
  But when his hand wrote terror on her page
He knew exultant joy of feigned regret.

Theirs was a bond that poured the wine of fear,
  And he drained her stiffened limbs with cruel art.
He taught her that all tenderness had fled
Till she would beg the hurt to taste the tear,
  And when she bent to kiss her crumpled heart
It lit a chinese candle in his head.

Dinner at the Hotel de la Tigresse Verte

BY DONALD EVANS

As they sat sipping their glasses in the courtyard
Of the Hotel de la Tigresse Verte,
With their silk-swathed ankles softly kissing,
They were certain that they had forever,

Imprisoned fickleness in the vodka—
They knew they had found the ultimate pulse of love.
Story upon story, the dark windows whispered down
To them from above, and over the roof's edge
Danced a grey moon.
The woman pressed her chicken-skin fan against her breast
And through her ran trepidant mutinies of desire
With treacheries of emotion. Her voice vapored:
"In which room shall it be tonight, darling?"
His eyes swept the broad façade, the windows,
Tier upon tier, and his lips were regnant:
"In every room, my beloved!"

The Jest

BY ROBERT J. SHORES

"Now tell me a jest," said the snow-haired King,
"Thy wits are a-gathering wool!"
And he bent the fire of his eye in ire
On the face of the motley Fool.
"Nay!" cried the Fool as he bent his knee,
"Never may I smile more,
I have stolen the love of thy lovely Queen!"
And he grovelled on the floor;
"Ho!" cried the King in gladsome glee,
"Ho! ho! What a King of a Fool!" quoth he.

'Mid the gorgeous court sat the snow-haired King
And he boasted of his Fool;
He swore the jest was quite the best
He'd heard in all his rule.
"Ha!" cried the King as he slapped his knee,
"Never have I laughed more—
He has stolen my lovely Queen, has he?"
Meanwhile in the Queen's boudoir—
"Ho!" laughed the Fool in gladsome glee,
"Ho! Ho! What a Fool of a King!" quoth he.

And Day Comes On

BY EZRA POUND. FROM QUIA PAUPER AMAVI

In orchard under the hawthorn
She has her lover till morn,
Till the traist men cry out to warn
Them. God, how swift the night,
And day comes on.

O Placinatour, that thou end not for the night,
Nor take my belovèd from my sight,
Nor I, nor tower-man, look on day-light,
'Fore God, how swift the night,
And day comes on.

"Lovely thou art, to hold me close and kisst,
Now cry the birds out, in the meadow mist
Despite the cuckold, do thou as thou list,
So swiftly goes the night
And day comes on.

"My pretty boy, make we our play again,
Here in the orchard where the birds complain,
Till the traist watcher his song unrein,
Ah God! How swift the night
And day comes on."

"Out of the wind that blows from her,
That dancing and gentle is and pleasanter,
Have I drunk a draught, sweeter than scent of myrrh.
Ah God! How swift the night
And day comes on."

Venus the lady, and none lovelier,
For her great beauty, many men look on her,
Out of my love will her heart not stir,
By God, how swift the night
And day comes on.

Viergier.

Me Happy, Night, Night Full of Brightness

BY EZRA POUND. FROM QUIA PAUPER AMAVI

Me happy, night, night full of brightness;
On couch made happy by my long delectations;
How many words talked out with abundant candles;
Struggles when the lights were taken away;
Now with bared breasts she wrestled against me,
Tunic spread in delay;
And she then opening my eyelids fallen in sleep,
Her lips upon them; and it was her mouth saying: Sluggard!

In how many varied embraces, our changing arms,
Her kisses, how many, lingering on my lips,
"Turn not Venus into a blinded motion,
Eyes are the guides of love,
Paris took Helen naked coming from the bed of Menelaus,
Endymion's naked body, bright bait for Diana,
Such at least is the story.

While our fates twine together, sate we our eyes with love;
For long night comes upon you and a day when no day returns,
Let the Gods lay chains upon us so that no day shall unbind them.
Fool who set a term to love's madness,
For the sun shall drive with black horses, earth shall bring wheat from barley,
The flood shall move toward the fountain
Ere love know moderations,
The fish shall swim in dry streams,

No, now while it may be, let not the fruit of life cease.

Dry leaves drop their petals, their stalls are woven in baskets,

Today we take the great breath of lovers, tomorrow fate shuts us in,

Though you will give all your kisses,
You give but a few."

Nor can I shift my pains to other
Hers will I be dead,
If she confers such nights upon me,
Long is my life, long in years,

If she give me many,
God am I for the time.

From the Book of Love[1]

BY BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF, 1913

I WALK alone and cry out under the stars;
As one in a desert I hunger for refreshment.
I have need of the coolness of some azure pool,
Oh, I would anoint my bosom with the clear water!
Oh, I would immerse myself in the emulous depths!
Oh, I would drink of ineffable dreams.
You, Beloved, are the silvery lake shimmering in the desert of my youth.
You only can allay the fever of my spirit!
On your lips I should drain the fountain of life.
On your white breast I shall breathe the perfume of numberless lilies.
Therein I shall die a thousand deaths and arise reborn in the awful splendor of your love. . . .

* * * * * * *

[1] Copyright, 1913, by Mitchell Kennerley.

Lay your hands,—softer than dove's wings—in my hands so I may feel your young life flowing into mine thro' your finger-tips.
Lay your eyes upon my eyes that I may grow tremulous beneath the flutter of your eyelids.
Lay your heart against my heart that I may hear your love summoning me to forgetfulness.
Lay your tresses about me that I may feel their warm sun streaming thro' my veins.
Lay your mouth on my mouth until all dissolves in mist about me....

(Is it life? Is it death?)

* * * * * * *

You are as a million birds that sing unto my heart, O Beloved.
Thro' the long nights I hear the chanting of blithe voices.
What divine minstrelsy! what ravishment....
Is this multitudinous melody the rapture of your kiss?
Come to me, press upon my brow the coolness of your
Young lips that I may hear the thunder of your love in the night...

When will it end, the long vigil?...
What dawn will bring you forever unto me, O my Beloved?
Life is but shadow.
Only you, my Beloved, are more real than shadow.
Beneath your caresses I am as one awakened unto life.
Your finger-tips bear presage of Divinity.
Your heart beats are a threnody sublime.
O Beloved, you are as a white nenuphar lifting its snowy breast on a stream. In your bosom are all the treasures of Elysium. The scent of your skin is like Jasmine and honey-suckle.
Why is such loveliness withheld from me, O Beloved?
When can I look upon you and say: "Beloved! all this beauty is mine forever."
When will it end, the long vigil?.

* * * * * * *

O Miracle of love!
You whom I adore unto delirium,
Your arms are white lilies upon my bosom.
Stars encircle me when your lips lean down to mine, there is the sound of many waters falling. There is the murmur of a million nightingales,—and the flash of brilliant lightning.
Caress celestial!
Moon-path of my dreams!
O, miracle of love—my divinity and my crucifixion...

* * * * * * *

When the young moon silvers the sky, the earth is ours,
We shall go into the forest and wander in the shadow of the pines,
I shall cover you with leaves, and we shall lie on the soft moss entwined like sisters.
And all the while I will know that the fragrance—
Of your skin is sweeter to me than the perfumes of a million roses....

* * * * * * *

Let me enfold you in my hair.
Let me wind you as in a golden skein.
Give me the curve of your throat, milky white and rose, that I may place about it the glossy fillets of my hair.
Don it as a shining mantilla....
Let my hair shower about you until you are radiant with perfume;
Let it ripple over you like the wind on summer wheat.
Then give me your lips that we may stand united beneath the downpour of its sunlight.
Let us be intermingled as two trees that have but one single root....

* * * * * * *

It rains, Beloved....
The dripping of the rain is like the cool kisses of your mouth....
I faint beneath the rapture of your lips.
Be no longer tender.
Cover me with frenzied kisses,—even as I would drench my body in the cruel torrents of the rain.
Envelop me from throat to ankle in delirium intolerable....

* * * * * * *

To love you like the midnight storm!
To take you swooning unto death as the wind sweeps the waves in tempest!
To transport you unto delirium!
To hear the wild beating of your veins; to feel flame shuddering your blood and to agonize you with my ardor.
To crush you as a flower upon my breast,
To bear you away to some secret valley where I would love you into insensibility....

* * * * * * *

If I think of you, I quiver from head to foot.
If I think of you tears flood my eyes.
If I pass you my heart quickens to suffocation and the blood seems to leave my body.

If I look into your eyes a sudden fire burns in my veins.
If I touch you I am as one possessed with madness: my arms tremble and my limbs totter beneath me.
To love you is to suffer the pangs of an intolerable agony.

* * * * * * *

I see you coming toward me....
Silently you take me in your arms.
Our lips meet and our eyes close.
I feel the shuddering of your breast and the beating of your throat against mine.
We are enveloped in darkness.
We know nothing but the thunder of our veins....
We are swept out into a sea of infinite oblivion.

Bacchante

BY BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF. FROM NARCISSUS AND OTHER POEMS,[1] 1918

I AM inebriate with the sunlight's golden wine,
And I would love with an insensate fury!

Let me drain beauty even unto death!
Bring me a languid woman, perfumed, young,
Her dusky body hung with dazzling gems
And strange exotic iridescent stuffs—
Her wanton eyes like thirsty summer moons.

Oh, I would love with an insensate fury!
Bring me a pale flower-boy,
White-limbed like a young heifer in a field,
His lips aquiver with unknown desire....
His soft throat virgin beneath my kiss,
His bosom like a bower of stars.

I would dance like a drunken fawn amid the wood,
Enraptured with the budding pollen-scents!

Knowledge

BY GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH. FROM POEMS AND LYRICS, 1916

HE. I have known many women, and I know
That love is sweeter unfulfilled.
Cast not your heavy eyes upon me so,
Love-weary child!

Our souls held commune sweetly, as they willed,
And it is sweeter, fairer, so.
Sweeter to sit, hands clasped and voices still'd,
In the evening glow.

[1] Copyright, 1918, by James T. White & Co., New York.

SHE. I have known no man, ever—and I know
That all my body burns for you.
Surges from some vast ocean ebb and flow
My hot veins through.

And while our souls communed, in me there grew
A hungry, passionate, wild glow.
My flesh is yearning for your flesh, a new,
Immense, strange throe.

Beauty

BY GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH. FROM POEMS AND LYRICS

BEAUTY unattempted,
She was my lover:
To me, too blessed,
Her white limbs did uncover.

Eyes had fill of rapture,
Lips had lips to kiss;
Sought I to capture
The deepest, deepest bliss.

Then the fiery pang
Smote through heart and core:
Then the love song rang
False, and rose no more.

Red Is the Color of Blood

BY CONRAD AIKEN. FROM THE CHARNEL ROSE, 1918

* * * * * * *

RED is the color of blood, and I will seek it:
I have sought it in the grass.
It is the color of steep sun seen through eyelids.

It is hidden under the suave flesh of women,—
Flows there, quietly flows.
It mounts from the heart to the temples, the singing mouth—
As cold sap climbs to the rose.
I am confused in webs and knots of scarlet
Spun from the darkness;
Or shuttled from the mouths of thirsty spiders.

Madness for red! I devour the leaves of autumn.
I tire of the green of the world.
I am myself a mouth for blood . . .

Here, in the golden haze of the late slant sun,
Let us walk, with the light in our eyes,
To a single bench from the outset predetermined.
Look: there are seagulls in these city skies,
Kindled against the blue.
But I do not think of the seagulls, I think of you.

Your eyes, with the late sun in them,
Are like blue pools dazzled with yellow petals.
This pale green suits them well.

Here is your finger, with an emerald on it:
The one I gave you. I say these things politely—
But what I think beneath them, who can tell?

For I think of you, crumpled against a whiteness;
Flayed and torn, with a dulled face.
I think of you, writhing, a thing of scarlet,
And myself, rising red from that embrace.

November sun is sunlight poured through honey:
Old things, in such a light, grow subtle and fine.
Bare oaks are like still fire.
Talk to me: now we drink the evening's wine.
Look, how our shadows creep along the gravel!—
And this way, how the gravel begins to shine!

This is the time of day for recollections,
For sentimental regrets, oblique allusions,
Rose-leaves, shrivelled in a musty jar.
Scatter them to the wind! There are tempests coming.
It is dark, with a windy star.

If human mouths were really roses, my dear,—
(Why must we link things so?—)
I would tear yours petal from petal with slow murder.
I would pluck the stamens, the pistils,
The gold and the green,—
Spreading the subtle sweetness that was your breath
On a cold wave of death. . . .

Now let us walk back, slowly, as we came.
We will light the room with candles; they may shine
Like rows of yellow eyes.
Your hair is like spun fire, by candle-flame.
You smile at me—say nothing. You are wise.

For I think of you, flung down brutal darkness;
Crushed and red, with pale face.
I think of you, with your hair disordered and dripping.
And myself, rising red from that embrace.

Discordants

BY CONRAD AIKEN. FROM TURNS AND MOVIES, 1916

VERMILIONED mouth, tired with many kisses,
Eyes, that have lighted for so many eyes,—
Are you not weary yet with countless lovers,
Desirous now to take even me for prize?

Draw not my glance, nor set my sick heart beating,—
Body so stripped, for all your silks and lace.
Do not reach out pale hands to me, seductive,
Nor slant sly eyes, O subtly smiling face.

For I am drawn to you, like wind I follow,
Like a warm amorous wind . . . though I desire
Even in dream to keep one face before me,
One face like fire, and holier than fire.

* * * * * * *

I walk beneath these trees, and in this darkness
Muse beyond seas of her from whom I came,
While you, with catlike step, steal close beside me,
Spreading your perfume round me like soft flame.

Ah! should I once stoop face and forehead to you,
Into and through your sweetness, a night like this,
In the lime-blossomed darkness feel your bosom,
Warm and so soft, and find your lips to kiss.

And tear at your strange flesh with crazy fingers,
And drink with mouth gone mad your eyes' wild wine,
And cleave to you, body with breathless body,
Till bestial were exalted to divine,—

Would I again, O lamia silked and scented,
Out of the slumberous magic of your eyes,
And your narcotic perfume, soft and febrile,
Have the romantic hardihood to rise,

And set my heart across great seas of distance
With love unsullied for her from whom I came?—
With catlike step you steal beside me, past me,
Leaving your perfume round me like soft flame.

The Dance of Life

BY CONRAD AIKEN. FROM TURNS AND MOVIES, 1916

* * * * * * *

GRACIOUS and lovable and sweet,
She made his jaded pulses beat,
And made the glare of streets grow dim
And life more soft and hushed for him. . . .

Over her shoulder now she smiled
Trustfully to him, like a child,
The while her fingers gayly moved
Along these white keys dearly loved,
Making them laugh a jocund measure,
Making them show and sing her pleasure....
A smile that dwelt upon his eyes,
To see what mood might therein rise,—
What point of soft light seen afar
Which might dilate to moon or star....
A smile that for a second space
Brooded wistfully on her face,
Opening soft her spirit's door,
Disclosing depths undreamed before:
Passionate depths of half-seen flame,
Young loveliness despising shame,
Desire that trembled to meet desire,
And fire that yearned to fuse with fire....
And lightly then she turned away,
Ironic music rippled gay,—
Subtle sarcastic flippancies
Disguising speechless ecstasies...
"Play something else..." He rose to turn
The pages, while the deep nocturne
Struck slow rich chords of plangent pain,
Beautiful, into heart and brain;
A tortured, anguished, suffering thing
That seemed at once to cry and sing;
Despairing love that strove to find
The face beloved with fingers blind.
He saw her body's slender grace,
This drooping shoulder, shadowed face;
All of her body, hidden so
In saffron satin's flush and flow,—
Its white and simple loveliness,—
Came on his heart like giddiness,
Seductive as this music came;
Until her body seemed like flame,—
Intense white flame, so swiftly moving
That it gave scarcely time for loving;
But rapid as the sun she seemed,
A blinding light that flowed and streamed
And sang and shone through roaring space....
The sun itself! for now her face,
Wherein this music's whole soul dwelt,
Drew him like helpless star, he felt
A fierce compulsion, reckless, mad,
A sweet compulsion, troubled, glad,
His trembling hands went out to her,
Her cool flesh made his senses blur;
While, head thrown backward, sinking dim,
She opened wide her soul to him....

Past his life went whirls of lights,
Chaos of music, days and nights,
Her wild eyes yearned to lure him in
And close him up in dark of sin,
To lure him in and drink him down
And all his soul in love to drown....
Her nakedness he seemed to see.
And breast to breast, and knee to knee,
Tremulous, breathless, swaying, burning,
Body to beautiful body yearning,
In joy and terror, flesh to flesh,
They flamed in passion's fine red mesh,—
Living in one short breath again
The cosmic tide's whole bliss and pain,
Darkness and ether, nebulous fire,
Vast suns whirled forth by vast desire,
Huge moons flung out with monstrous mirth
And stars in glorious hells of birth,
All jubilating, blazing, reeling,
In orgiastic splendor wheeling,
Moon torn from earth and star from sun
In screaming pain, titanic fun,
And stars whirled back to sun again
To be consumed in flaming pain!...
In them at last all life was met:
They were God's self! This earth had set.
Mad fires of life sang through their veins,
Ruinous blisses, joyous pains,
Life the destroyer, life the breaker,
And death, the everlasting maker....

* * * * * * *

Last Words to Miriam

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM AMORES,[1] 1916

Yours is the shame and sorrow
  But the disgrace is mine;
Your love was dark and thorough,
Mine was the love of the sun for a flower
  He creates with his shine.

I was diligent to explore you,
  Blossom you stalk by stalk,
Till my fire of creation bore you
Shrivelling down in the final dour
  Anguish—then I suffered a balk.

[1] Copyright, 1916, by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

I knew your pain, and it broke
  My fine, craftsman's nerve;
Your body quailed at my stroke,
And my courage failed to give you the last
  Fine torture you did deserve.

You are shapely, you are adorned,
  But opaque and dull in the flesh,
Who, had I but pierced with the thorned
Fire-threshing anguish, were fused and cast
  In a lovely illumined mesh.

Like a painted window: the best
  Suffering burnt through your flesh,
Undressed it and left it blest
With a quivering sweet wisdom of grace: but now
  Who shall take you afresh?

Now who will burn you free,
  From your body's terrors and dross,
Since the fire has failed in me?
What man will stoop in your flesh to plough
  The shrieking cross?

A mute, nearly beautiful thing
  Is your face, that fills me with shame
As I see it hardening,
Warpening the perfect image of God,
  And darkening my eternal fame.

Mystery

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM AMORES, 1916

Now I am all
One bowl of kisses,
Such as the tall
Slim votaresses
Of Egypt filled
For a God's excesses.

I lift to you
My bowl of kisses,
And through the temple's
Blue recesses
Cry out to you
In wild caresses.

And to my lips'
Bright crimson rim
The passion slips,
And down my slim
White body drips
The shining hymn.

And still before
The altar I
Exult the bowl
Brimful, and cry
To you to stoop
And drink, Most High.

Oh drink me up
That I may be
Within your cup
Like a mystery,
Like wine that is still
In ecstasy.

Glimmering still
In ecstasy,
Commingled wines
Of you and me
In one fulfil
The mystery.

Reproach

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM AMORES, 1916

HAD I but known yesterday,
Helen, you could discharge the ache
out of the cloud;
Had I known yesterday you could take
The turgid electric ache away,
Drink it up with your proud
White body, as lovely white lightning
Is drunk from an agonised sky by the earth,
I might have hated you, Helen.

But since my limbs gushed full of fire,
Since from out of my blood and bone
Poured a heavy flame
To you, earth of my atmosphere, stone
Of my steel, lovely white flint of desire,
You have no name.
Earth of my swaying atmosphere,
Substance of my inconstant breath,
I cannot but cleave to you.

Since you have drunken up the drear
Painful electric storm, and death
Is washed from the blue
Of my eyes, I see you beautiful.
You are strong and passive and beautiful,
I come like winds that uncertain hover;
But you
Are the earth I hover over.

Excursion

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM AMORES, 1916

I WONDER, can the night go by;
Can this shot arrow of travel fly
Shaft-golden with light, sheer into the sky
  Of a dawned to-morrow,
Without ever sleep delivering us
From each other, or loosing the dolorous
  Unfruitful sorrow!

What is it then that you can see
That at the window endlessly
You watch the red sparks whirl and flee
  And the night look through?
Your presence peering lonelily there
Oppresses me so, I can hardly bear
  To share the train with you.

You hurt my heart-beats' privacy;
I wish I could put you away from me;
I suffocate in this intimacy,
  For all that I love you;
How I have longed for this night in the train,
Yet now every fibre of me cries in pain
  To God to remove you.

But surely my soul's best dream is still
That one night pouring down shall swill
Us away in an utter sleep, until
  We are one, smooth-rounded.
Yet closely bitten in to me
Is this armour of stiff reluctancy
  That keeps me impounded.

So, dear love, when another night
Pours on us, lift your fingers white
And strip me naked, touch me light,
  Light, light all over.
For I ache most earnestly for your touch,
Yet I cannot move, however much
  I would be your lover.

Night after night with a blemish of day
Unblown and unblossomed has withered away;
Come another night, come a new night, say
  Will you pluck me apart?
Will you open the amorous, aching bud
Of my body, and loose the burning flood
  That would leap to you from my heart?

A Bad Beginning

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM LOOK! WE HAVE COME THROUGH,[1] 1920

THE yellow sun steps over the mountain-top
And falters a few short steps across the lake—
Are you awake?

See, glittering on the milk-blue, morning lake
They are laying the golden racing-track of the sun;
The day has begun.

The sun is in my eyes, I must get up.
I want to go, there's a gold road blazes before
My breast—which is so sore.

What?—your throat is bruised, bruised with my kisses?
Ah, but if I am cruel what then are you?
I am bruised right through.

What if I love you!—This misery
Of your dissatisfaction and misprision
Stupefies me.

Ah, yes, your open arms! Ah, yes, ah, yes,
You would take me to your breast!—But no,
You should come to mine,
It were better so.

Here I am—get up and come to me!
Not as a visitor either, nor a sweet
And winsome child of innocence; nor
As an insolent mistress telling my pulse's beat.

Come to me like a woman coming home
To the man who is her husband, all the rest
Subordinate to this, that he and she
Are joined together for ever, as is best.

Behind me on the lake I hear the steamer drumming
From Austria. There lies the world, and here
Am I. Which way are you coming?

I. New Year's Eve

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM LOOK! WE HAVE COME THROUGH, 1920

THERE are only two things now,
The great black night scooped out
And this fire-glow.

This fire-glow, the core,
And we the two ripe pips
That are held in store.

[1] Copyright.

Listen, the darkness rings
As it circulates round our fire.
Take off your things.

Your shoulders, your bruised throat!
Your breasts, your nakedness!
This fiery coat!

As the darkness flickers and dips,
As the firelight falls and leaps
From your feet to your lips!

II. New Year's Night

Now you are mine, to-night at last I say it;
You're a dove I have bought for sacrifice,
And to-night I slay it.

Here in my arms my naked sacrifice!
Death, do you hear, in my arms I am bringing
My offering, bought at great price.

She's a silvery dove worth more than all I've got.
Now I offer her up to the ancient, inexorable God,
Who knows me not.

Look, she's a wonderful dove, without blemish or spot!
I sacrifice all in her, my last of the world,
Pride, strength, all the lot.

All, all on the altar! And death swooping down
Like a falcon. 'Tis God has taken the victim;
I have won my renown.

Wedlock

BY D. H. LAWRENCE. FROM LOOK! WE HAVE COME THROUGH, 1920

I

Come, my little one, closer up against me,
Creep right up, with your round head pushed in my breast.

How I love all of you! Do you feel me wrap you
Up with myself and my warmth, like a flame round the wick?

And how I am not at all, except a flame that mounts off you.
Where I touch you, I flame into being;—but is it me, or you?

That round head pushed in my chest, like a nut in its socket,
And I the swift bracts that sheathe it: those breasts, those
thighs and knees,

Those shoulders so warm and smooth: I feel that I
Am a sunlight upon them, that shines them into being.

But how lovely to be you! Creep closer in, that I am more.
I spread over you! How lovely, your round head, your arms,

Your breasts, your knees and feet! I feel that we
Are a bonfire of oneness, me flame flung leaping round you,
You the core of the fire, crept into me.

II

And oh, my little one, you whom I enfold,
How quaveringly I depend on you, to keep me alive,
Like a flame on a wick!

I, the man who enfolds you and holds you close,
How my soul cleaves to your bosom as I clasp you,
The very quick of my being!

Suppose you didn't want me! I should sink down
Like a light that has no sustenance
And sinks low.

Cherish me, my tiny one, cherish me who enfold you.
Nourish me, and endue me, I am only of you,
I am your issue.

How full and big like a robust, happy flame
When I enfold you, and you creep into me,
And my life is fierce at its quick
Where it comes off you!

III

My little one, my big one,
My bird, my brown sparrow in my breast.
My squirrel clutching in to me;
My pigeon, my little one, so warm
So close, breathing so still.

My little one, my big one,
I, who am so fierce and strong, enfolding you,
If you start away from my breast, and leave me,
How suddenly I shall go down into nothing
Like a flame that falls of a sudden.

And you will be before me, tall and towering,
And I shall be wavering uncertain
Like a sunken flame that grasps for support.

IV

But now I am full and strong and certain
With you there firm at the core of me
Keeping me.

How sure I feel, how warm and strong and happy
For the future! How sure the future is within me;
I am like a seed with a perfect flower enclosed.

I wonder what it will be,
What will come forth of us,
What flower, my love?

No matter, I am so happy,
I feel like a firm, rich, healthy root,
Rejoicing in what is to come.
How I depend on you utterly
My little one, my big one!
How everything that will be, will not be of me,
Nor of either of us,
But of both of us.

V

And think, there will something come forth from us.
We two, folded so small together,
There will something come forth from us.
Children, acts, utterance
Perhaps only happiness

Perhaps only happiness will come forth from us.
Old sorrow, and new happiness.
Only that one newness.

But that is all I want.
And I am sure of that.
We are sure of that.

Love Song

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM, 1916 [1]

My tiny hands not being able to weave a garland of the stars
I made curious songs for my beloved,
To crown her with.

For it seemed to me that my beloved dwelt in Paradise,
Somewhere with Beatrice of the Italian Song,
And that a ring of stars would be a poor enough halo
For her radiant head.

[1] Copyright, 1926, by Century Co., New York.

Oh, but thus I wronged my love for my beloved:
For I made her a spirit, and left the greatest songs of all unsung!
The true love songs that a man sings with his lips, his eyes, his flesh:
Not to a heavenly spirit but to a human woman....

So now I brush away Paradise and stars and curious songs like hindering cobwebs,
And see that my beloved is a breathing and laughing and passionate body,
And that her lips are firm and moist and sweet,
And her hands grasp tinglingly,
And the skin of her neck and shoulders is cool and fresh,
And that there is a fragrance about her that is lovelier to me than meadows of sun-dried hay,
And that her laughter is irresistible,
And that she in my arms is as much of glory and ecstasy that a man may hold,
Wherefore Paradise is unnecessary,
And the flame of stars works no more transformations than the flame of her lips meeting mine,
And the miracle of her actuality, her breathing flesh, and her contact with me,
Is as great a miracle as space may produce,
And so far as I am concerned, a greater.

Dieser Liebe Toller Pasching

BY HEINRICH HEINE.[1] TRANSLATED BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

This mad carnival of loving,
This wild orgy of the flesh,
Ends at last and we two, sobered,
Look at one another, yawning.

Emptied the inflaming cup
That was filled with sensuous potions,
Foaming, almost running over—
Emptied is the flaming cup.

All the violins are silent
That impelled our feet to dancing,
To the giddy dance of passion—
Silent are the violins.

All the lanterns now are darkened
That once poured their streaming brilliance
On the masquerades and murmurs—
Darkened now are all the lanterns.

[1] Copyright, 1917, by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

And to-morrow is Ash Wednesday,
And I put a cross of ashes
On your lovely brow, and tell you:
"Woman, you are dust. Remember!"

Ich Liebe Solche Weissen Glieder

BY HEINRICH HEINE. TRANSLATED BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I LOVE this white and slender body,
These limbs that answer Love's caresses,
Passionate eyes, and forehead covered
With heavy waves of thick, black tresses.

You are the very one I've searched for
In many lands, in every weather.
You are my sort; you understand me;
As equals we can talk together.

In me you've found the man you care for.
And, for a while, you'll richly pay me
With kindness, kisses and endearments—
And then, as usual, you'll betray me.

Love Not Too Much

BY BERNARD GILBERT. FROM REBEL VERSES, 1918

HAVE you too greatly loved?
Sister, take warning!
Once let your soul be moved,
Sable your mourning;
If he be satiate,
Then an ingratiate,
Waiteth the dawning.

Shew not the passion
That stirs in your veins,
Far more alluring
To handle the reins,
His love ensuring. . . .
In masculine fashion
If certain—he wanes.

He the pursuer
Must ever press on,
Passionate wooer
Whilst you are a stone;

Shew but a touch,
Yet never too much
And the battle is won.

Man is a monster
Made to be stroked,
Close then your arms
Cover your charms;
Great the enticement
Of beauties when hidden,
Of passion well cloaked.

Crazed, he shall plead,
For what you yield gladly,
Fiercer his greed,
For what you give madly;
You may have measure
And still hold your treasure....
Sister, take heed!

Song of Psyyha

BY CHARLOTTE EATON. FROM DESIRE,[1] 1918

I LOVE you passionately!
I love you as I love the sun overhead,
The earth underfoot,
The flowers that spring out of the earth,
The fresh breezes of the sea,
The morning star, gold-fluctuating Venus,
Or calm white steadfast Jupiter.

I love you passionately!
The brawny beautiful arms made for enfolding,
The eyes brown and limpid, brimming over with sweetness.

It is necessary to me that your heart beats,
And that you inhale with conscious pleasure the soft spring air,
That you love light, color, action, and are ambitious,
That you love the beauty of the human face and form,
And portray them both with mastery;
That you grasp that which is not graspable by all,
And know that which is not knowable to all;
That you have eyes—for a purpose,
A heart—for a purpose,
And an inquisitive soul—for a purpose.

[1] Copyright.

Night-on-the-Waters

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

A STRONG woman embraced me,
All night holding me closely, her cheek against my cheek.
I, drawn, as to a magnet, slept soundly at intervals, she sleeping not at all,
All night, the wash of calm waters upon the ship's sides, heard in the semi-darkness,
The pulse of the engine, the stoker's shovel feeding the furnaces;
At daybreak rising together, joyful, quick at repartee, laughing merrily,
A sense of new life-force budding at the heart of each.
Each absorbing the native qualities of the other, responding to the needs of the other,
Gladder because of that interchange, henceforth, each conscious of the affinity in the other,
But when on arriving, she left me, my joy went out as a candle that is suddenly extinguished,
So much her strong presence entered into, and possessed me.

Rest

BY PAULINE COHN. FROM THE PAGAN ANTHOLOGY [1]

I AM so tired—so tired.
I see too many people,
Read too many books.
Do too many things.

I hate the theaters,
I hate my work,
I want you,—only you....
Come to me between the cool sheets
And let me burrow my head in your shoulder.
Kiss my two eyes....

The moon is making peaceful patches on the yellow coverlet;
The hoof-beats of my thoughts are growing faint.

Farewell (to D——)

BY JOSEPH KLING. FROM THE PAGAN ANTHOLOGY

I HAVE placed you
In the hollow of my hand
Little toy-woman,
And I gaze at you disdainfully

[1] Printed with the consent of the Publishers.

Or throw you lightly aside—
Or half-shut my eyes,
And poetize dreamily
About your dainty beauty—
Or put my mouth
Close to yours
So that I see only
The rose-red of your cheek
And feel the soft warmth
Of your lips—
Or whisper half-audibly
Of the passion that makes
My blood a tide of fire—
But after all,
You are in the hollow of my hand,—
I the master,
And you the marionette—

* * * *

My soul craves
A nobler happiness
Than passionate kisses
And the feel of soft flesh
In my fingers—

* * * *

Love is a lie . . .
Any man-animal
Whose lips
Are at your throat,
Whose hands are eager
For your breasts
Will drivel with lying tongue
About endless love——

* * * *

Aristocrats or gum-chewers,
They purr, and smirk, and sing song questioningly,
Gaze at each other obliquely,
Body to body pressed——

* * * *

It is best to live alone,
Breathe alone,
Dream alone,
Alone with one's sacred self,
One's reveries,
And memories,
And heavenly fantasies——

Here I sit and think
The world of women
Will fret me no more;

And an hour from now,
Or to-morrow, it may be,
I will be talking to another

Pretty one
And every nerve in my body
Will exult as though
Inebriate with wine——

Morbleu! What is this
Insanity of man's flesh!

May Woods

BY ZELLA MURIEL WRIGHT. FROM THE PAGAN ANTHOLOGY

You are like all the others—
"Will she
Or will she not
Give me her body?"
That is the question
That teases and torments you
And sends you reeling forth
Into the night,
Singing to the stars;
Or striding angrily down dusty roads,
Striking off the heads
Of helpless flowers
With your cane.

And I smile at your agitation
The smile you call inscrutable.
I smile because I know
Only too well
That sooner or later—sooner or later—
Even I,
Knowing the pain
And the cost of the aftermath of love....
And after you have known
The full strength of my arms
To hold you.
After you have felt the sting and fire of me,
After you have known my longest kiss—
A kiss which almost strangles——

Instead of being more to you
I shall be less....
And you will go
Because
No longer
I smile
The smile
The smile you call inscrutable.

Song of Creation: Eté

BY ZELLA MURIEL WRIGHT. FROM THE PAGAN ANTHOLOGY

It is good to be loved.
A man waits for me
Who will cover my body with kisses;
He will bury his face in my hair;
He will weep with joy at the touch of me.
It is good to be loved.

I wait for you in the dusk.
How strange you seem tonight!
Your eyes glisten with a burnished light,
Like the eyes of a serpent,
Like the eyes of a god.
Wherever your eyes are turned upon me
My flesh burns
As tho' two hot coals were laid upon it;
But I do not move.
Why do you never take your eyes from me?
Why do you tremble and grow so pale,
You who were so radiant and rigid
A moment ago?
You touch me and drop weakly in a heap;
There is no power in your muscles.
But it is only the weakness before madness;
A madness that gives you a ten-fold strength.
For a second I shrink with fear,
Lest in your ferocity, you devour me.
Then I laugh—my whole body laughs;
But I move not.
On my lips there is a faint smile,
Shall I tell you why I smile?

I smile because I am happy;
Because this instant is my instant
In this eternity of eternities.
Tonight I understand that life is not
The groping, broken, half-thing
It has always seemed.

Rivals

BY ARCHIE AUSTIN COATES. FROM THE PAGAN ANTHOLOGY, II

Along the Avenue of an afternoon,
Lithe, slim youths
Sauntering . . .
Sleek of hair, and trim, and narrow of hip,
With white, soft necks and ties puffed out,

Beneath faces artfully made just a bit too beautiful
And not quite manly.
They stroll slowly,
Shooting side-glances into passing faces,
Meaningly.

At the corner
A painted woman
Shambles into a doorway . . .
Her lips are of dry flame,
And in her eyes are flames of hatred,
Hatred and scorn, bitter and inexpressible,
For these slim youths,
Her rivals.

The Beauty Lover

BY CLAIRE ZU BARD. FROM THE PAGAN ANTHOLOGY, II

THE round, pink, laughing girl bathes,
And the thin, grey, silent girl watches.
. . . . And afterwards,
When the bather dries herself
And puts powder under her arms,
And lies down, like a sleepy flower,—
The grey girl catches her around the hips, violently,
And kisses her:
Surprised, the pink girl draws away;
And the grey girl—
(Poor little restless lover of beauty)
Apologizes
And is ashamed.

Yvonne

BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN, 1918

YVONNE it was I met in Angers,
Yvonne Moreau—if that's her name;
But let no sceptical étranger
Doubt, but rather sing her fame.
For she was rare! A maiden never
Breathed her graces did excel!
Mistake me not; how brief soever
Our love, at least I loved her well.

Seated at a window, dreaming
O'er my morning omelette,
Saw I her—tho' without seeming—
Struggling with her bicyclette.

Saw I first a knee, a stocking;
Then those jolie jambes of hers!
Ah, Messieurs! it's no use talking:
As I live, I have seen worse.

One so young, thought I, so pretty,
Little knows, on her machine,
Half the charms—the more's the pity!—
She reveals at seventeen.
Still she lingered, still she hovered,
Shyly blushing in distress,
That she could not keep 'em covered,
Could not hide 'em 'neath her dress.

Sweet the sight was, sweet her trouble,
As she tried, poor child! in vain,
To conceal, by bending double,
What each moment showed more plain.
Strange! thought I, her bicyclette
Has such a fancy for this spot.
Can she think—But I forget:—
Garçon! warm this chocolate!

Would she—? might she—? mused I, oddly,
As once more she pedaled by,
(For the strain was grown un-godly;
Yet no thought of harm had I.)
Can it be—? I saw her turning—
Turning to come back again!
Then it was I fell a-yearning....
Oh the villainy of men!

Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? cried I
To the Maitre d'hotel.
"Une Steno-Dactylographie."
"A Steno- what? La Ma'moiselle."
Bien! quoth I, she's apropos.
You say they call her Miss Yvonne?
"Mais oui—!" Pardon! I'll have to go,
For I have need of such an one.

And was she coy? And did she fear
A stranger's voice? his first advances?
Yvonne! Yvonne!! "O-ui, M'sieur."
How lightly off her wheel she dances!
"Que voulez-vous?" she begs so sweet,
I 'gin to doubt, and then to worry.
"A—just what is the word for it?
Have you, perchance, a dictionary?"

Ah la belle France! so old and famous
For countless joys that cheer, and bless;
None so much are like to shame us
As these angels in distress.

None so sweet, with grace and charms full,
Labor in the fields of love,
Make such dear, delightsome arms-full,
Soft, delicious, fond enough!

Your Pa? I ask; and where is he, dear?
"Mon père? Son Colonel's cheval grooms."
Your Ma? "En Toulouse." What does she there?
"Ma mère sells cabbages, and brooms."
And you so young, so all alone?
But you will die of poverty!
"Mais je travaille!" Indeed, Yvonne?
"A Steno-Dactylographie."

And so she did, beyond compare!
How faithfully she filled her task!
Accounts were sadly in arrear;
In truth, it was too much to ask.
Still would she smile, and sing one song:
"Je sais que vous etes jolie."
She charmed me with it all day long;
"Je sais que c'est mon folie."

Four days and nights she kept it going.
" 'Tis time," said I, "I must be gone."
And would she tell me what was owing?
Ah no, you little know Yvonne!
"Vous-etes un artist, Jacques, compleet!"
An artist? I? What do you mean?—
And you're another, chère petite;
The first I've met at seventeen!

No longer now I go, regretting,
That all the girls, where'er I stray,
Have strangely taken to 'cycletting,
And practice daily in Angers.
No more the sight fills me with wonder,
(I only hope the fashion grows).
Somehow it makes the heart grow fonder.
Pourquoi? Messieurs! Who knows—who knows?

I Want of You

BY MICHAEL STRANGE. FROM POEMS,[1] 1919

I WANT of you not this intellectual passion
Always consciously composing its code
Of liberties! considerations!
Nor this reasonable loftiness,
Treating each circumstance with oratorical gestures
Toward some invisible public.

[1] Copyright, 1919, by Brentano's, New York.

Nor do I exact this fraternal fairness
In sexual emergency—
Nor even this cerebral impartiality
In passional disaster—
Phew, such attitudes savouring to me
Of affectation masking depleted instinct,
Or of egomania parading as a new charity.
Listen! I want your mouth whispering over my heart
"This complete moment
Is moulding us eternally together!"
I want our limbs, twisted, luminous,
Crushing the physical into spiritual invocation,
Commingling! Ascending!
Nor afterward any slamming down of the lid
Upon emerging spirit.
Since I desire that consummation become a beginning,
A beginning, stammering our souls with tenderness,
Inflating us with moods palpitating—
Disconcerting—mysterious—as dreams—
Moods confessional—adventurous,
Flickering our fancy with spectre forms
Triumphant—transcendent—angelic—
Since I admonish consummation to become a beginning,
And so mortal love, the legitimate mediator
Between God and Man.

A Song

BY MICHAEL STRANGE. FROM POEMS, 1919

For what have you sought my love,
Along those flashing wastes of passion?
Who move so wearily as the dawn's unwilling step
Over-stamped in ruins of unlimited woe.
O what crucifix you, tortured
Into nailing yourself against?
That your arms are become so attenuate
As those stark supplicating limbs of nightmare.
I wonder, have you assaulted life in darkness
And whispering
I need you so! oh let me—
Yet when the spear entering, nailing you
Into frantic submission,
You crying out from the very center nerve
Of such ecstasy, I have fear!
Since you selling then into bondage
What you might surmise only—
And for the witchery of moments
Since you denying of yourself
More than you could have known
Before self-betrayal.

And all in order to induce
Those scarlet wings of appalling lips
To glisten, close, across your mouth.
Yet when this tease of pleasure
Titillating curious truth-stained exclamations out of you
And their sense languishing mateless unanswered along the air—
Ah, then you turning to regard
The gracious youth of your sleeping love
Alongside of your waking, ageless, heart.

Emotional

BY MICHAEL STRANGE. FROM RESURRECTING LIFE,[1] 1921

LEAN your mouth well over into the moonlight
So that I may kiss it full, O chance—
Press me into your pungent arms
So jagged with nightmare—so rent with spasmodic glories—
So pliant with momentary relaxing—
O your arms so compact with variety—
For no strident with triton freshness
And glossed as if by spray shaken off a burst of godliness
Out of glacier streams—
And now slippery-darkened with that moulten calm
Preceding some sinister extase—

O chance—stinging—refreshing
Like a sudden rain of flowers across my being that is ever held
So deliberately accessible—
O chance teasing with evasive glimpses of some further road
Ever lightening towards breathless eventualities—
Aye, for ever alternately veiling—disclosing—
That face approximate of Heaven—and hell.

I am resting by the edge of the sea—
But in my arm is a curve imperceptible
For the weight of your head—lover—comrade—
My feet are damp with the vigorous jet of the sea—
My body is splashed in a sudden pour of sunlight
Spreading down now in widening—blazing torrents—
From behind the pushed-away clouds—
Yet I long to be chilled—warmed—and surpassing these—
And by our limbs co-mingling—lover—comrade.

Sad, we must find each other—ourselves—life—out
Through this impediment of love—

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

(With its billion toe-stubbings along the Olympian track.)
Pathetic we must exercise by falling out of the sky
And chasing our own tails for awhile—
Instead of feeling our manes tearing out behind us
Along those freezing spiral vapours of the Continuous Ascension.

O You and I have stood poignantly close upon the edge of perilous slanting—
And with sublime sunbeams bouncing from upturned face to face
And measuring upon each utter equality of dazzle—
O you and I have leant fraternally together in a light
Reducing to proportionate form at last—
All those melancholy grotesques of conscious life—
Yea and together heard a conclusive goodness affirming
Through vast harp-sweet spaces—
Then—then—the reverential swoon of our knees
Before this momentary shining out of the beyond
Has been cause for a touch between us—
Ah, what union in this accidental knocking of knees
Before a Shared Presence—
When suddenly—suddenly—
The thrown-back hood of vision clamping down precipitant,
And a sadness in the air as of some Divine Retreat—
When my claw stirring—waking—reaching out—
And in your answering motion a gracious shoot of reverberating "yea"—
Then your eyes becoming a liquid gale
Importunate—parting—pressing aside my branches—
And your mouth a distortion of fire skipping—falling—
Clinging strangely among my blossoms—
My blossoms opening—shedding for you in ghastly broad abandon—
O love—love—unequipped—unaware
Of the subtle fatality in your own repletion.

The Tunnel

BY EVELYN SCOTT. FROM PRECIPITATIONS,[1] 1920

I HAVE made you a child in the womb,
Holding you in sweet and final darkness.
All day as I walk out
I carry you about,
I guard you close in secret where
Cold eyed people cannot stare.

I am melted in the warm dear fire,
Lover and mother in the same desire.

[1] Copyright, 1920, by Nicholas L. Brown, New York.

Yet I am afraid of your eyes
And their possible surprise.
Would you be angry if I let you know
That I carried you so?

I could kiss you to death
Hoping that, your protest obliterated,
You would be
Utterly me.
Yet I know—how well!—
Like a shell,
Hollow and echoing,
Death would be,

With a roar of the past
Like the roar of the sea.
And what is lifeless I cannot kill!
So you would make death work your will.

In most intimate touch we meet,
Lip to lip,
Breast to breast,
Sweet.
Suddenly we draw apart
And start.
Like strangers surprised at a road's turning
We see,
I, the naked you;
You, the naked me.
There was something of neither of us
That covered the hours,
And we have only touched each other's bodies
Through veils of flowers.
But let us smile kindly,
Like those already dead,
On the warm flesh
And the marriage bed.

Sweeney Erect

BY T. S. ELIOT. FROM POEMS,[1] 1920

And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!

PAINT me a cavernous waste shore
Cast in the unstilled Cyclades,
Paint me the bold anfractuous rocks
Faced by the snarled and yelping seas.

[1] Copyright, 1920, by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Display me Aeolus above
  Reviewing the insurgent gales
Which tangle Ariadne's hair
  And swell with haste the perjured sails.

Morning stirs the feet and hands
  (Nausicaa and Polypheme),
Gesture of orang-outang
  Rises from the sheets in steam.

This withered root of knots of hair
  Slitted below and gashed with eyes,
This oval O cropped out with teeth:
  The sickle motion from the thighs

Jackknifes upward at the knees
  Then straightens out from heel to hip
Pushing the framework of the bed
  And clawing at the pillow slip.

Sweeney addressed full length to shave
  Broadbottomed, pink from nape to base,
Knows the female temperament
  And wipes the suds around his face.

(The lengthened shadow of a man
  Is history, said Emerson
Who had not seen the silhouette
  Of Sweeney straddled in the sun).

Tests the razor on his leg
  Waiting until the shriek subsides.
The epileptic on the bed
  Curves backward, clutching at her sides.

The ladies of the corridor
  Find themselves involved, disgraced,
Call witness to their principles
  And deprecate the lack of taste.

Observing that hysteria
  Might easily be misunderstood;
Mrs. Turner intimates
  It does the house no sort of good.

But Doris, towelled from the bath,
  Enters padding on broad feet,
Bringing sal volatile
  And a glass of brandy neat.

Of Politicians

BY THOMAS BURKE. FROM THE SONG BOOK OF QUONG LEE,[1] 1920

Upon a time the amiable Bill Hawkins,
Married a fair wife, demure and of chaste repute,
Keeping closely from her, however,
Any knowledge of the manner of man he had been.

Upon the nuptial night,
Awakening and finding himself couched with a woman,
As had happened on divers occasions,
He arose and dressed and departed,
Leaving at the couch's side four goodly coins.
But in the street,
Remembering the occasion and his present estate of marriage,
He returned with a haste of no—dignity,
Filled with emotions of an entirely disturbing nature,
Fear that his wife should discover his absence,
And place evil construction upon it, being uppermost.

Entering stealthily, then, with the toes of the leopard,
With intention of quickly disrobing,
And rejoining the forsaken bride,
He perceived her sitting erect on the couch,
Biting shrewdly, with a distressing air of experience,
At one of the coins.

A Love Lesson

BY THOMAS BURKE. FROM THE SONG BOOK OF QUONG LEE, 1920

Last night I dreamed of the maid with yellow curls,
She came to me in the room above my shop,
And we two were alone, freed from the laws of day.
I held her then to myself.
I took from her her clothing, garment by garment,
And watched them fall about her feet—
White petals of a flower.
And I drew from her to myself her thoughts, one by one,
As often I had wished, till all of her was mine.
And then I was sad, for nothing was left to love.

And quickly I clothed her again, garment by garment,
And gave her back her thoughts, one by one,
And awoke in joy.
I was glad that the dream was a dream,
And that all of her was not mine;

[1] Copyright, 1920, by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

For I had learned
That love released from bond, and unburdened of its
fetters,
Is love no longer.

Sonnets to Aurelia

BY ROBERT NICHOLS. FROM AURELIA,[1] 1920

"Lover," you say; "how beautiful that is,
That little word;" and still you sigh it over
Till the twin syllables become a kiss
Against the brow your lips' light whisperings cover.
Yes, it is beautiful. I have marked it long,
Long in my dusty head its jot secreted,
Yet my heart never knew this word a song
Till in the night softly by you repeated.

"Lover" again! sounds not this holy word
Worthy the gift its virtues celebrate,
Whose very gentle syllables half-heard
Seem the low sigh of one love-satiate?
Turn, sweet, and let your lips to me discover
The final sweetness lies in the word "lover."

X

When, having written much, I reach my span,
And you, that you, shall halt beside my grave,
Whom I to delirium loved as living man,
Mourn not that me, though, mayhap, the World have
Honoured my tomb with register of worth
In difficult assessment of my due,
Recorded my rarer services on earth,
And grief protested, likely enough true.

Mourn not that me, but gazing on the mould,
Summon to memory my eyes' keen light,
My thorough hands, my arms so hard in hold,
My lips whose kisses burned away the night:
For, though the World may curious worths discover
My pride it is I was your well-prized lover.

XIII

Sometimes I think you know not what love is
But only pang of amorous delight:
The terrible resuscitation of the kiss,
And the prolonged love-agonies of the night.

[1] Copyright, 1920, by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Oh, when I so do think, then I could sear
  These loving lips with the consuming coal,
Submit these limbs to the machine to tear
  And ruin my body to secure your soul.

For rather would I perish as a man,
  And hateful as a maniac seem to you,
Than that our joy, which in true love began,
  Should, in abuse, turn to its birth untrue.
  Wherefore take heed lest, in your passion strong,
  Your acts read right but your intention wrong.

XIX

Come, let us sigh a requiem over love
  That we ourselves have slain in love's own bed,
Whose hearts that had courage to drink enough
  Lacked courage to forbid the taste they bred,
Which body captained soon, till, in disgust,
  These very hearts of bodily surfeit died,
Poisoned by that sweet overflow of lust
  Whose past delight our substance deified.

No courage, no, nor pleasure have we now,
  To our own frantic bodies are we tossed,
Only sometimes exhaustion will allow
  Us peace to observe the image of love's ghost,
  With torturing voice and with hid face return
  Faintly, as even now, to bid us mourn.

XXVII

I must remember now how once I woke
  To find the harsh lamplight stream upon her bed,
The ceiling tremble in its giddy smoke,
  And on the wall the agile spider spread,
To hear the reverberate vault of silence shake
  Beneath the hollow crash of midnight's toil,
Whose profound strokes waned impotent to break
  The charnel stillness of the city's soul.

These I remember, but would more forget
  What is most fixed, whereby I am undone,
How white, how still you lay, though shuddering yet
  In the last luxury of oblivion,
  As if of Death you had taken love long denied,
  With on your face the bliss of suicide.

Summer Storm

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER. FROM THE NEW ADAM,[1] 1920

We lay together in the sultry night.
A feeble light
From some invisible street-lamp crept
Into the corner where you slept;
Fingered your cheeks, flew softly round your hair,
Then dipped in the sweet valley of your breasts
And fluttered, like a bird between two nests,
Till it lay quiet there.
My eyes were closing and I may have dreamed—
At least it seemed
That you and I
Had ceased to be but were somehow
As earth and sky....

The night grew closer still, and now
Heat-lightnings played between us and warm thrills
Ran through the cool sides of the trembling hills.
Then darkness and a tension in the black
Hush like a breath held back;
A rippling through the ground, a windless breeze
That reached down to the sensitive roots of trees;
A tremor like the pulse of muffled knocks,
Or like the silent opening of locks...
There was a rising of unfettered seas
With great tides pulling at the stars and rocks
As though to draw them all together.
Then in a burst of blinding weather,
The lightnings flung
Long, passionate arms about the earth that clung
To her wild lover.
Suddenly above her
The whole sky tumbled in a sweeping blaze,
Gathering earth in one tight-locked embrace,
Drenching her in a flood of silver flame.
Hot thunders came;
And still the storm kept plunging, seeking ever
The furthest cranny, till the faraway
Streams felt each penetrating quiver
And the most hidden river
Rose and became released....

At last the stabbings ceased,
The thunders died.
But still they lay
Side by side,
While moonbeams crept
Into the heavenly corner where earth slept;

[1] Copyright, 1920, by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

Dipping among her rosy hills, lighting above
Her curved and sloping hollows, till
She too was still.
Beloved and blest,
His cloudy head lay, seeking rest
In the sweet-smelling valley of her breast,
And each was huddled in each other's love;
Or so it seemed....
My eyes were closing and I may have dreamed.

Ivory and Rose

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER. FROM THE NEW ADAM, 1920

HERE in this moonlit room, I watch you slip
One shoulder from your dress and turn to me;
A polished statue, flushing to the tip
Of marble fingers gradually.

And, like a ripe moon out of flimsy clouds,
Blossoms the shining fulness of your breast.
These curves conceal, this dear perfection shrouds
A soft, miraculous nest.

Your ivory body pulses as the white
Flesh catches flame and rosy tremblings move
Over this sanctuary of delight,
The last asylum of our love.

Almost

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER. FROM THE NEW ADAM, 1920

MY sweetheart has beneficent arms
So full of tenderness and fire,
They almost cheat her other charms
The way they rouse and still desire.

My sweetheart has the kindest breast,
Two heavens with each a single star;
They give me everything but rest,
So strange these rosy pillows are.

My sweetheart has the hungriest lips
They seek and press unsparingly;
They probe until she almost slips
Among her kisses into me.

My sweetheart's body is a cry,
  A poignant and resistless call;
It almost makes me wonder why
  She hasn't any mind at all.

The Betrothal[1]

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, 1920

Oh, come, my lad, or go my lad,
  And love me if you like!
I hardly hear the door shut
  Or the knocker strike.

Oh, bring me gifts or beg me gifts,
  And wed me if you will!
I'd make a man a good wife,
  Sensible and still.

And why should I be cold, my lad,
  And why should you repine,
Because I love a dark head
  That never will be mine?

I might as well be easing you
  As lie alone in bed,
And waste the night in wanting
  A cruel dark head!

You might as well be calling yours
  What never will be his,
And one of us be happy;
  There's few enough as is.

Sonnet

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, 1921

I being born a woman and distressed
By all the needs and notions of my kind,
Am urged by your propinquity to find
Your person fair, and feel a certain zest
To bear your body's weight upon my breast,—
So subtly is the fume of life designed,
To clarify the pulse and cloud the mind
And leave me once again undone, possessed.
Think not for this, however,—the poor treason
Of my stout blood against my staggering brain—
I shall remember you with love, or season
My scorn with pity; let me make it plain:
I find this frenzy insufficient reason
For conversation when we meet again.

[1] Copyrighted.

Bridegroom

BY KATHERINE W. MC CLUSKEY. FROM THE PAGAN, 1920

PITY, O Bridegroom,
The perilous joy of the bride!
In the searching lights of her eyes,
In the fugitive flush of her cheeks,
In the fainting pink of her palm,
In the speed-mad pulse of her wrist,
In the throb and flight of her heart,
In the lifting foam of her breasts,
In her pale, excited smile,—
A dim flame, blown in a wind,—
See the perilous happiness,
The dizzy, peering happiness,
Hid in the blood of your bride.

Eve alone
Of the generations of women,
Lacked the perilous joy of the bride.
Fully innocent, fully ignorant,
Gurgled her sweet child-laughter.
But to her daughters,
Down to the wayward moderns,
Whispers and echoes what she learned
From giving her secret self,
From giving her red rose heart,
From giving her cream rose breast,
From giving her crystal dreams,—
Dividing her trinity,
Her soul and her flesh and her mind,
With Adam.

So began, O Bridegroom,
The perilous happiness,
A bubble, ready to break,
A sphere made of colors alone,
Your bride with her searching eyes
Holds out to your snatching hands.

Watteau Panels

BY ROYALL SNOW. FROM THE PAGAN, 1920

I. A MELODY WITH SOMBRE CHORDS

PIERROT draws aside the willows
As a curtain,
And naïve Columbine steps through.
In the moonlight—
Like the twinkling of silver minnows
The gurgling brook winks at Pierrot.
He had come there before.

II. DANSE MACABRE

From a hidden orchestra
Drifts in blurred melody the valse hesitation
A dancer presses his partner's hand
Commandingly.

III. ACQUIESCENCE

"No," whispers the woman
And turns her head
So that the moonlight falls on her bare throat.

L'Attente

BY HAROLD GREENTHAL. FROM THE FRENCH OF TRISTAN KLINGSOR, 1921

I

To make our love memorable
I carried wine from Shiraz;
I prepared a bed broidered with silk
And two velvet pillows;
Then I perfumed the water in the vases,
To bathe you after the amorous combat.

I bought figs full of seed,
Dried raisins, and cakes
Of farina, sugar and rice,
To eat while toying with you,
My little dear,—
But you never came....

II. LA TÊTE COUPÉE

If you ever say again,
Old Shemseddin, grey-bearded knave,
That you have had in your bed
The body of my little Zuleika,
That you have possessed her
For three Ormuz sugar-plums
And a piece of gold,—
Beware lest some one soon find,
Among the roses of your garden—
Where jets of water sing all night—
The severed head of Shemseddin!

III. LA RUSE

Old Khalif with the perfumed beard,
You have imprisoned my beloved
In a hundred robes of silk
And scarlet velvet:
But the five little white mice
That are her fingers
Know how to deliver quickly
Her flower-fleshed body,
While the eunuch at the door
Sleeps like a heron on one foot.

IV. LES MOTIFS D'AMOUR

I loved the first for her supple, cat-like body in its green robe;

The second, for her mouth, delicately shaded with rouge, like a strange flower in bloom;

The third, for her hair, starred with precious stones and damp with all the perfumes of Arabia;

And you, ravishing Zuleika, who smile so prettily, for your eyes, pure as painted porcelain.

V. L'EVEIL

Cross your bare legs in your bed;
Scratch the tip of your nose
With your slender, tapering fingers;
Rub with your soft knuckles
The two violets of your rimmed eyes. . . .
And dream.

From the top of the Arabian minaret
There issues
The short, sad melopoeia
Of one of the faithful,
And you yawn like a little cat,
As though tired of love,

And you think of the one,
From Ormuz or Endor,
Who quitted you this morning,
Leaving his purse of golden pieces
And the blue marks of his kisses.

VI. LE CADI PERCLUS

O venerable Cadi,
Nothing now remains
Of your voluptuous vigor
Of yesterday.
Your poor heart is cold,
Your body is crippled,
Your face is seamed with wrinkles
And Love has strung bulging pouches
Under your eyes.

Your sex, which hangs pendent
At the base of your belly,
Is like a soft banana of Ispahan
Between two shriveled oranges
From Damas.

A Bargain

BY HAROLD GREENTHAL, 1921

A DRACHMA? List to me, thou worn-out couch of love! Hast thou at thy hovel, a bed of softest down which holds the imprint of each limb, that thou should'st ask me for a drachma?

"And do thy slaves run around in silks and golden anklets, and do they serve to thy unfortunate guest, a skyphos of aged wine and dried figs from Rhodes that he may the while forget thee? A drachma! Good father Zeus, dost hear?

"A drachma? Bah! Why, Wrinkles, the naiads would forsake the woods for that, and Lais would turn over in her tomb! I guess thou playest upon the innocent, but, though I'm still a youth, full many curious things I've done and known. And yet thou askest for a drachma!

"Away, and trim the bristling hair around thy lips, and clean thy nails, and wash thine arms in milk! A drachma! What's that thou sayest? Three obols? Ah, well, I'll go with thee for that, my dear, I'll go with thee for that!"

Seduction

BY HAROLD GREENTHAL, 1921

THE Lily swayed coquettishly,
And the Rose,
Whom the murky night had left
Drunk with dew,
Was fired with desire,
And the passion burned his cheeks.

He bent lover-like
Over the virgin Lily,
And his green arms,
Quivering amorously in the breeze,
Slipped 'round her dainty waist,
And her lithe body shook with emotion.
She raised her drooping head,
And held her fresh young lips to his!

The lustful Rose
Now strained her close,
And the virgin Lily struggled
As though she were being violated,
Yet, yielding graciously the next instant,
Swung wantonly against her lover! . . .

Suddenly they quiet grew,
And slowly disentangled
Leaf from leaf,
And drew apart,
The Violets, quidnuncs every one,
Had looked on all the while
And passed the scandal to the Larks;
Narcissus, becoming inflamed,
Embraced himself
With quite unnatural ardor.
But the ravished Lily
Hung her head in shame
And tried to hide
The tiny bits of gold
That lay sprinkled
Here and there
Along her happy petals.

Lâila Sleeps

BY HAROLD GREENTHAL, 1921

THOU art tired, Lâila, warm and tired. Thine eyes stay longer shut than open, for poppy-dust is flying in the air, and a diamond-drop, fresh as rose dew, glitters from the dimple in thy chin.

Sleep, lovely Lâila, sleep, and I will watch thee through the night. The moon's soft lambent rays light up thy ruby lips; thy throat gleams white, and thy flower-like breasts tempt my wanton finger-tips!

How calm the night! How calm her sleep! How hot the fire in my veins! Ah, little houri, now art thou mine. In my hands are thine—so pink and soft and warm! I steal a hasty kiss from thy red lips and bathe my face in the odor of thy hair!

Sleep on, my Lâila, nor ope thy weary lids. Through this long night of love I'll guard thee. Sleep on, O tired eyes; O ruby lips, sleep on; O musky mole, O warm, soft hands, O kiss-red breasts, sleep on, sleep on!

A Une Rebelle

BY PIERRE ST. ARDIENNE. FROM THE FRENCH OF IBYKOS DE RHODES

I

THEY say that you refuse to hear my prayer, O pale Hippolyte. Father Aristophanes tells me that you want to remain chaste.

Fool! This is mere illusion!
You must learn that Nature wishes, everywhere, the swoonings, the raptures, the ecstasies of dishevelled youths. Nature is strong. No woman, however ugly—and you are adorable, O my Hippolyte—has escaped the pangs of desire.

Couch yourself naked, this evening, in your lonely bed, and think of me before you drift to sleep.

Think of my heavy profile, of perfect design!

Think of my hair which has the shade of violets in the moss and which undulates on my little ivory forehead!

Think of my eye-brows, black and joined, of my blue-green eyes which burn with a madness and of the smile of my indefatigable mouth!

Think of my proud breasts which swell my purple tunic!

Think of my fresh arms and my burning thighs!

Think of my fingers, the light fingers of a lyre-player!

Think of my treasure, almost hermaphrodite!

Then, to-morrow morning, your eyes shall be rimmed with dark circles, O Hippolyte, seeker of vain chimeras!

You will come to the Palace of Sappho, you will sound at the great door of the park, and my pupils, your comrades, casting roses under your sandals, singing an epithalamium, will escort you to the terrace where your Cydno, standing, gloriously nude, defying the sun, holds out her arms to you!

II

L'ONGLE DE SYRINX

You possess the most admirable qualities in the world, O Syrinx!

You are, at the same time, slender as a runner and plump as a quail, white as a white camelia, and red, where it is becoming, as a red peony, appetizing as a young girl and lively as a matron.

I am your acknowledged slave.... But, on the next occasion, pare more carefully the nail of your virile finger: You have scratched me!

III

LE PREMIER CHEVEU GRIS

Your breasts are golden apples from the garden of Hesperides, O Syrinx!

Why do you persist in withholding the surrender of your graceful body?

Behold this grey hair in my brown curl: it is the first, I swear, O Syrinx, and your cruelty is the cause of it.

IV

SUPPLIQUE

Lalage, pardon me these three days of sulking!

The hateful old trouble-maker Sophrona said that you speak ill of me. That is why I no longer salute you in passing before your glycins and your rhododendrons.

Pardon me, smile of Lesbos!

Scandalize as much as it pleases you, radiant Lalage, accuse me of being old, of being ugly, of sleeping with a man, a Danish dog, an Egyptian ass or a negro slave, it matters not to me if I may but hear again your sweet laugh, your honeyed voice!

Prayer

BY F. JACOBS. FROM THE PAGAN, 1920

WHY do you not calm me, sweet,
When I tremble so, and cannot cease?
When I am alone, and you come to me,—
However warm the day,—
Such a quivering seizes me,
Such a merciless, poignant shaking,
All my very lips I cannot control,
Till you gather me in your warm strong arms,
Till you have kissed me into a fever,
Till your steady calm has penetrated my body,
And reassured my trembling one
That all is well,
That you are here.

Love Athirst

BY RUTH BASSETT EDDY. FROM THE PAGAN, 1920

LAST night, do you recall? You turned your head,
  And laid your lips to mine, as we lay there
Under the stars. The sweetness of the night
  Somehow became a part of that long kiss,
Until, grown weak with passion,
  You fell asleep. But I could not find rest.
The lips that clung to mine no longer gave
  A passionate response. They were
Soft and warm and still against my own,—
  The lips of a contented, sleepy child.

And oh, I was ashamed—ashamed to feel
  Desire to take from your unconscious lips
The drink love had to offer you and me.
  I would have been content to let the hours

Go on toward endless time, if I could lie
  Against your body's close and yielding warmth;
Heart to heart and breath to breath,
  My mouth against your own until I knew
The sweet exhaustion that had given you sleep.

Come and Lie With Me

BY ELSIE A. GIDLOW. FROM THE PAGAN, 1920

Come and lie with me and love me,
Bitterness;
Touch me with your hands a little,
Kiss me, as you lean above me,
With your cold, sadistic kisses;
Wind your hair close, close around me,—
Pain might dissipate this blankness;
Hurt me even, even wound me;
I have need of love that stings.
Come and lie with me and love me,
Bitterness,
So that I can laugh at things.

In the Restaurant

BY CLAIRE ZU BARD. FROM THE PAGAN, 1920

Oh, dark and fascinating young man,
(Sitting opposite me at the restaurant-table),
There are spots of color on your thin cheek-bones
And your eyes are deep and smoldering. . . .
Your feverish fingers hold hopefully your glass of milk
And you eat your soft-boiled eggs with a relish.

But I see a black shadow at your elbow,
Oh, dark young man,
And I know the meaning of your too-red cheeks,
And of that reckless light in your too-bright eyes. . . .
I know why you drink that tasteless warm white drink,
And why you suffer soft-boiled eggs at noon. . . .

But I know, too,
Oh, dark and fascinating young man,
(Sitting opposite me at the restaurant-table),
That you are a hundred times more hopeful,
More passionate, more alive than I—

I,—rugged, and bursting my stays with vulgar health,—
I,—eating my juicy steak and cherry pie—
I,—already nearing the age of thirty-nine
And without a lover. . . .

Enthralled

BY ALFRED BRYAN. FROM PAGAN LOVE LYRICS,[1] 1921

TEACH me to sin—
In love's forbidden ways,
For you can make all passion pure;
The magic lure of your sweet eyes
Each shape of sin makes virtue praise.

Teach me to sin—
Enslave me to your wanton charms,
Crush me in your velvet arms
And make me, make me love you.
Make me fire your blood with new desire,
And make me kiss you—lip and limb,
Till senses reel and pulses swim.
Aye! even if you hate me,
Teach me to sin.

Love Charms

BY ALFRED BRYAN. FROM PAGAN LOVE LYRICS

IF I cannot be your Master, let me be your Slave!
Let me be the wanton of your breast!
Let me be the lover of your limb!
Torture me until the ultimate I crave.

Let me lift unto your lips a redder cup of wine!
Let me whisper in your ear some new desire—
A warrior flame your white flesh to incarnadine.
Then, let my love put out the fire.

Wed me. Make me swear allegiance to your breast,
And tell me that your body I must share
With other lovers,—more of you possessed,—
So I have you some time, what need I care?

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Alfred Bryan.

Beauty

BY ALFRED BRYAN. FROM PAGAN LOVE LYRICS

BEAUTY is not modest. Why should Beauty be?
  But ugliness is moral after all.
Beauty and concealment have no affinity:
  For Ugliness—convention wears a pall.

Beauty bares her loveliness for other eyes to see;
  And Truth, when naked only, is divine.
So you, dear heart, are modest in all your nudity
  Save when observed by other eyes than mine.

Selfishness

BY ALFRED BRYAN. FROM PAGAN LOVE LYRICS

SHE whom I love must be above reproach;
Must veil her face to all admiring eyes;
Must droop her lids to all admiring lovers;
Must not betray the beauty of her limbs
To him and him and him and him.
She must be all our mothers must have been,
And all we think our sisters are
From all the crowd apart, too pure to mar.

But when alone with me—then she may be:
She may be lewd as Messaline was lewd.
She may be nude, and still remain a prude.
'Tis nothing wrong that she may do with me;
She's still a woman, chaste, with modesty.

But let her be of these with other men,
God pity her, for she is,—well, what then?
A harlot, scarlet, crimsoned courtesan, per se
She's worse than that if she's not true to me.

Creation Songs

BY MURIEL STRODE. FROM A SOUL'S FARING,[1] 1921

I

I WILL tell you the things that will ravish your ear to hear,
  for I am Life's lover.
She told me her secrets, as she lay in my wanton arms.
She told me the things of her deep yearning, of her secret
  heart.

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Boni and Liveright, Inc., New York.

She told them to my love for her, to the press of my breast.
She told herself to my kisses.
She met my warm breath with disclosures, as she held me close in an informing embrace.

II

I am Life's lover!
I plant the meaning of my great yearning upon her upturned lips.
I press her to my breast in a great answering.
She shall define the meaning of my fire and fever.

III

I am the love-mad of life.
I have reached out in my pain to the love-frenzied grouse.
I have called in my understanding to the deer in their rutting season.
I have come with gentle words to the mating chirpings in the caves.
I have touched tenderly the seeking pollen.
I have come with bated breath to the spawn at the beginnings of streams.

I am the ache of overfullness.
My breasts are crowded with containing.
My hands tremble with the eagerness of me.
I am rent and torn with the pain of the unexpressed.

IV

I am drunk with being,—
Life's inebriate reeling down an enchanted way.
I shout my maudlin greeting to the trees.
I grasp familiarly the gentle fingers of the grass.
I press my wine-wet lips to the roses with my insistent kissing.

V

I know the thrill of the grasses when the rain pours over them.
I know the trembling of the leaves when the winds sweep through them.
I know what the white clover felt as it held a drop of dew pressed close in its beauteousness.
I know the quivering of the fragrant petals at the touch of the pollen-legged bees.
I know what the stream said to the dipping willows, and what the moon said to the sweet lavender.
I know what the stars said when they came stealthily down and crept fondly into the tops of the trees.

VI

I am the omnipotent life, the potency-thrill.
I am the fructifier meeting the urge of space, scattering my spawn like the dust of stars in the Milky Way.

I am red fire leaping in and out of channels, the insistence of me, the yearning.
I am the demand.

VII

I am drunk with the wine of me, intoxicant of my own being,
Bacchante of my own soul's steepings,
Beset by the realization of me, driven by knowing.
I pour myself out like the singing starling.
I drink, and kiss Life's wanton lips with the dripping lips of me.

VIII

I am the universe's harlot,
Selling myself to ecstasy's thrills;
Giving myself to be debauched of stars, ravished of ineffableness;
Seduced by a wanton ungraspableness;
Coming to marriage bed with infinity's horde,
Wanton wife of the eternity of things.

The Golden Past

BY GEORGE STERLING, 1921

I

WITHIN the stillness of the crypt he lay—
The vanquished tyrant, quivering and stark,
Shackled, alone with anguish and the dark,
And conscious that the immolating day
Swept on him as a tiger on its prey,
To quench with agonies the vital spark,
When cruel eyes should gloat and laughters mark
The final shames of the tormented clay.

Astounded by atrocities of pain,
He broke the offended silence with a moan—
This offal of the rack and glowing brand—
While, as he strove at the relentless chain
And shuddered, prostrate, on the salted stone,
A dungeon-rat fed on his mangled hand.

II

But they, his conqueror and faithless queen,
  Beneath the midnight moon lay arrogant,
  Nor saw her beams on kingly marble slant,—
On jasmine and the crowding roses' sheen,
Nor heard the fingers of the harper glean
  Harvests of sound, nor heard the ceaseless chant
  Of voices to their godhood consonant.
For them the naked dancer swayed unseen.

For them there stood no past, nor time to be,
For whom all rapture was a tideless sea
  Wherein they dwelt beyond all sound and sight,
    Without a star to touch them with its ray
    Nor pulse of waves to reach them where they lay,
  Welded in dumb convulsions of delight.

The Kiss of Consummation

BY GEORGE STERLING, 1921

Lo! Thou hast granted us for Thee a name,
  But never, Lord, shall there be name for this
  The storm and sacrament of love's abyss;
Nor shall the mind conceive nor man's tongue frame
Nor Music in her farthest flight proclaim
  The tale of that intolerable bliss
  When breathless lips meet in the final kiss,
And mouth on mouth melts to incarnate flame.

When, lest the astounding racks of bliss destroy
  The body with its ecstasy alive,—
The maddened flesh grown infinite with joy,
  Peace sends her Lethe to the reeling brain,
Ere the inexorable flame revive
  And Love that slew sound trumpets o'er the slain,

At Midnight

BY GEORGE STERLING, 1921

Cast round me now your arms' cool wreath of white
  Forget the day's far wakening, and lie
  More close! Without, the weary world goes by,
Hawking its cheats and nostrums in the night.

Be wise a-sudden, giving not a glance
  To any anodyne its dupes prescribe
  Art, lore, gold, fame and power, each tinsel bribe
That turns the flesh from its inheritance.

This is the only wealth, the only goal
  Where one shall stand unhoodwinked for a space,
  Gazing upon the Truth with tranquil face,—
Daring to show Life's pitfalls to the soul.

Take payment now for all accurséd hours,
  All pain and waste and dreariness, all care!
  These are the moments purchased by despair,
And this the joy to which thy sorrow flow'rs.

Wrench from the niggard Fates thy ransomed bliss!
  Accept the breathless transports that atone,
  With toils the gods were glad to find their own,
And seas of sense that thunder at a kiss.

Flame

BY GEORGE STERLING, 1921

Thou art that madness of supreme desire,
  Which lacking, beauty is but dross and clay.
  Within thy veins is all the fire of day
And all the stars divinity of fire.
Thine are the lips and loins that never tire,
  And thine the bliss that makes my soul dismay.
  Upon thy breast what god at midnight lay,
To make thy flesh the music of his lyre?

Ah! such alone should know thy loveliness!
Ah! such alone should know thy full caress,
  O goddess of intolerable delight!
    I beg of Fate the guerdon and the grace,
    Far beyond death, to know in thine embrace
  Eternal rapture in eternal night.

Happiest

BY GEORGE STERLING, 1921

Calling you now, not for your flesh I call,
  Nor for the mad, long raptures of the night
  And passion in its beauty and its might,
When the ecstatic bodies rise and fall.
I cannot feign: God knows I see it all—
  The flaming senses, raving with delight,
  The leopards, swift and terrible and white,
Within the loins that shudder as they crawl.

All that could I exultingly forego,
  Could I but stand, one flash of time, and see
Your heavenly, entrancing face, and know
  I stood most blest of all beneath the sun,
  Hearing these words from your fond lips to me:
    "I love, love you, and love no other one!"

Consummation

BY FLORENCE E. VON WIEN, 1921

BURNING—relentless burning—
With the gently caressing fires that will not be calmed.
A delicious sense of stifling.
Suddenly a fierce storm of sharp, exquisite pains . . .
Like little electric needle shocks . . .
Pierces every tiny part of your body—
Till you are raised out of this earth.

A great calm comes over you then—
And you open languorously, luxuriously
Like an enormous, fresh passion flower opens its petals to the sun.
Something comes and snuggles into its petals like a honey bee
And they slowly close again—and then—just nothing then—
The sensation of having no sensations—great peace, vast space—and
Nothing, nothing, nothing.

Sensuality

BY FLORENCE E. VON WIEN, 1921

YOU suck in my beauty, like a ravished beast
The trickling blood of fresh, warm meat.
You breathe in the fragrance of my leprous-white skin,
Till, sated with the fullness of your realization,
You loll in my arms—nauseated with over-feasting.

She Lay Quite Still

BY ORRICK JOHNS, 1921

SHE lay quite still when morning came,
  Her hours of sleep had been but three,
Her eyelids moved, her cheeks were flame.

I know her heart was not the same
  As yester-night it had to be;
She lay quite still when morning came.

They quoted her a wanton dame,
  This thing I had not thought to see . . .
She lay quite still when morning came.

The bare white thing that was her shame
  The morning light kissed tenderly,
Her eyelids moved, her cheeks were flame.

She bore so well her livid fame
  It seemed a miracle to me; . . .
She lay quite still when morning came.

Of all the wonders in God's name
  No awe like this can come to me . . .
She lay quite still when morning came,
Her eyelids moved, her cheeks were flame.

The Answer

BY ORRICK JOHNS. FROM ASPHALT

"CRYING cranes and wheeling crows . . .
  I'll remember them," she said;
And I will be your own, God knows,
  And the sin be on my head.

I will be your own and glad;
  Lovers would be fools to care
How a thing is good or bad,
  When the sky is everywhere . . .

"I will be your own," she said,
  "Because your voice is like the rain,
And your kiss is wine and bread
  Better than my father's grain."

So I took her where she spoke,
  Breasts of snow and burning mouth . . .
Crying cranes and drifting smoke
  And the blackbirds wheeling south.

Surrender

BY ORRICK JOHNS. FROM BLACK BRANCHES, 1920

TREASURE I aught beneath the stars
  To scorn thy soul's ihlang-ihlang . . .
Have I some yet crescendent bars
  No other suitor learned or sang?

These searching fingers unashamed,
  Stained with a wine pressed from the sun,
Are they not tigers loosed and tamed
  To fright thee, child of Babylon?

My tangled hairs and anguished jaws
  Above the loom like riddled flags,
Storming beyond insensate laws
  To scorching Hylotheic crags.

Thou shalt fall back, the knotted loins
  Of passion struggle on unbound!
The pillars and the deep-lunged groins
  Of reticence are flung to ground.

Yet for thy love's ihlang-ihlang
  These fiery flanks obey, are still:
And the uncivilized mustang
  O beauty sleeps . . . it is thy will.

The Fashionable Hour

BY ORRICK JOHNS. FROM BLACK BRANCHES, 1920

THE window flames no longer clamber
  Like gonfalons against the sky,
And faintly blue-green grows the camber
  Of her thigh.

The febrile radiance left of day
  Creeps through the forest of her passion,
And riant in the dusk I stay
  A man of fashion . . .

Her cigarette, avid of design,
  Is one still spark by shadow pressed,
And like a moon beneath, benign,
  Glimmers her breast.

Irony

BY OLGA MISHKIN, 1921

HE loves me—I know it,
And yet my heart—it weeps,
And the sad, gloomy night weeps with it;
And the moaning of the plaintive winds
Echoes my sighs.

I tire—and soon my heavy head rests its somber weights
upon a cushion of down.
I slumber—and I dream;
Dear dreams that fill my false heart with joy,
When—
A kiss burns my lips;
A fond embrace scorches my shrinking body;
A merry, joyous laughter rings in my burning ears,
And I awake—
I see—my master before me.

But my thoughts?
Far, far away they have flown
To him who loves me,
And whom I dare to love....
Another kiss—another passionate embrace,
And he—the keeper of my wretched body laughs again—
happily,

And I?
I laugh too,
With bitterness....

Surrender

BY OLGA MISHKIN, 1921

The night shades are lowering;
The sun in the heavens, like a king in all his glory
Adorned in dazzling raiment which reflects its colors in the
mirrored skies,
Slowly and majestically bows himself away from off the earth,
Leaving the world to encroaching darkness;
To the mysteries of night.

And I?—I am afraid;
My heart trembles and sinks with fear and expectation of
what awaits me;
In my brain there is confusion
And my thoughts run wildly, beating against my throbbing
temples—
Shrieking their mockery and derision as I gaze after the last
rays of light,
Seeking protection and solace in the dying day.

How I long to weep—Yet am I not happy?
How I could dance and laugh and scream with mad joy:
But a mournful sadness steals over my heart and I shiver
with cold;
Something—something is ebbing away from within me.

The minutes are fleeing fast,
And soon—I shall lie in the warm embrace of my Love.
He will draw me close to him—and a little closer,
And his strong arms will soothe my quivering body:
And his tender kisses will cool the fever of my burning lips,
And through his gentleness and compassion, he will leave my soul untouched, unscarred
And my love for him will grow a thousand fold,
And with happiness I will lay my virginity at his feet,
And with Joy—
But oh, my God, how I fear! . . .
The sun shines brightly—
It is a new day—
It is all over. . . .

My heart is cold—and I am sad,
And how I loathe the bright sun and the merry birds and the beautiful flowers.
It is all over. . . .

Infatuation

BY LEE TIMBERLAKE, 1921

In bat black night,
When stars slide low
And look;
Your wet red mouth,
A suckling rose,
Seeks mine
And draws,
Retreats,
Provokes,
Then melts my soul
And moulds it yours.

At Refuge

BY LEE TIMBERLAKE, 1921

At night
Haunted and scant clad,
I fled my sorrow
Into a garden.

Tall lilies
Pressed pale cheeks
Against my ravished breast
And shed golden tears.

A rose vine
Drew in her thorns
To passionately entwine my thighs,
Bedewing my mouth, while

Violets broke precious perfume
Across my feet,
And pansies pleaded wisdom,
With upturned judicial faces.

I was comforted.

Midsummer

BY LEE TIMBERLAKE, 1921

I HAVE need of love,
I am parched,
And I am barren.
I await the thunder of your demand,
While I crave the lightning shock
Of your embrace
To plough my hardened breast
To flower.
I must have the rainfall
Of your kisses
Increase to torrents
To saturate my sterility;
So the hot sun
Of your smile
Will burst my bud-bonds,
For I must become fecund
That I may sing,
I have need of you!

Dénouement[1]

BY J. V. A. WEAVER. FROM IN AMERICAN, 1921

So now I get the dirty throwdown, huh?
What do I mean? Yeh, that's a good one, ain't it?
How do you get that way? You think I'm blind?
I seen you with that girl the other night!

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Aw, Frank, how could ya ever come to do it?
I ain't changed, am I? Ain't I just as swell?
Don't my eyes shine the same way, just for you?
Don't you remember out to old San Soozy
We won long-distance prizes, dancin' together?
You says, "You keep the prize; what's mine is yourn,
And vicey versy." Yes, and don't you remember
When you—when you first kissed me in Jim's Ford,
And all them lovely things you says to me,
And me believin' 'em, because I loved you? . . .

I should of knew, I should of knew, I should of!
Men is the same, kiddin' a girl along,
Makin' her love 'em, till she lost her brains
And done what never can't be undid now!

But still. . . .
That night the stars was winkin' down,
And looked so bright and happy, just like me.
The little waves was chucklin' 'round the boat,
You and the wind took turns, kissin' my forrid.
Down underneath I felt the engines pumpin'
Just like your heart, pressin' against my cheeks.

The lights was out, it was so dark and haunted,
I felt so safe with them big arms around me,
And dreamy, with the niggers singin' soft,
Playin' their yukalalies. And I says,—
Don't you remember what I says? I say,
"See them two rows o' lights along the shore?
Them is the city's teeth, shinin' so white;
The city's laughin', just like you and me;
Laughin' and laughin'. Everybody's glad." . . .

The fool I was! The stupid, crazy fool!
I listened to your talk, give in to you,
Lovin' you heart and soul, never went home
Till noon, lied to 'em all—and now—and now—

I'm finished!—thrun away! . . . Them lights was teeth,
The teeth the city's got, to tear and tear me—
Murderin', tearin' teeth! They got me in 'em! . . .

Go on away! I never want to see you!
Go get that red-head fool, tell her I sent you!
I hope she'll be another fool like me,—
I hope you burn and burn in Hell!

I hope—
Oh, what's there anything to hope for, now? . . .

A Ballad of Men I Have Vamped—In Vain

ANONYMOUS. AMERICAN, C. 1920

Of virtue in woman and honor in man
Has many a bard sung the praise;
And if I now mention the subject again
It's distinctly a negative phase,
For while virtue and honor are well in their ways
One wearies at length of their clutch,
Especially when it inspires the phrase
"Yes, dear, but I love you too much."

These modern young men who write books about sex
All say, "To be chaste is a sin!
Live life to the full without hindrance or checks!
None too young or too old to begin."
But for the deplorable plight that I'm in—
(And you'll surely admit it is such)—
They have no reply but an asinine grin
And a "Really, I like you too much."

There are brave men a plenty, the newspapers say,
Who rape and seduce all the time—
But none of them happen to come 'round my way.
My friends don't seem given to crime.
For bridge or theatres or parties they're prime
And they don't seem to shrink at my touch.
But their failing (which goaded me into this rhyme)
Is that all of them like me too much.

It's not that I go in for Passion myself—
I find it a terrible bore—
But a virgin can have no respect for herself
In this day of the glorified whore.
So I call at young hopefuls' apartments galore,
But, when safe in a masculine clutch,
I imply my intentions, they show me the door,
And assure me they like me too much.

Are they cowards, or heroes, these diffident males?
Do they brave every feminine shell?
Or is it my personal presence that fails
To intrigue them? I never can tell;
For experts have said I make love very well
Still I must lack the magical touch—
For they praise and admire and love me—but Hell!
They—all of them—like me too much.

ENVOI:

You, prince, who have hardily ventured to learn
Of the men I have vainly ensnared,
I've done as you bid me, and ask in return

Whether you, in their place, would have dared.
And this I implore you, don't ever get scared,
And when virgins entreat your fond touch—
Do whatever you feel that the Fates have prepared—
But don't tell them you like them too much.

Don Juan's Note Book (Coplas De Don Juan)

BY HARRY KEMP. AFTER THE OLD SPANISH, 1922

To lose in love, Love holds the least of crimes;
Even I, Don Juan, was crossed in love at times....
Be calm in everything you do or say—
The sudden motion scares the bird away...
Wait till you see she wants you, then be bold:
Your force is now increased a hundredfold...
Though you pretend to hang on every phrase,
Don't listen to her words, but to her face;
Hear her eyes' "yes" when her lips falter "no"—
And then be quick—for love blows cold when slow:
Though Woman yearns to make the sacrifice,
Snatch at the moment or you'll lose the prize...
Love cannot thrive, like sound, in empty space;
Time must be opportune, as well as place;
Else all in vain the long, assiduous art,
The yielding body and the softened heart....
A young man may be amorous, yet no fool;
An old man's love is life's last ridicule....
No mortal pain can strike with deeper smart
Than memory stabs the newly widowed heart;
But the best healing force yet known to men
For broken hearts, it is to love again....
If an ill act its punishment impose,
Caress with wrath, and strike with playful blows:
To be the perfect lover, you must learn
To practice sternness without being stern....
The headlong suitor proves an easy prey—
Women and statesmen conquer by delay....
Though doctors know the virgin from the whore,
Beauty is still that little less or more:
Learn then, before your lips in scorn be curled,
There's scarce an ugly woman in the world;
Much love I've had, and much love have I missed—
But every woman's beautiful when kissed....
Ponder my axioms well, but let none bind:
Each woman is a different womankind....
Nor follow blindly like a groping fool—
For time, life, circumstance change every rule...

Though she be beautiful as fairyland,
She's still a woman as her maker planned,
Subject to moonlight, kisses, and sweet lies—
Assail her; shun the folly of the Wise . . .
Though heaven above be doubtful, here below
Woman's the only paradise I know . . .
There's nothing so uncertain as a kiss,
Yet nowhere is there found more certain bliss . . .
A king's descendant is the prince, his son:
In love, a dairymaid and queen are one:
If she affect aloofness, dare, nor fear:
One scratch of passion shows it's but veneer . . .
If you'd preserve the thrilling zest of love,
Remain where nature placed the man—above! . . .
Though many paths of blandishment I've trod,
A virtuous woman's heart belongs to God,
With her the devil himself can nothing do—
But, Lord, how few she is, O Lord, how few!
Whatever code she follow, creed profess,
It is a woman's nature to transgress,
For, though they smite him with a thousand rods,
The god of love remains the god of gods! . . .
Men differ in the titles that they wear:
A woman's just a woman everywhere;
Give her a necklace, sweetmeat, poem, flower,
A kiss, YOURSELF—but never give her power! . . .
For love, for health, a man may walk abroad,
For business, or the worship of his God:
A woman's acts of being are but two:
She's either loitering for a rendezvous,
Or—making haste to keep a rendezvous! . . .
Poetry, history, commerce, music, art,
Lead, as all roads to Rome, to Woman's heart;
Warriors, statesmen, painters, poets, kings—
Woman loves Man for many varied things
That differ as the dusk does from the day—
But to Man's heart Beauty is her one way—
Beauty that holds a little time in trust
Then with her sister rose descends to dust:
Man triumphs still on wings of wealth, strength, fame,
But Woman's ever is the losing game—
A winged defeat even at its highest power—
A masque that leaves its music in an hour! . . .
Clothed in eternity and perfectness,
Love, while it lasts, must know nor More nor Less . . .
I've loved my thousand women in my time,
Wooed them with lies and madness, prose and rhyme,
And, loyal still to all, I'll not admit
That any lacked in beauty or in wit!
A thousand women, and not one was dull!
A thousand women, and all beautiful!

Though loved an hour, each one was God to me,
And all that angels know of ecstasy;
Though but an hour until we drew apart,
That hour I gave up all my soul, my heart;
Not dawdling from slack year to tedious year,
For that brief space, at least, I burned sincere:
That's why, when centuries have come and gone,
I will be famous still, as Don Juan! . . .
With burning pencil I have shaped these verses—
Not as a student midnight calm immerses
With open folios on every side,
But champing like the Devil in his pride
While waiting for the frequent rendezvous
At times when I had nothing else to do. . . .
Women are apt for love, but, lies, and crime,—
But God Himself can't make them be on time:
I owned my women, body, life, and soul—
But here was one thing I could not control! . . .
Some write for wealth, power, fame, or even spite—
Myself? The truth compels me, and I write! . . .
I said I never lied, yet I essayed
Often, where pity or affection bade,
The easy lie: when love still lingered on
In hers, though in my heart its pulse was gone,
I lied to save her heartbreak till delay
And life's affairs had smoothed the ache away,
And oft affection bade me, 'gainst my will,
Still swear I loved the pretty creature still! . . .
No woman sticks at close adultery:
All women stick for outward decency;
Seeming is all the virtue that they know:
Since virtue's fame depends on outward show.
Give her all time to eat, dance, pray, prate, drink—
But never, never give her time to think
Lest she should think of rivals, not of you:
'Tis lack of thought oft keeps her passion true . . .
Half accident and half stupidity
Is most of the world's virtue that we see. . . .
I loved an actress who could act IN LIFE—
ACTING, her mind and body stood at strife:
A man can, drunk or sober, face a fact—
But every woman thinks that she can act:
In life there is no doubt all women can,
The world her stage, her chief spectator, Man;
She weeps, she loves, she hates, she laughs, she preens,—
With God and Fate the shifters of the scenes. . . .
At times I've loved two, three, or four, or five—
The surest way to keep one's love alive—
For many eggs are laid where few survive—
For many birds are hatched that do not thrive . . .
With virgin, matron, mother, widow, wife,

I have not been more pitiless than life;
I have betrayed no more than years betray:
Disease strikes down and old age brings decay—
And Don Juan has followed nature's way . . .
Spare no one you desire, for, soon or late,
Her frailty must accept the woman's fate;
Make speedily the secret rendezvous,
Nor for another leave what waits for you . . .
I am a force of nature like the blight
That fell upon the field of corn last night. . . .
Often I've schemed some clever, amorous plan
While through the solemn chant the choir boys ran:
Ah, how I've tried to be a pious man:
But to track women's hearts down is my use,
As the hound scents the fox, the fox, the goose!
Though God, the Pope, and Satan join to damn
My soul, they cannot alter what I am! . . .
A Third—I had an instinct for the same;
Another Third—for practice taught the game;
A Third succumbed because they knew my fame.
Some sought me for I had an easy laugh,
And some, because I knew good wine to quaff,
Some bartered virtue for my autograph;
For though I was no sonneteer of note
There moved persuasion in the way I wrote.
Some liked the interesting way I talked;
Others, the way I moved my hands or walked—
Up in the Devil's Inn their score is chalked!
That small events lead on to actions great
Ask any king or minister of state,
Ask the good Lord who made me what I am;
A rose, an idle hour, an epigram,
An act performed too ill, perhaps too well,
May cause a kingdom's fall, or send a soul to hell!
Ah, whether I'm condemned to freeze or burn
The Devil's got me every way I turn. . . .
Although denied and yet again denied,
The certain issue of your suit abide,
Yes, even though she be God's faith-sworn bride.
Time will put by her coldness and her pride,
For nature fights upon the lover's side. . . .
Although I've cast my net both far and wide
The fish I have not caught still irk my pride
And to my day of death I shall regret
The rainbowed beings that escaped my net
Despite the skill with which its web was set . . .
Although so infinite the moving Deep
That the sky's edges on its bosom sleep,
My thirst is just as infinite to win
With my small net the multitudes therein . . .
O, if I were as mighty as my mind
And my desire, I'd love all womankind—

O, if I were as mighty as my mind
I'd plunge into this sea of womankind,
Go on and out until my last, large breath
And gladly find what God intends by death . . .
No passion ever thrived in vacuo:
For every kiss, you gain another foe;
Love is a ceaseless warfare to the knife:
Say that she comes to you, a faithless wife,
Her husband's wrath brings danger to your life
If he perceive, as, soon or late, he will.
Unmarried if she be, there remain still
Sweethearts and brothers, cursed kith and kin,—
And skilled is he whose feet escape the gin:
Early I served beneath dear Venus' star,
And I have borne away full many a scar—
For war is peace compared with love's imperilled war . . .
Rein her in close or you will strike disaster:
Women and dogs both love and need a master . . .
Like ill-played music or an ape's grimace,
So is a woman when she's out of place.
More exquisite than a gazelle in grace,
So shines the woman in her fitting place. . . .
Although I break the rules of every school—
I'm all for regularity and rule. . . .
The girls to whom my love has brought delight—
I feel their power upon me in the night;
With passionate thought and dream, with love, hate, grief—
I feel their power upon me past belief;
And I perceive that they are all my brides,
In dream I couch once more by all their sides
Unnumbered, and breathe back the tender vow:
Such latitude do sleep and dreams allow. . . .
They talk as if a law can change the wrong
That falls on womankind, or make them strong:
Ere the first priest taught the first woman shame
Nature herself decreed the losing game,
For heaven in primordial days decreed
Women should be as of a different breed
From men, a race as from another world
Into the common camps of Adam hurled
Which fell straightway into that variance
That, since, has led the world its sorry dance,—
For, somewhat more the problem to perplex,
God gave two foes the common need of sex;
But still, when for a space that need departs,
The lulled distrust awakens in the hearts
Of lover and beloved, though side by side,
The old strangeness falls between the groom and bride
That nothing can assuage or wholly end
Till God himself embrace the Devil as friend. . . .
Teach her the wisdom of the court and school—
She will talk wisely yet prove thrice the fool.

The only thing that she can understand,
A will that wavers not in its command;
She'll love you while you keep the upper hand:
Too weak for the dominion she desires,
Like to a slave, unquestioned mastery she requires:
For slaves' and women's constant dream is power;
Yet woe to such as sue them in their hour,
For neither help nor mercy shall they see:
The feeble use no rule by tyranny,
Enslaved the more in that they know not to be free . . .
Where love is sown some tares of hate must grow:
Full many an enemy the heart shall know—
But love rejected makes the greatest foe . . .
You'll find some women wise and merciful—
But the exception certifies the rule
That they are savage, wanton, and unwise,
And should be held as warriors seize a prize . . .
Harnessed and trussed by ribbons, hooks, and stays,
Strutting and chattering like popingays,
Art, books, religion using as a blind,
To love alone they give their life, soul, body, mind! . . .
Don Louis is my friend though I enjoy
His wife, why should that add the least alloy
Unto our friendship's gold? The ways we go
Don Louis never knows, nor need he know;
And since he shares both heart and wife with me,
I'm twice as jealous for his fame as he:
In his repute I'll wield a ready sword
Let Slander look askance or breathe one doubtful word. . . .
Beneath Convention's strict, observed parade
The Devil and his people ply their trade,
And Laws the foolish break the wise evade—
Evade, but, in their wisdom, never break,
Enjoy the theft, yet leave the thing they take—
To smell the rose one need not pluck at all—
Such nice distinctions to the worldly fall! . . .
Marrying her whose virtue you've destroyed
Is paying for a luxury enjoyed
And twice as hateful; better give her over
Into the convoy of another lover
Than into such sure shipwreck to be drawn—
Then hoist the good black flag and voyage on! . . .
After the second year, when wives begin
To meditate the pleasantness of sin
Like ripe fruit at the easy touch they fall,
Like silly birds that heed the fowler's call. . . .
Learn well the value of the passing hour
And the quick thrust that sweeps the heart to power . . .
Women are hungry-minded everywhere
Or for their first or sixtieth affair,
And soon the mistress cracks the cold veneer—
But every time the first, sheer plunge they fear:

Maid, wife, or harlot, she will bid you wait:
The female's instinct is to hesitate;
To dilatory stratagem inclined,
'Tis you must help her to make up her mind;
Each time she has to overcome the fear
That nature planted in the little dear,
A fear by age-long misadventure taught
That love by final bitterness is bought—
Yet, though love do her hurt with every breath,
A loveless life to her is worse than death;
So, since the fatal cast depends on you,
Help her to choose the better of the two. . . .
The faithful is repaid with faithlessness—
The latter end of love is bitterness.
Though each his days at sundry tasks employ
Life's greatest pleasure is love's passing joy . . .
Between embraces guard the ready whip
And like the Turk retain your mastership . . .
Remember, though she bears no certain mind
And no strong oath her wandering moods can bind,
The surest pathway to persuaded sin
And to illicit passion, is to win
Her confidences, never giving yours—
This conquers o'er a thousand subtler lures. . . .
If she has given herself for ease and wealth
She'll find the greater charm in lover's stealth;
Strong-guarded towers the rich man's wealth may hold—
Woman's a subtler element than gold:
She can be bought, yet still remain unsold.
Like quicksilver burning with quenchless fire
She seeks the level of her own desire,
Nor will be long confined to one sure spot,
But where men's wish would find her she is not . . .
Invent elaborate lies if you would stir
The eagerness of love that waits in her;
There is a certain texture in the lie
That, like the bold and glittering fisher's fly,
Has charms the harmless worm of truth holds not—
By the eye's appetite the wary trout is caught . . .
Or curiosity will lure her on,
As by a fluttering rag the deer is drawn . . .
At twenty scarcely dry behind the ears,
At thirty I had far outstripped my peers,
But I beguiled them best at forty years . . .
At forty years a woman's day is past;
A man, well-kept, has ten more years to last. . . .
What long delay the slave just raised to power
Subjects the worthy to, what exquisite flower
Of insult does he pluck when set above
His betters! So does Woman, sure of love,
Torture the hearts of men as on a rack! . . .
Give much but, somehow, hold a little back,

And, rendered pliant by uncertainty,
She'll kiss and weep and gladly yield the mastery . . .
The greatest joy of misers is to creep
At midnight to count o'er their glittering heap.
Midnight's the lover's hour, too, when he finds
That wealth that's shared by mutual hearts and minds:
But lovers to the top of heaven mount
By kisses that the miser cannot count. . . .
Each knows the base beginnings of his trade:
I climbed from kitchen wench and chamber maid,
From height to gradual height, until I laid
For the great queen herself successful ambuscade! . . .
All song and art and beauty hold their root
In love's delays, in love's prolonged pursuit . . .
When I was true to one I possessed none;
When true to none all womankind I won,
To whom the lie tastes sweeter than the truth,
Who far prefer the lust that knows no ruth
To the considerate heart, o'er which they pass
As the ox treads the daisy in the grass. . . .
All simple honesty they scourge with hate;
They whip sincerity without the gate
Yet yield like water when men simulate
The blunt, plain virtue; under flattery's stroke
They bow their necks down to the Devil's yoke. . . .
Art has its place,—song she will gladly hear,
But praise her to herself, she is all ear;
Then lay art, song, and learning on the shelf:
There is one subject never bores—HERSELF! . . .
There's no one way to bring the captive home—
For all ways lead to love, as well as Rome. . . .
They say I've ruined women, when the sun
Sinking in gold, ensnared the pretty one,
When forest moons or floated music played,
Or scent of roses, sprung the ambuscade—
When I MY feast upon THEIR victims made;
I've used all earth and heaven for my aid:
Even God's rituals have aided me—
The holy cassock and the bended knee—
For lust will find a path where devils flee. . . .
The duel has its code which men declare—
But in love's actions foul itself is fair. . . .
In vain the greybeards who forgot their youth
Would check my headlong course with bitter truth
For all ill that has been or yet shall be
Cannot outweigh love's briefest ecstasy. . . .
Though I'm a nobleman of great renown
I've often brushed a rival in some clown
Or wooed a cottage maid of base descent
Yet from her kisses drained such rich content
As many a titled lady could not give.
Love yields to no one his prerogative,

And a page often holds a queen in fee,
And, though he's absolute in tyranny,
Love proves your only true democracy!...

GOD MADE MEN TO BEGET, WOMEN TO BEAR,
AND EVERY WOMAN NEEDS A HUSBAND'S CARE;
HER FUNCTIONS THREE—THE CHILD, THE HOME, AND PRAYER—
AND ALL THE REST IS HELL'S AND MY AFFAIR!...
BY SOME MAN EVERY WOMAN SHOULD BE OWNED—
HUMBLE YET IN HIS HEART A QUEEN ENTHRONED—
I, WHO ENCOMPASS WOMEN'S OVERTHROW
AND UNDERSTAND THEIR NATURES, OUGHT TO KNOW;
BY HEAVEN ABOVE AND BY THE EARTH BELOW,
BY ALL GOD'S ANGELS—WHAT I SAY IS SO!...

I Am the Song of Love

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY, 1922

I AM the song of love.
I murmur gently in the secret places.
When the lovers breathe the gladness of the sky;
When they laugh, and the cause of their mirth is hidden;
When they are awing with the bird, adrift with the cloud, astir with the leaves and the blades of grass and the spring:
I am the song they sing.

I am the purl of their caresses.
I am the cry of the passion of love.

I swell through the ardor of embracing;
Tongue whispers me to tongue, and I rise in the breast of the maiden;
I throb in the arms that encircle;
I beat in the legs that entwine;
I climb to a roar of ecstatic flow, man to woman,
The full-bellowed call of life.
Before the panting diminish, and the blissful anguish die,
I am the passion cry.

I am the rhythm of their silences.
I am the sob of the sorrow of love.
When the tigress haunts the jungle of her mind, solitary, baffled,
When her mate is caged in convention; is exhibited upon the highways of life;

I am the moan of her loneliness,
I am the howl of his rage.
When the stars glow unheeded above a lone, bowed head;
When longing lovers watch the studded air—each viewing other constellations;
When the low bell of midnight falls on the listening, unexpectant ear,
And the lark proclaims anew the impotent day;
When absence lays its hoar-frost on the soul;
When death has come to rob:
I am the sorrow-sob.

I am the eternal ever-changing song of love.

Baudelaire to His Love

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY, 1922

LUXURIOUS languid tiger-lily, swaying
Unconcerned, my lips are burned with the kiss
You waft me, my head turned, and I swoon with bliss.
Out of the anguish of your arms I'm praying
That life shall end with this.

You are my memory of Egyptian suns
When I adored the phallic pyramids
And found you couched beside the Sphinx, that bids
Beware. Frantic and vain my dream that once
Love seeped through drowsy lids.

Where no gods be, man makes his god, and you
Are god or devil fashioned for my woe;
From you my pangs and parlous pleasures flow;
Would I had strength to be blasphemous, untrue,
Would I could bid you go!

But all a hemisphere whirls in the tress
You shake at me; imprisoned there I dwell.
Its secret dreads I do not dare to tell;
It is my paradise—ah! who will bless
Me with the gift of hell!

And you have loved before—if the flaming passion
That roars through you to what it shall consume,
Be love—and I would wring an awful doom
On those who held you first, and I would fashion
Their strait abysmal tomb.

There I would bid you wander, calling, calling
The ghosts of those with whom your frenzy played
Discarding (Were you ever an untried maid?)
I would engulf you there. Run blindly, falling!—
But that I am afraid.

And fear is new to me; I fear and wonder;
I prick my flesh with fear to feel it squirm.
I grasp you, quivering; I hold you firm;
And when the ground I trample heaves with thunder
I hail my end, the worm.

And once, you said the brat was mine. Ill-fated!
Whelped of a dastard and a dusky whore.
Through what dives shall it crawl? upon what floor
Lick up perversion? Are new sins created
That it may cry for more?

I loved my mother once; the thought lurks ever
Somewhere, redeeming; I am not wholly gone.
What if my life be but the cross laid on?
But he will find no respite, surcease never;
All suns and sins are wan.

There was a time when mad suns out of me
Lighted and whirled a universe untold,
Whose realms were henna-spiced, whose maidens bold;
I have burned eons; there is naught to see;
I whirl in endless cold.

If out of time and space you have conceived
A garden of luxuriant delight
Where I am rooted in you, and my plight
Flowers in your laughter, still you are bereaved
By the noxious breath of night.

Out of your menace spring exotic blooms,
Gnarled morbid growths and leering venomed vines,
And you the unholy temptress that entwines
Where flickering maudlin sunlights blotch our glooms
And my soul pants and pines.

And in that garden I have set a shrine
Where I am poet, warrior, and priest,
Know, kill, create; my senses are increased
Beyond love's evil; passion's bread and wine
Is my ecstatic feast.

I watch the incense pouring through that skull,
And those are chimneys now that once were eyes,
And all is fetid I could ever prize,
And a transcendent glory now is dull
And even evil dies.

We can forget time but by using it;
And pleasure sizzles drearily; the clod—
Knowing creation is the fall of God—
Stumbles through blindness to the heart of wit,
And my numbed senses nod.

Voluptuousness is circling cruelty
Burning like heat and cold; I must live fast,
Tasting each joy lest that joy be the last:
A gust from the wing of imbecility
Has warningly swept past.

I wake anew to pangs of eager lust;
I am enhungered for forgotten food;
The world is straitlaced; I am frankly lewd:
In universal horror and disgust
I shall find solitude.

In a Moment

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY, 1922

A LEAP, flash of my body over the water's dark,
Splash, and before her startled senses wake
To action, I am there!
She stands, unconscious of her nudity.
Two needle-flies, joined and vibrating like a living harp,
Spun round her in their passion.
One was green-black, and one a vivid blue.
She watched them idly, while the water lapped—
Oh, so tenderly, not to alarm her—
Avidly at the cream-round of her thighs.
Then she turned idly, floating.
There is no human sight more fair
Than was her slender form; she lay
Like a kiss upon the water, and the sun
Lighted her face, and danced upon her breasts
As fairies dance on soft rose-petals strewn
For their queen's wedding day.
It was our bridal that the sun proclaimed.
Did the envious wind whisper warning?
Did that scurry of wild ducks to the farther shore
Startle her? She is no more a nymph
That dreams, adrift to nowhere, in a time
When water and wind and sun were sheltering gods;
She is no more incarnate heedless beauty
But a huddled timorous maiden I adore.
She stands, all-conscious of her nudity,
Shrunk for concealment, poised for flight.
Now—Now—I must leap!

The God of Love

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY, 1922

IN the days when the dawn thrust its lances over hills that were fresher than dew,
When there burned upon upstartled glances new glories of lands that were new,

Men stood forth and plucked what they fancied as the bee drinks full of the flower;
Thorns pricked? or the garner was rancid? there were manifold fruits to devour.
No question was cloud on their doing, no self-searching led them amiss,
They saw, they desired, and pursuing won to the maid with a kiss,
With a kiss that he took and she granted in fulness of open delight,
For they were not abashed, neither flaunted their joys on indifferent sight,
But loved where they found, without query of motive and intent and scheme
As the brown bear gobbles the berry, as wild geese scream,
As Charon waits at the ferry of death, and as poets dream.
The forests and glades then were crowded with creatures of turbulent range,
Whose passionate sun never clouded, whose ardor was endless as change.
The lake closed over the naïad, a silent sheltering cloak,
The faun leapt forth at the dryad, and stumbled over the oak;
Each lad felt a power greater than freshet mad with the spring:
"Weak is the boast of the satyr!—but a nymph is a tender thing;
She may fly me the moment, but later she shall nest in my heart, and sing;
Sing low of her tender caresses, sing wild of her passion-throes;
I shall pilfer a curl of her tresses, I shall rest,—ah, rest!—when she goes,
Till memory splendidly dresses her, till memories close. . . ."
And strange gods have leapt from their passion: Priapus, o'er weening, outthrust,
Cotytto, whose glance lays the lash on, whose warm waxen flesh is the crust
Of a vented volcano whose fires suck the breath of the lover that comes,
And his limbs are the chords of her lyres, his body the beat of her drums;
Their passion has sprung through Astarte, whose eyes ever close in love's death,
And all that is lusty and hearty breathes deep of her maddening breath.
Through their gods we have glimpse of a fashion whose fragrance we know not of;
The pagans have proffered us passion, but thou art the god of love.
Thou art love: in all forms to all peoples do thy multiple mysteries throb,

From thy strident Priapean steeples to thy soul that is cupped in a sob;
With children thy fingers are tender as beaver to beaver-young;
Thou art the undaunted defender of the thief and the harlot, outflung
From the doors of the holy, and mender of hearts that disaster has wrung.
Thou art love of the feeble, the pallid; thou art tolerance of the strong,
Thou art comfort for him who has dallied on the threshold of wrong,
And the starveling has filled him and rallied with breath of thy song.
Thou art love of the virgin mother, who walks in a robe of white
Like the snowdrifts that silently smother the moist earth's might.
And men cry that thy garments are ashes, the hem of thy robe is a dust;
And pity wells under thy lashes more potent than anger's gust:
But I see there gleam memoried flashes of flaming lust.
To thy spirit are women forbidden things, carnal, cunning, and cruel,
Their flesh is by demons ridden, their souls are the devil's fuel,
From the sight of man must they be hidden; man deems hell-fire a jewel.
(Is Satan a subtler schemer than thy simplicity grasps?
Thou that art man's redeemer when Satan clasps.)
Warn us of woman; do we spurn her? It is danger that sets man afire;
A secret, man hungers to learn her; a sin, and she feeds his desire.
A veil, and it cries to be lifted, it flutters to give man a glimpse
Of a goddess supernally gifted;—and a thousand manna-tongued imps
Quiver "Woman's a shallow delusion, her mystery manifest snare;
Her eyes are the gates of confusion that close when you're captured there."
Are the imps and thy word in collusion? Man is blind when ye bid him beware.
In what pagan whose passion imperious the envious lover paints
Rose ever a ferment delirious as whirled in the dreams of the saints?
No secret abode could avail them, no penance still their alarms;
Through the lonely ways she would trail them, entwine them with sinuous charms,
Till their saintly endurance would fail them, or they fled through death to thine arms.

When woman was held for the pleasure and comfort and solace of man
Joy had its ultimate measure, in a world of measure and plan——
Now she is a trial and a treasure we may not span.
And she too gives thanks for thy coming; thou hast taught her her wondrous might;
Out of thy chill and thy numbing she has burned to a ruddier flight,
And made of thy corseted mumming her arms for the fight.
Thou hast made her man's dream and damnation, and her piety pays for thy gifts;
She is demure, but elation thrills quietly under and lifts
In her soul to a mystical paean, in her form to a lambent grace
(Fused with the Cytherean ardor, is a withheld embrace)
That first in the empyrean accords thee thy holy place.
Oh God, linger on with the nations while the suns of my days endure;
When man stays not to pour the libations, what things will be sure?
When woman, unmasked and ungirdled, understood, stands cleansed of her sin,
The cream of her love will have curdled, the world of our love ceased to spin;
Yield not to the clamor of science that seeing all, yet never knows;
Are thy pallor and meekness defiance to chill thy blustering foes?
The pagan was youth, and was bolder to flash the sword from the sheath,
Man and maiden shoulder to shoulder entwined round their limbs one wreath;
Science is older and colder, and queries "What lieth beneath?"
Thou layest thy gentle cover alike over query and quest,
As the arm of the tender lover droops on the tenderer breast;——
Whatever of gods may be mortal, hold thou thy throne above,
And smile to man over thy portal; thou alone art God, being love.

Frankie and Johnnie

AMERICAN. 19TH CENT.

FRANKIE and Johnnie were lovers
sweet Christ how they could love
they swore to be true to each other
as true as the stars above
but he was a man
and he done her wrong

Frankie she lived in the cribhouse
the cribhouse had only one door
she gave all her money to Johnnie
who spent it on a parlorhouse whore
he was a man
and he done her wrong

Frankie went down to the corner
to buy herself a bottle of beer
and she said to the old bartender
have you seen my loving Johnnie in here
he is a man
and he done me wrong

I ain't agoing to tell you no secrets
and I ain't agoing to tell you no lies
but Johnnie went out just a minute ago
with that old whore Fanny Fry
he is a man
and he done you wrong

Frankie went back to the cribhouse
this time it wasn't for fun
for under her old red kimona
she carried Johnnie's .44 gun
she was looking for the man
who done her wrong

Frankie she went to the parlorhouse
she looked in the window so high
and there she saw her Johnnie
just a — — - — — Fanny Fry
he was a man
and he done her wrong

Frankie she went to the front door
she rang the front door bell
she said stand back all you pimps and whores
or I'll blow you all to Hell
I want my man
who done me wrong

Frankie went into the parlor
Johnnie commenced to run
she said don't run from the woman you love
or I'll shoot you with your own damn gun
you are a man
who done me wrong

Frankie went into the parlor
Johnnie hollered Frankie don't shoot
but Frankie she out with Johnnie's .44 gun
and three time rootytoottoot
she shot her man
who done her wrong

Roll me over gently
roll me over slow
roll me over on my right side
'cause my left side's hurting me so
you've killed your man
who done you wrong

Frankie she turned him on his stomach
Frankie she turned him on his side
when she turned him for the third time
he hung his head and died
she killed her man
who done her wrong

Sonnets Actualities

BY E. E. CUMMINGS. FROM AND: 1925 [1]

I

WHEN my love comes to see me it's
just a little like music, a
little more like curving colour (say
orange)
against silence, or darkness. . . .

the coming of my love emits
a wonderful smell in my mind,

you should see when i turn to find
her how my least heart-beat becomes less.
And then all her beauty is a vise

whose stilling lips murder suddenly me,

but of my corpse the tool her smile makes something
suddenly luminous and precise

—and then we are I and She. . . .

what is that the hurdy-gurdy's playing

II

it is funny, you will be dead some day.
By you the mouth hair eyes, and i mean
the unique and nervously obscene

need; it's funny. They will all be dead

knead of lustfulhunched deeplytoplay
lips and stare the gross fuzzy-pash

[1] Copyright, 1925, by E. E. Cummings.

—dead—and the dark gold delicately smash . . .
grass, and the stars, of my shoulder in stead.

It is a funny thing. And you will be

and i and all the days and nights that matter
knocked by sun moon jabbed jerked with ecstasy
. . . tremble (not knowing how much better

than me will you like the rain's face and

the rich improbable hands of the Wind)

IV

utterly and amusingly i am pash
possibly because
dusk and if it
perhaps drea-mingly Is (not-
quite trees hugging with the rash,
coherent light
) only to trace with
stiffening slow shrill eyes beyond a fit-
and-cling of stuffs the alert willing myth
of body, which will make oddly to strut
my indolent priceless smile,
until
this very frail enormous star (do you see
it?) and this shall dance upon the nude
and final silence and shall the
(i do but touch you) timid lewd
moon plunge skilfully into the hill.

V

before the fragile gradual throne of night
slowly when several stars are opening
one beyond one immaculate curving
cool treasures of silence
(slenderly wholly
rising, herself uprearing wholly slowly,
lean in the hips and her sails filled with dream—
when on a green brief gesture of twilight
trembles the imagined galleon of Spring)

somewhere unspeaking sits my life; the grim
clenched mind of me somewhere begins again,
shares the year's perfect agony. Waiting

(always) upon a fragile instant when

herself me (slowly, wholly me) will press
in the young lips unearthly slenderness

VI

when i have thought of you somewhat too
much and am become perfectly and
simply Lustful . . . sense a gradual stir
of beginning muscle, and what it will do
to me before shutting . . . understand
i love you . . . feel your suddenly body reach
for me with a speed of white speech

(the simple instant of perfect hunger
Yes)
how beautifully swims
the fooling world in my huge blood,
cracking brains A swiftlyenormous light
—and furiously puzzling through, prismatic, whims,
the chattering self perceives with hysterical fright

a comic tadpole wriggling in delicious mud

VIII

fabulous against ,a,fathoming jelly
of vital futile huge light as she
does not stand-ing.unsits

her (wrist
performs a thundering trivial) it.y

protuberant through the room's skilful of thing
silent spits discrete lumps of noise. . . .
furniture
unsolemnly :bur sting
the skinfull of Ludicrous,solidity which a. ,kissed
with is nearness.(peers:body of

aching toys
in unsmooth sexual luminosity spree.

—dear) the uncouthly Her.thuglike stare the
pollenizing vacancy
when,Thy patters?hands . . . is swig

it does who eye sO neatly big

X

if i should sleep with a lady called death
get another man with firmer lips
to take your new mouth in his teeth
(hips pumping pleasure into hips).

Seeing how the limp huddling string
of your smile over his body squirms
kissingly, i willl bring you every spring
handfulls of little normal worms.

Dress deftly your flesh in stupid stuffs,
phrase the immense weapon of your hair.
Understanding why his eye laughs,
i will bring you every year

something which is worth the whole,
an inch of nothing for your soul.

XI

my naked lady framed
in twilight is an accident

whose niceness betters easily the intent
of genius—
                painting wholly feels ashamed
before this music, and poetry cannot
go near because perfectly fearful.

meanwhile these speak her wonderful
But i (having in my arms caught

the picture) hurry it slowly

to my mouth, taste the accurate demure
ferocious
            rhythm of
                precise
laziness. Eat the price

of an imaginable gesture

exact warm unholy

XIII

upon the room's
                silence, i will sew

a nagging button of candlelight
(halfstooping to exactly kiss the trite

worm of her nakedness
                until it go

rapidly to bed: i will get in with
it, wisely, pester skilfully, teasing
its lips, absurd eyes, the hair). Creasing
its smoothness—and leave the bed agrin with

memories
(this white worm and i who

love to feel what it will do
in my bulleying fingers)
as for the candle, it'll

turn into a little curse
of wax. Something,distinct and. Amusing,brittle

XIV

the ivory performing rose

of you, worn upon my mind
all night, quitting only in the unkind
dawn its muscle amorous

pricks with minute odour these gross
days

when i think of you and do not live:
and the empty twilight cannot grieve
nor the autumn, as i grieve, faint for your face

O stay with me slightly. or until

with neat obscure obvious hands

Time stuff the sincere stomach of each mill

of the ingenious gods. (i am punished.
They have stolen into recent lands
the flower

with their enormous fingers unwished

XVI

a blue woman with sticking out breasts hanging
clothes. On the line. not so old
for the mother of twelve undershirts(we are told
by is it Bishop Taylor who needs hanging

that marriage is a sure cure for masturbation).

A dirty wind,twitches the,clothes which are clean
—this is twilight,
a little puppy hopping between

skipping
children
(It is the consummation
of day,the hour)she says to me you big fool

she says i says to her i says Sally
i says
the

mmmoon,begins to,drool

softly,in the hot alley,

a nigger's voice feels curiously cool
(suddenly-Lights go! on,by schedule

XIX

the mind is its own beautiful prisoner.
Mine looked long at the sticky moon
opening in dusk her new wings

then decently hanged himself, one afternoon.

The last thing he saw was you
naked amid unnaked things,

your flesh, a succinct wandlike animal,
a little strolling with the futile purr
of blood; your sex squeaked like a billiard-cue
chalking itself, as not to make an error,
with twists spontaneously methodical.
He suddenly tasted worms windows and roses

he laughed, and closed his eyes as a girl closes
her left hand upon a mirror.

XXI

when you went away it was morning
(that is, big horses; light feeling up
streets; heels taking derbies (where?) a pup
hurriedly hunched over swill; one butting

trolley imposingly empty; snickering
shop doors unlocked by white-grub
faces) clothed in delicate hubbub

as you stood thinking of anything,

maybe the world. . . . But i have wondered since
isn't it odd of you really to lie
a sharp agreeable flower between my

amused legs
kissing with little dints
of april, making the obscene shy
breasts tickle, laughing when i wilt and wince

XXII

you asked me to come: it was raining a little,
and the spring; a clumsy brightness of air
wonderfully stumbled above the square,
little amorous-tadpole people wiggled

battered by stuttering pearl,
leaves jiggled
to the jigging fragrance of newness
—and then. My crazy fingers liked your dress
. . . . your kiss, your kiss was a distinct brittle

flower, and the flesh crisp set
my love-tooth on edge. So until light
each having each we promised to forget—

wherefore is there nothing left to guess:
the cheap intelligent thighs, the electric trite
thighs; the hair stupidly priceless.

XXIII

and this day it was Spring . . . . us
drew lewdly the murmurous minute clumsy
smelloftheworld. We intricately
alive, cleaving the luminous stammer of bodies
(eagerly just not each other touch) seeking, some
street which easily trickles a brittle fuss
of fragile huge humanity. . . .
Numb
thoughts, kicking in the rivers of our blood, miss
by how terrible inches speach—it
made you a little dizzy did the world's smell
(but i was thinking why the girl-and-bird
of you move . . . . moves . . . . and also, i'll admit—)

till,at the corner of Nothing and Something,we heard
a handorgan in twilight playing like hell

XXIV

i like my body when it is with your
body. It is so quite new a thing.
Muscles better and nerves more.
i like your body. i like what it does,
i like its hows. i like to feel the spine
of your body and its bones, and the trembling
-firm-smooth ness and which i will
again and again and again
kiss, i like kissing this and that of you,
i like, slowly stroking the, shocking fuzz
of your electric furr, and what-is-it-comes
over parting flesh . . . . And eyes big love-crumbs

and possibly i like the thrill

of under me you so quite new

"She Being Brand-New"

FROM IS 5. E. E. CUMMINGS, 1926

she being Brand

-new;and you
know consequently a
little stiff i was
careful of her and(having

thoroughly oiled the universal
joint tested my gas felt of
her radiator made sure her springs were O.
K.)i went right to it flooded-the-carburetor cranked her

up,slipped the
clutch(and then somehow got into reverse she
kicked what
the hell)next
minute i was back in neutral tried and

again slo-wly;bare,ly nudg. ing(my

lev-er Right-
oh and her gears being in
A 1 shape passed
from low through
second-in-to-high like
greasedlightningjustasweturnedthecornerofDivinity

avenue i touched the accelerator and give

her the juice,good

was the first ride and believe i we was
happy to see how nice she acted right up to
the last minute coming back down by the Public
Gardens i slammed on
the

internalexpanding
&
externalcontracting
brakes Bothatonce and

brought allofher tremB
-ling
to a:dead.

stand-
;Still)

Kindly Sleep

WALLACE RICE, 1927, FROM AN ANONYMOUS WRITER IN THE ANTHOLOGY

Pounds of gold it takes to buy her—
Her who sets the town afire;
Yet all night have I lain nigh her,
With Sthenelaïs
And nought to pay is.

Ne'er again will I implore her
Nor lament that I adore her,
When in dreams I can bewhore her,
This Sthenelaïs,
And nought to pay is.

Paul Verlaine's Parallelement

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR SYMONS, TWO WORLDS, 1927 [1]

DEDICACE

Do you remember, you a gay young woman,
Who indulged your faults when younger—that's no matter
In the jolly times when, being both inhuman,
You heard me, green-horn, when I used to chatter?

Do you keep now, in your obscurity
That worn spun silk, the horror of the Muses,
Thoughts of my conjuring-book and my futurity,
And certain written things, that no one chooses?

Have you forgotten, now you are a gammer,
Not even in your worst stupidities,
My faults of taste, certainly not of grammar,
On the wrong side of your bitter cupidities?

And when sounded the hour of our nuptials, atrocious,
An Ariadne mourning for her Bacchus,
My gluttonous eyes, and to my kisses ferocious,
Your negations, when there's nothing now to rack us?

Do you recall, if this were ever feasible,
In your hard heart that had no sense of passion,
This I always ready, terrible, horrible, seizable,
This you, dear, taking taste in your own fashion.

And all the bitteration of a marriage
Which by misfortune was not right for my age?
Have you forgot what used to be my carriage
And all the wrongs of your age and of my age?

[1] Reprinted by permission of Samuel Roth.

This is most odious! See me, lamentable
Derelict scattered on all the floods of Vices,
That see you, you, you jade detestable,
And the need I have to write to you of—my spices!

Les Amies

I. SUR LE BALCON

THEY saw the swallows flying rapidly:
One pale with black hair and the others face
Fair and rose red, in subtle grace old lace
Serpentined round them, clouds, luxuriously.
And both, breathed the hot air passionately,
As in the sky a mad moon rose in space,
Savoured the night's passion as the fire-fledged race
Of hearts with hearts in one strange Tragedy.

Such, their arms clasped, moist, round each other's waist,
Strange creatures of a chastity unchaste.
Such dreamed these women in their souls, alone.

Behind them, in the sombreness of the shade,
Emphatic as a melodramatic throne
And full of odours, their scented Bed, unmade.

II. PENSIONNAIRES

One had sixteen years and the other less:
Both of them slept in the same scented room.
It was a September night, the room hid gloom,
And both were equal in their wantonness.
Each has quitted, to show her nakedness,
The fine nightdress that keeps its flesh perfume.
The younger bends, so women bend their womb,
And her sister kisses her breasts that rise to the caress,
Then falls on her knees, then becomes mad and wild,
And all her mouth exultant of that child
Plunges in the grey shadows, that held the night's
Treasures; and the child, beyond all beguiling,
Counts her dene tune as the sense in her invites
The tragedy that is destroyed by sin's defiling.

III. PER AMICA SILENTIA

The long curtains of white muslin serpentine
Over the vague light in the room tenebrous
As in the wind floats a wild opaline
In the shadow sombrely mysterious.

The great curtains of the bed of Adeline
Have heard, Claire, thy voice made amorous,
Thy caressing voice with cadences divine
That another voice enlaces furious.

"Let us love, love!" said your mixed voices in one tone,
Claire, Adeline, adorable as the hearts we rhyme
In passionate praises of your souls sublime.

Love and be loved! Dear beings left alone
Since in these days of woe, for evil and good
The glorious stigmata is stained with your pure blood.

IV. PRINTEMPS

The red-haired slender girl divines
    That such innocence irritates.
Words to excite the girl she hates
To drink of deeper draughts than wines:

—Sap that rises and declines,
    Childhood has but changing fates!
    Foam like breasts my touch awaits
Where the red rose petal shines.

Let me, where the grass is denser,
    Drink the drops of dew that twinkled
    Where the dew the flower besprinkled,
So that pleasure be intenser
    In thine arms where all the Spring is
    As the dawn where the bird's wing is.

V. ÉTÈ

And the child replies, one swoon
    Under the formidable caresses
    Of this mistress she possesses
Beloved, I am dying soon!

I am dying: what consumes me
    Is thy throat where drunkennesses
    Sting the flesh and drink my tresses
In thy odour that perfumes me;

It has, thy flesh, no charm of maids
But the heat that gives no wonder,
It has the amber, it has the shades;

The gusty winds make thy voice thunder,
And thy tresses, stained and bloody,
The night whirls around thy body.

Sappho

WITH hollow eyes and breasts rigid, furious,
Sappho, irritated by her supreme desire,
As a she-wolf by the sea runs ravenous.

Dreaming of Phaon, not of her own heart's fire,
She, seeing to this point disdained her caresses
Tears with angry hands at her tragic tresses.

Then unrepentant for herself she evokes
Her passionate desires to satiety,
Where lust turns lust and dies as ardently
In sleeping virgins spirits she invokes:
She lowers her weary eyelids where hill smokes
And leaps into the depth of the Red Sea:
Pale in the sky Silene intolerably
Avenges the Virgins that her madness strokes.

Filles

I. A LA PRINCESS RUOKHINE

SHE had the salt of sin within her,
    She had no powder in her tresses
    O loved of Venus, one confesses
The stingless beauty of this sinner!

But I believe her mine, she named me
    So, for her tresses and grimaces
    Her heats erotic and her graces
That by all its ends inflamed me.

She is to me more than a rapture
    As a flamboyant pregnant creature
    Before the sacred door, each feature
And all that burning bush may capture!

Who could swear on her salvation
    If not I her priest, whose song surpassed her,
    And her humble slave and her master.
Who would endure for her damnation.

This body rare that has no virtue,
    As white as are the reddest roses
    And whiter still than any roses,
Like purple lilies, that can hurt you.

Fair thighs, ripe breasts and what intense is
    In the back, the reins, the belly, none rests there
    Feast for the eyes and the hand that quests there,
And for the mouth and all the senses?

Dear, let us see if still thy bed
    Has under the curtains for my vizard
    The moving pillows of the wizard
And the mad bed clothes—towards thy bed.

II. CASTA PIANA

Thy blue hair mixed with red gives heat,
Thine eyes too hard that are too sweet,
Thy beauty in which beauties swoon,
Thy breasts demented, thy breath's scented,
A cruel devil in hell invented,
Thy pallor stolen from the moon.

We have put in all our states,
Notre-Dame of the garrets and gates,
Lighted with candles all surrounding
The unblest and the Aves said
And the angelus for the dead,
Hours unvirginal always sounding.

Certainly thou dost scent the faggot:
Can turn a man into a maggot,
A cypher, a symbol, and a breath,
The time to say or to make yes,
The time of astonished nakedness,
Thy time to kiss thy shoes to death.

A terrible place, thine own attic:
One takes thee on the heap dramatic
To demolish a certain hideous fellow,
And make decamp the way of scents,
Furnished with all the Sacraments,
Those that think that thy slippers yellow!

Love me better, thou hast reason,
Than the younger men whose treason
Know not of thy several passions,
I as thou a malefactor,
I who jest as any actor
With a heart full of thy fashions!

Do not frown, no need of frowning,
Casta, when my heart is drowning.
Let me suck in all thy balms,
Piane, peppered, sugared, salted,
And let me drink in thine exalted
Salted, sacred, scented balms.

The luxury of bleeding on a heart not mine,
The need of somehow weeping on his breast,
The desire of speaking to him, of our unrest,
The dream of remaining together without design
The woe of hating women furiously,
The satiety of being a machine obscene,
The impure cries of a succubus unclean,
The nightmare of shifting oneself incessantly!

To die for God's sake, leap in hell's abysses,
To die and live on someone's savoury kisses,
And kiss the mouth that lies, that heavens misses!
To live beyond one's torments furious
Of ripe hearts and eyes of mistresses incurious,
And, for the rest, toward what deaths infamous!

L'Impenitent

WANDERER jaded, thin eyes faded
Satanic desires desiring, degraded,
Not in any sense a rascal's,
When at passing something gentle,
Hurl a lightning not like Pascal's.

Thy slang hangs, not elemental,
Sharp as spears, not detrimental,
All fruit, all flower, all Galilean,
And thy man's tongue in two fended
Licks thy lips, Epicurean.

Old Faun, spying things intended
Hast though heightened thine amended
Feature of the four dimensions?
Art thou mad enough to be hated
For thy wicked words' extensions?

What, despite reins dissipated,
This thrashed heart, thine irritated
Sense of luxury's devotion,
Heart and reins and nothing sunny
In thy gizzard's mute emotion?

Sweet as any salted honey,
Diamonds than hell's fires less funny,
Blue as flower, and black with wonder,
Passionate eyes, thine eyes pernicious,
Of all kinds despite of Thunder.

Thy nose pleases thee, O Vicious,
Or else singularly malicious,
Having the force of indications,
Having also, as Ulysses,
Presages and explanations.

Kisses bigger than abysses,
More astringent little kisses
That suck the soul that has no answers,
Fuller kisses much more heating,
Than a flame, than kissing dancers.

Kisses eaten, kisses eating,
Kisses drinking, wines completing,
Kisses languid, kisses frantic,
Thou lovest best, and this admitting
Is it not? Such kisses antic.

Bodies are of thy taste, submitting,
Better upright perhaps than sitting.
Moving where one has to march,
And no matter in what climate,
Pont Saint-Esprit or Pont de-l'Arche.

So that this taste makes them to rhyme at
Verses, perverse, pale, not to climb at,
One must have both youth and passion:
Small strong feet, and no adversity,
Muscular and hairy in the fashion.

Of hair falling, no conversity
So intensely wicked in perversity
As those are, little enough decency,
At least, to make one say: "I'll save her!"
What shadow of indecency?

No, no! You, witness in our favour,
Knowing gods that cannot savour,
That these matters, just for one sense,
Are to make no more illusion
Nor to wander into nonsense.

So things go in some confusion
As the jesters make delusion.
Thou canst laugh at our incenses—
Such as one whose need is pressing
Passes beyond mural defenses.

Thou canst answer, not in blessing,
Weary of the least confessing,
With thy voice by thirst degraded
And that certainly is not seedy:
"What's to do, when one's invaded,

If we are not even needy?"

Songs Written for the Entertainment of My Lady Joan

BY FRANCIS PAGE. AMERICAN, 1927[1]

MING, master of a perverse fate,
  These two burdens yet must carry:
There is some woman he cannot rape,
  There is another he cannot marry.

And if you think he does not know
  What to do you're wrong, by Harry!
He marries the woman he cannot rape,
  And rapes the one he cannot marry!

II

Pity the foolish hunter
  Who, when his prey appears,
Fumbles about with his arrow,
  Vexing the prey to tears.

I am that other hunter
  Wandering light of soul
Arrow securely strained for
  Some trembling, pitiful goal.

III

Pretty hands and pretty feet,
  Good for man to look upon,
Are not equal in their sweet,
  Are not equal one to one.

When I see a pretty hand.
  I am not the one to strike it:
At a pretty foot I stand
  Eager to produce one like it.

IV

Have you noticed on the programmes
  Of our houses of amusement
Prudent pleas that while we pleasure
  Not to fail to choose an exit?

So I watch the gay performance
  Of our such resplendent women,
And the warning notwithstanding
  I am thinking of an entrance.

[1] Reprinted by permission of Samuel Roth.

Afterword

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW, 1905

If aught indelicate has jarred the sense,
If aught of sophistry has brought a frown,
Perhaps a counter charge might be set down
And leave the reader with a sad defence.
If aught of flighty verse or tale intense
Has led you on, this final page to crown
With comment critical, some slight renown
Accrues to me through that same evidence,
For were you not, yourself, on pleasure bent,
You surely had not read as far as here.
I pray you judge me by my good intent
To bring a smile or chase away a tear,
And if my methods must for pardon sue,
I first must bid you take my Point of View.

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